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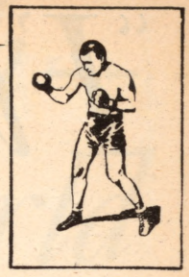

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## *In Our Next Issue*

Over in the Long Island Bowl where Max Baer won the heavyweight title from Primo Carnera and where the Livermore Larruper will defend it next June, there is a caretaker who has seen better days and who, if he can get your ears, will keep you busy with fight talk. His name is Soldier Bartfield and the story of his career is a most interesting one. Benny Murphy, who, paired with Dan McKettrick, handled the Soldier and many other famous fighters, is the author of an absorbing tale of Bartfield's great fights.

Boxing has had many jokesmiths in its midst, among the leaders being Jack Dempsey. But the erstwhile Manassa Mauler, even at his best, was far overshadowed by Bob Fitzsimmons, the Playboy of The Roped Square. The adventures of Fistiana's practical joker are told by J. W. McEligot.

In the good old days of pugilism, when the greatest stars ever developed in America were battling their way to fistic fame, the cigar store of Johnny Rogers of Buffalo was the sportsmen's rendezvous in upper New York State. Johnny knew 'em all, from Sullivan down the line. Last summer, when Ross and McLarnin fought for the welterweight title, their contests revived in the memory of Rogers, the fierce battle waged by Frank Erne and Rube Ferns at Fort Erie, thirty-five years ago. You'll be thrilled by the tale of that hectic mill, as told by Johnny for "Ring" readers.

Added to this, there are excellent contributions by two more of the old school of sports scribes, Ed W. Smith, famous referee and George T. Pardy, former sports editor of the Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Their stories will be augmented by articles by Nat Fleischer, A. D. Phillips, the octogenarian boxing and wrestling expert; Daniel M. Daniel, the Globe Trotter; Eddie Borden and a special story on Lou Ambers, chosen by the New York Commission as No. 1 challenger for Barney Ross' title.

**The Ring** is a magazine which a man may take home with him. He may leave it on his library table safe in the knowledge that it does not contain one line of matter, either in the text or the advertisements, which would be offensive. The publisher of The Ring guards this reputation of his magazine jealously. It is entertaining, and it is clean.

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# "I'll Be Different"

By ED SMITH

*"I'm different," says Baer. "I do things, as I do, best."*

THAT masterly summation of the weaknesses and foibles of former heavyweight champions embodied in an open letter to Max Baer, and printed in the January issue of THE RING, attracted plenty of attention.

And it caught the eye of the champion himself, and he dignified the letter with a carefully written and well-edited reply. This second letter is quite as unusual and forceful as the champion himself and reflects in every way the spectacular and most astonishing young man upon whose handsome head the championship crown is worn so jauntily.

There is nothing boastful about this communication, though in spots it may sound so to the average ear. It is more like an extemporaneous chat by this oddly different young man—vastly different in every way, just as he says, from any of the previous holders of the mythical belt. Here is his message to me and to the world:

Just Before Christmas.

Ed W. Smith,
THE RING, New York City.

*My Dear Ed:*

It was more than kind of you to take such seemingly genuine interest in my future welfare as to dig up a lot of facts about previous champions and to bring their variously strange oddities and weaknesses to my attention. You assume that I may develop or generate some of these traits and, among the many, you speak of night life, girls, drink, dancing, gambling and such.

Knowing that you knew personally and consorted with most of these gladiators who once occupied what you term "the throne room," I know you speak intelligently and undoubtedly dispassionately. You took them as you found them, liked them, forgave them their little errors of commission or omission and lauded their tremendous fighting ability as you saw it.

Since that day I landed in Reno, Nev., back in 1931, to train for my twenty-round fight with Paulino Uzcudun, you began to take an active interest in me and my future. You told folks then, and in your writings it was a matter of public record that you thought I could not possibly be kept out of the championship. I lost that day in that awful heat in the Reno ring and, even in the face of what then was termed a decidedly indifferent showing against the Basque, you did not falter. Your allegiance was strong.

Old-timers around Jack Dempsey's headquarters scoffed at me, I know. They were at no pains to keep their opinions to themselves. They said I was a conceited, stuck-up, consequential upstart who'd have his ears pinned back and be put in his proper place in short order as soon as the real big boys of the game got around to the task. That didn't change your opinion. You said I was a mere kid of twenty-one at the time, a kid who didn't know his own mind but had just that necessary ego to go forth and finish first.

You knew I WAS DIFFERENT. And now, in answer to your open letter, I want you and the world to know this:

I AM DIFFERENT.

* * *

WHAT John L. Sullivan did, and what Jim Corbett and Bob Fitzsimmons and Jim Jeffries and all the rest of them did, has nothing to do with me or my present aspect of life. I'm going along on my own, pursuing my own individual way of doing things and putting things over. I've got a great manager, a most frugal man of fine ideas and individuality and in him I have implicit faith. Ancil Hoffman is the ideal pilot in every way.

Various interviewers and columnists and reporters have pictured me to the public as a clown, a sort of harlequin so chock full of conceit as to stand in his own way. Others have portrayed Max Baer as a killer and a murderous battler in the ring without mercy or compassion for an opponent.

You know better. You know there is no greater asset in the ring than a certain degree of conceit. No greater background, no finer foundation of stability can any man have than that ego, a feeling within himself that he is the best man in the world and to the very hell with the rest of them. Well, that's the way I feel and will continue to feel—until that certain "better man" comes along to convince me differently. He isn't in sight just now. That I know as well as do you, down in your innermost heart.

* * *

I'LL be champion a long time, and when that better man comes along, it probably will be my little brother Buddy. Can't say so much about that right now, and it doesn't seem to have any part in this that I'm telling you.

They seem to think it is strange that I have a valet. Nothing strange about it at all. He's an intelligent chap, an actor, knows all about the different changes of clothes and has taught me a whole lot about—well, about a lot of things. If you haven't met him, his name is Kettles. I swear by him.

Perhaps "my public" is not so much interested in my efforts to get into pictures as it may be in my not-too-eager efforts to get into fights. Don't forget one thing, and this is tops in my mind. I'm not a great actor and I don't think that I am. Really I don't. But I love the pictures, love the work of it and love, above all else, the tremendous money that one gets out of it—if one isn't a flop.

Don't get me wrong with this studio business. That last story they handed me I knew I couldn't do with any satisfaction, not

# Baer Tells Ed Smith—and the World

alone to me but to the producer, the director and the public. I happened to hit it off pretty well in my first picture, *The Prize Fighter and the Lady*, and that taught me a lot about the picture business.

* * *

INCIDENTALLY, don't think that I haven't studied out the psychology of the whole scheme. Me, the one-time butcher boy, a big mutt of a kid who developed his frame into what you see now by hanging up sides of beef—*sides*, mind you—and if you don't think a side of beef weighs something, try to lift one, or better still, try to *buy* one.

Trouble is mostly, Ed, that nobody but you and a few others ever tried to find out anything about Max Baer, former butcher boy. They just say he's a clown, a show-off, a conceited ass. All right, I let it go at that. But I know something about the public's reactions. I've studied. There are different reactions and you can feel them the first time you step out before a crowd. There's an electrical something tingling through the air that tells you instantly. You know you have them or you know they're cold.

Some want to see me beaten. That's only natural. It's natural, too, that I have a following that believe in me and my ring prowess. They will bet on me but at the same time may not like me personally.

You see, Ed, that's what clowning did for "my public." Most folks who go to see me fight think I should take the job more seriously. They say being a champion and best man in the world should be serious business, not something to grow loony over and laugh and kid about and joke over before, during, and after.

* * *

WELL, I've figured this out as crowd psychology, nothing else. I *had* to be different to attract attention—me, a big lout of a butcher boy who could punch and who could take them without whimpering. You see, Ed, I figured that wasn't enough. I couldn't attract any well-paying attention on just that alone.

So I decided to be different. I let my natural streak of comedy and joshing have full sway, even developed it. They even said I was a bit crazy.

*"Great!"* said I, and went to it stronger than ever. It was getting me somewhere. A boxing commissioner didn't want to let me in the same ring with Carnera because he didn't think I was trained for such a task. *"Great!"* said I again, and laughed and laughed at this New York expert, who continues his unreasonable attacks on me. You know him—his name is Bill Brown.

Even my best pal, and a man to whom I give daily thanks for the fine and great things he has done for me, thought I was putting it on too thick. "Great," I chuckled to myself, "I've even fooled the ultra-smart Dempsey." Even he hadn't got down to the real psychological basis the way I had. Even the worldly Jack was a bit archaic, but not so much as this expert, Bill Brown.

* * *

DON'T think that through this haze of clowning, this smoke-screen, as it were, of kidding and laughing in the faces of dangerous foes and all the warnings, that Max Baer hasn't done a powerful lot of thinking. In the quiet of my own calm moments, I've mulled over and meditated every situation. There is a real serious vein in the Baers, not a fool in a whole carload of them. So I really came to some excellent conclusions. But best of all is, that *I am champion* and intend to maintain that position for a long, long time. That is, if I wish to. It may develop in the immediate future that I won't want to fight any more. We'll meet that situation with careful attention, too.

There may be some clowning about it, too, who knows? Certainly such a situation could call for no tears or sorrowing. I'll be amply provided for financially when I quit, despite my many troubles at present. So why not laugh and kid and be otherwise jovial—clowning, they choose to call it.

I believe the old Romans had a word for it and, translated, the expression meant "melodious nonsense." That fits my case, don't you think so, Ed? Or do you?

* * *

TAKE the case of Kingfish Levinsky. I thought he was a smart guy, but he proved to me that he was only a slick hick. When I arranged to meet him in that four-round bout in Chicago, I thought he'd have sense enough not to play with fire. Had he not tried to make a fool out of me attempting to "show me up" before his Chicago friends, who were rooting hard for him to knock out the Livermore Clown, he might have succeeded in remaining on his feet for the four rounds.

But the Baers, as I've told you, Ed, have a little seriousness in their veins. They can clown, when they want to, for effect, but it doesn't pay to try to show the Baers up in public. Bill Brown, my good pal from New York, learned that lesson, and Levinsky learned it, and I hope that Charley Harvey's nice-looking college kid—what's his name?—Steve Hamas, you say—won't be the third in line.

* * *

NO, Ed, I think you're mistaken when you tell your RING readers that I had better beware. Don't have a fear—I'm not like the champions with whom you travelled in the good old days. I'm different—I tell you—and I'll continue to prove it to you, just as I did to the others I've mentioned.

There's such a thing as being too serious, Ed, old boy. Jeffries was of that type. Did you ever get a smile from Jim when he was champ? Not according to your writings. From what I've gained from that great magazine for which you correspond, THE RING, the California Boilermaker always greeted his pals with a scowl. In fact, I've often heard you tell bed-time fistic stories of how Jeffries liked to be left alone and would play solitaire during his idle moments at training camp. Can you imagine me playing solitaire in New York with the Hollywood, the Paradise, the Casino de Paris and other swell joints just around the corner?

When I'm to defend my title for the Garden, under whose jurisdiction the next world's championship battle will be staged, you can bet your last boots that Max Baer will be in condition. There's such a thing as pride, even in my make-up.

* * *

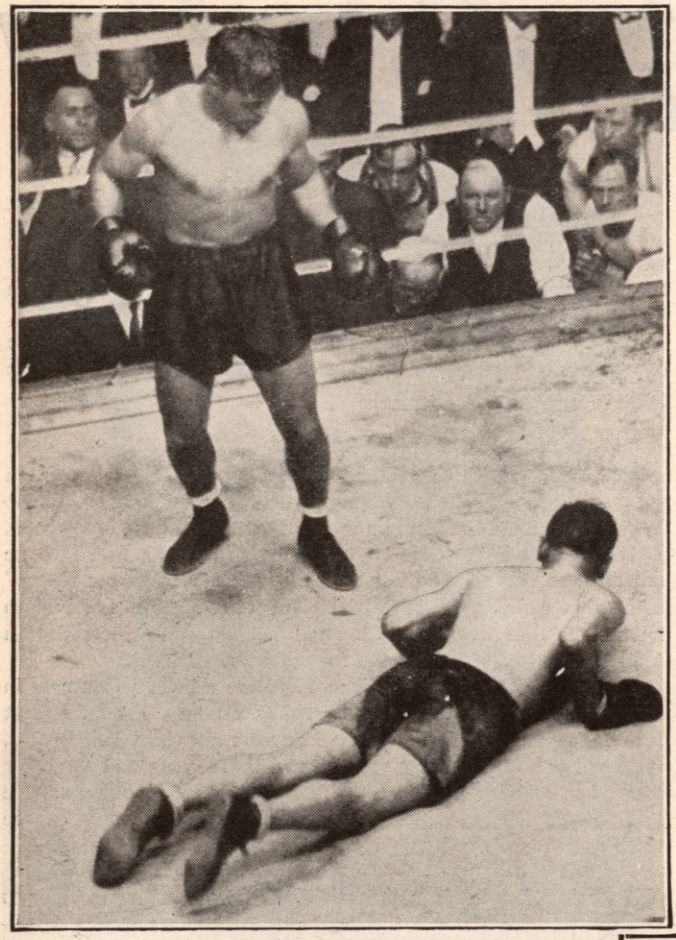
NONE of us in this day and age, and I least of all, is of a puritan pattern. Not exactly an angel, yet possessed of a few good qualities outside of the fistic arena and certainly a fighting man of far more than ordinary ability.

You see, I'm not inclined to hide what lights I have under a bushel. But I'm through playing mere "bits" in this general scheme of life. I'm different, you see, and seek a big place in either the drama or the comedy, whatever may befall me.

Some day someone will be seized with the idea of piecing together an anthology of Max Baer. It should make great reading for future generations, I imagine, because IT WILL BE DIFFERENT, just as Max Baer is and always will be. Why don't you do it, Ed, before it is too late?

THE DIFFERENT MAX BAER.

# MICKEY WALKER,



*The knockout of Tommy Milligan in England in the tenth round by Walker.*

THE spectacular career of Mickey Walker as a fighting star came to a conclusion when he went down to defeat, via the kayo route, at the hands of Paul Pirrone in Philadelphia recently. And what a career it was! Successively welter and middleweight champion of the world, and imbued with the ambition to mill his way clean to the topmost pinnacle of fistic fame—the heavyweight throne of the universe—he held Jack Sharkey to a fifteen-round draw in 1931, the man who in the following year was crowned king of the big fellows of the ring.

He only missed winning the light-heavyweight title by an extremely narrow margin, when Tommy Loughran, then leader of that class, was awarded a disputed decision over him before a Chicago club. Had the Fates been kind to him on that occasion, Mickey would have realized his pet desire, to equal the record established by Bob Fitzsimmons as a triple title-holder, Fitz having reigned as middleweight, heavyweight and light-heavyweight champ.

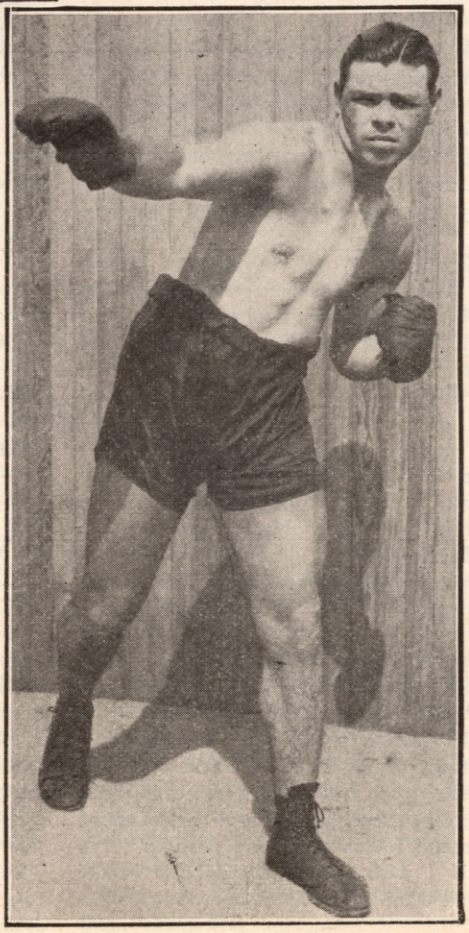
Let it be distinctly understood, however, that where Dame Nature favored Fitzsimmons physically, she imposed a handicap upon Mickey Walker. Everybody who has delved into pugilistic lore, as well as those veterans who saw Fitz in his prime, knows what a singular freak build the lanky Australian possessed. Slight of underpinning, but framed like a bony Hercules from the waist up, only a quarter of an inch under six feet in height, and endowed with an ape-like reach, it was no trick at all for him to outclass the crack middleweights of his day, including the famous Nonpareil Jack Dempsey.

Nor did his lack of avoirdupois trouble him greatly when dealing with the premier heavyweights, as was amply testified by his decisive kayo of that past-master of scientists, Jim Corbett.

* * *

TURN now to the contrast offered by the physical proportions of Walker. The latter is only five feet, seven inches in height. He relinquished his middleweight title, not because he had outgrown that class, but for the pertinent reason that there were no more opponents worthy of his steel in the division, and lack of matches compelled him to try for heavier honors. There never was a time when he was campaigning among the heavyweights that Mick Walker couldn't have scaled under the 165-pound mark.

Unquestionably, the Toy Bulldog was the smallest man under the Queensberry regime, outside of Charlie Mitchell, who ever figured as a title-challenger for heavyweight honors. This claim



*Mickey Walker as he looked when he was in his prime.*

## MICKEY WALKER

By George T. Pardy

Here's health and good luck to you, Mickey, old Boy,
You gave us the best that you had,
From your head to your heels you were ever the broth
Of an elegant, real fighting lad;
For second crop Irish there never was one
Excelled you in courage and wit,
In all the long line of hard-milling men
Whose great god of battles was GRIT!

Here's health and good luck to you, Mickey, old boy,
The two things that money can't buy,
You won and you tossed away dollars galore
With a laugh and a wink of your eye;
Faith, 'tis often you said when reproached by a friend
For the convivial risks that you'd run—
No man who goes broke has a right to repine
If he only has plenty of fun!

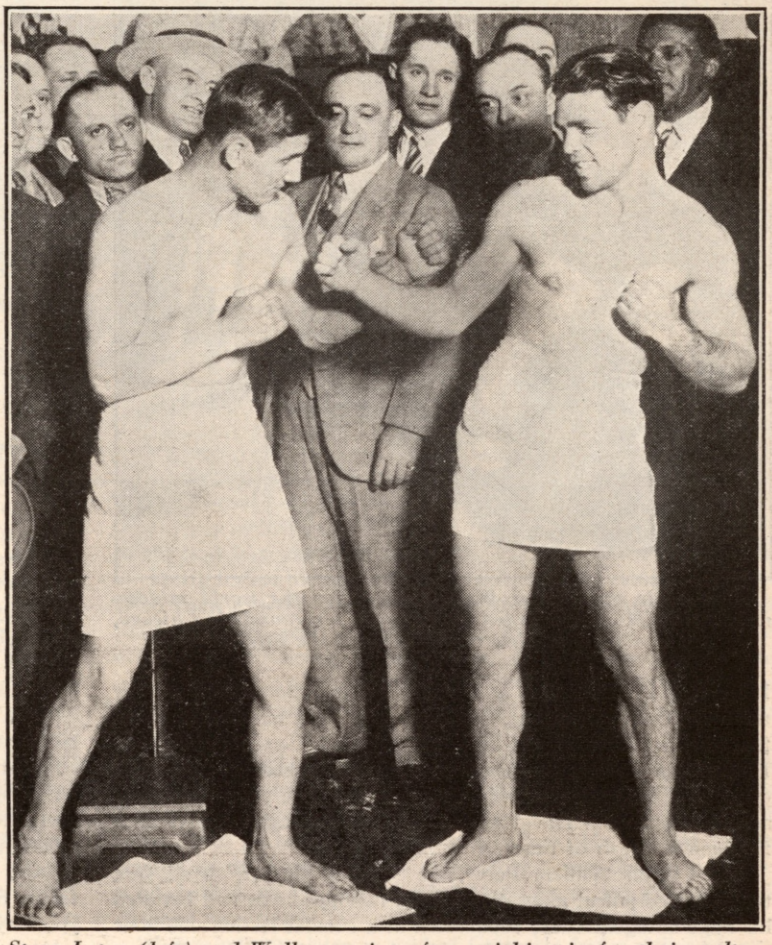
Here's health and good luck to you, Mickey, old boy,
You true fighting-cock of the pit,
The sort that can crow as his blood drips away
But stands to the gaff and won't quit!
If the days of your glory be numbered and past
Yet the devil a doubt but your name,
Will live like John L's in the hearts of the sports
And shine on the tablets of Fame!

# *the* TOY BULLDOG

## *The Story of the Little Champion With the "Big Fighting Heart"*

*(Copyright, The Ring, 1935—All rights reserved)*

*By* GEORGE T. PARDY



***Steve Latzo (left) and Walker posing after weighing in for their welterweight championship bout which Latzo won in ten rounds.***

has been made in Stanley Ketchel's favor, but is incorrect. Not long ago a New York sports writer asserted that Ketchel scaled only 160 pounds when he fought, and was knocked out in twelve rounds by the then heavyweight champ, Jack Johnson, but the fact is that Stanley was well over the 170 mark on that occasion. Also, it is a fairly open secret that Johnson agreed to "carry" Ketchel. But the latter tried to work the old double-cross in the twelfth frame, floored Jack with a right to the jaw, and an instant later was lifted from his feet by a terrific uppercut to the chin, administered by the powerful right of the indignant colored man, which left Ketchel lying on the floor, stunned, senseless and minus his entire upper row of front teeth.

When Jim Corbett knocked out Charlie Mitchell in three rounds at Jacksonville, Florida, in 1894, the British champion only weighed 152 pounds. For publicity purposes, Mitchell's weight was announced in the press as 168. But the truth of the matter was that Mitchell, who at his best was several pounds below our present light-heavyweight standard, was little more than a shell of the man he used to be when he tried conclusions with Corbett. The late Lou Houseman, internationally recognized as a fistic authority, saw Mitchell tread the scales in private six hours prior to the Jacksonville battle, and told the writer that the revelation of the Briton's real weight of 152 pounds convinced him then and there that Charlie had not the ghost of a chance to win.

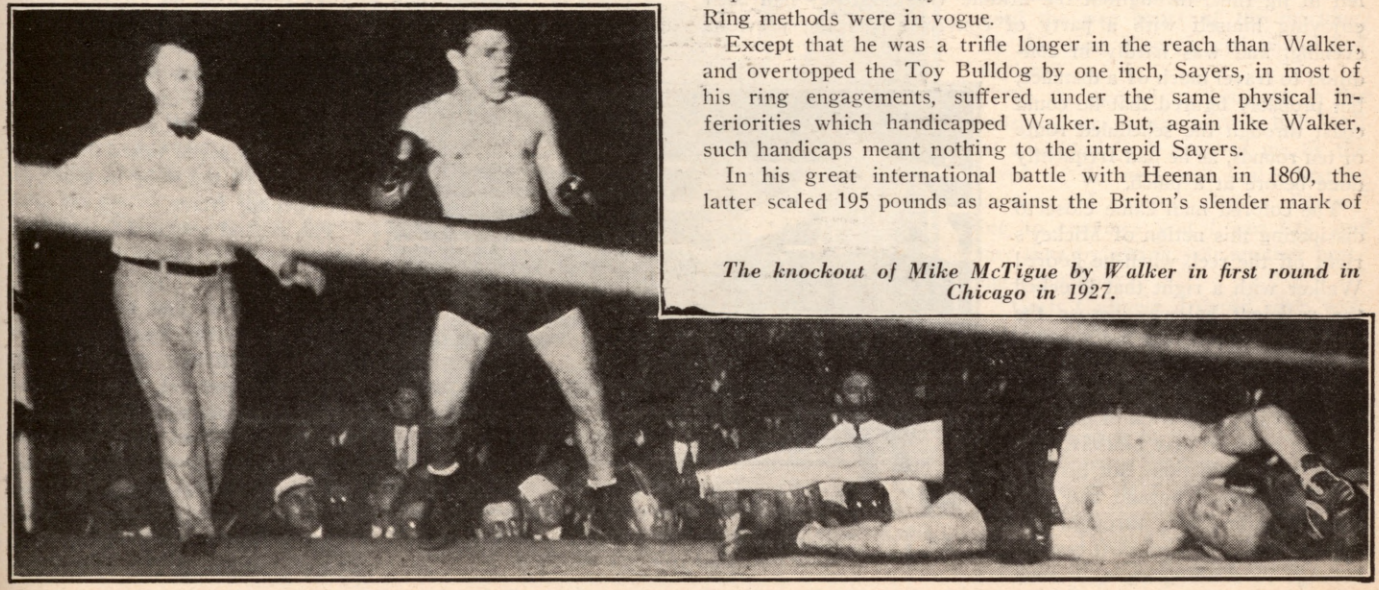
* * *

STANLEY KETCHEL stood five feet, nine and three-quarter inches. Mitchell was a shade over five feet, eight inches. Both men were serviceably long in reach, an advantage not possessed by Walker, who was also shorter than either of the pugilists in question. Tommy Burns, another of the great "little" big men, who figured as a heavyweight title contender, and was recognized as champion during the interval between Jeffries' retirement and the coming of Jack Johnson, was exactly the same height as Mickey Walker—five feet, seven inches. But Burns had a remarkably extensive reach, which made up largely for his short stature handicap.

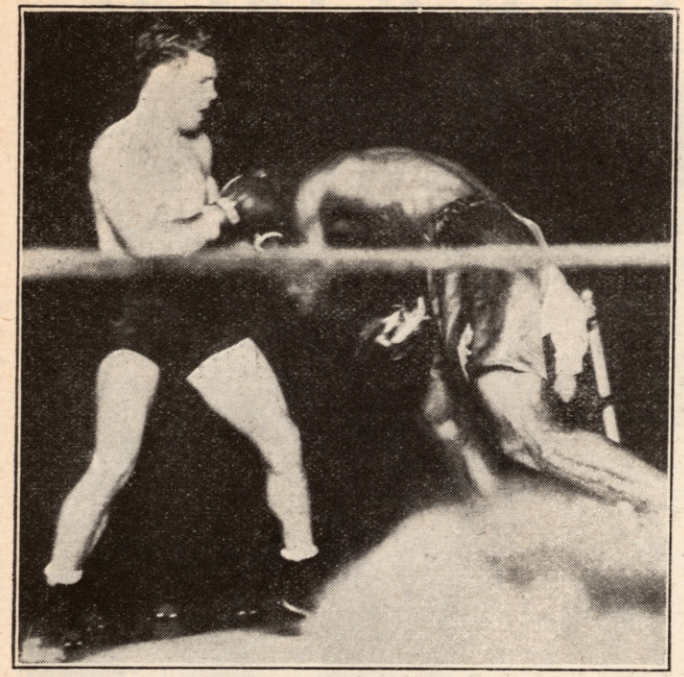
If Mitchell, from the weight standpoint, was the smallest man to act as a world heavyweight challenger in the Queensberry glove era, to Tom Sayers belongs the distinction of being the lightest pugilist to compete for, and win, heavyweight championship laurels in the days when bare knuckles and London Prize Ring methods were in vogue.

Except that he was a trifle longer in the reach than Walker, and overtopped the Toy Bulldog by one inch, Sayers, in most of his ring engagements, suffered under the same physical inferiorities which handicapped Walker. But, again like Walker, such handicaps meant nothing to the intrepid Sayers.

In his great international battle with Heenan in 1860, the latter scaled 195 pounds as against the Briton's slender mark of



***The knockout of Mike McTigue by Walker in first round in Chicago in 1927.***



*A scene in the Flowers-Walker battle for the world middleweight title. Mickey emerged the victor in ten rounds in Chicago, a triumph that carried with it the title.*

150, yet the result was a draw, after two hours and twenty minutes of savage milling. It may be, as some authorities insist, that the breaking of the ring by Sayer's adherents when the Englishman was on the point of collapse, robbed the American of victory. Regardless of this disputed point, one cannot withhold admiration from a David who could hold out against a Goliath for such a length of time.

Pitted again William Perry, the "Tipton Slasher," a six-foot two-hundred-pound giant, Tom Sayers chopped, cut and battered his huge antagonist into submission in a combat lasting one hour and forty-two minutes. Tom was undeniably the Mickey Walker of his day. Yet if you glance down the record of our modern Sayers, you'll find that Mickey's feats of valor at least equal, if they do not excel, those of his famous prototype.

* * *

FOR example, there was a night in 1931 when Walker, with his usual cocky carelessness, failed to train a lick before entering the ring with Bearcat Wright, a big Omaha negro slugger. The Bearcat scaled 205 pounds, he could hit like a steam-hammer, and had been knocking over opponents right and left in jig time, throughout the Middle West. Mickey had been enjoying himself with a party of convivial pals the previous evening, and was hardly in condition to travel much of a distance, but probably figured that he could coast through the scheduled route of ten rounds, as he had frequently done before at a pinch.

The colored man came close to dissipating this notion of Mickey's right off the reel, when he floored Walker with a right that knocked the recipient halfway across the ring and dumped him for a count. Mickey took "eight" on the floor and, when he arose, was compelled to resort to every trick of generalship he knew to save himself from temporary extinction. But his traditional bulldog courage and ring wisdom pulled him through. He recuperated, and then went out for revenge in slashing style, to such good effect that he was unhesitatingly awarded the decision at the termination of the bout.

Think of the weight Walker had to give away to such ponderous opponents as Johnny Risko, Paulino Uzcudun and King Levinsky. Yet he dared the handicap and licked them into the bargain. There was Salvatore Ruggirello, another huge mass of bone and muscle. Ruggirello knocked out Stanley Poreda soon after the latter had won from Tommy Loughran and Primo Carnera, and Stanley was looked upon as a likely contender for topnotch honors. But gallus Mickey took on Salvatore and stiffened him for the full count in less than a round.

Remember Arthur De Kuh? Arthur tipped the scales at 218 pounds and his height registered as six feet, three inches. The best Jack Sharkey could do with this mammoth Italian was to box him cagily, and take a point decision over him in a ten-rounder. But shortly after Walker gave Ruggirello a dose of sleeping sickness, he went to work on big Arthur and stowed him away for the night in something less than two minutes of scrapping.

* * *

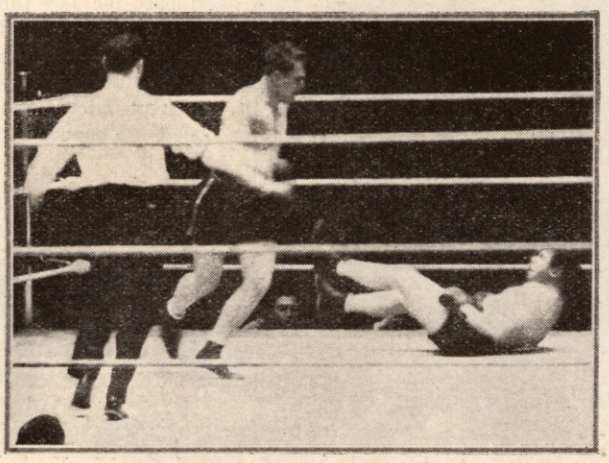
STRANGELY enough, it is only when Mickey Walker has reached the end of his string as a big-time performer that most of the sport writers are beginning to realize that he achieved wonders in the squared circle. Not one of our top-notchers, big or little, during the past fifteen years, accomplished such extraordinary feats between the ropes as this colorful, happy-go-lucky Irishman, yet somehow or another, his successful raids on the big men's territory, and his penchant for taking desperate chances and overcoming seemingly impossible odds, have usually been taken as a matter of course.

It isn't that the scribes don't like him. Everybody in the writing business has a good word to say for Mickey as an individual. It could scarcely be otherwise, for Walker's sunny personality and unfailing good humor would melt the grouch of the most obstinate cynic. Maybe it's because he has so little of the tragic in his nature that they never took him seriously. Whatever the reason, he has never been given his due as a ring marvel. When future fistic historians sum up the deeds of our modern gladiators, you may be sure they won't overlook a record that speaks for itself, not that Mickey will benefit much thereby.

What will they say when they peruse the round-by-round accounts of Walker's battle with the heavyweight, Paul Swiderski, before a Louisville club in 1930? As usual, Walker was giving away big odds in weight, height and reach. And, as was far too often the case with him, he went into the ring as unconditioned, prepared—as the saying is—merely by "a haircut and a shave!"

* *

SWIDERSKI, in the pink of condition, full of fight and just r'arin' to go, tore into Mickey like a human tornado, rushed him to the ropes, and downed him with an awful clip on the chin almost before the echoes of the first bell had died away. Walker staggered up, only to go down again under a hailstorm of punches. Clinch and mix, clinch and mix, followed in rapid succession, and seven times the fighting Mick hit the floor in that awful opening frame.



*The Toy Bulldog, floored by Levinsky in first round, came back and won the decision.*

The second round was nearly a duplicate of the first. Walker was still practically out on his feet, only kept erect and in a fighting stance by his lion heart and automatic generalship. Six times he was down, and yet, bleeding profusely, with one eye nearly closed, he struggled on. He toed the scratch for the third, battered, bloody, but grimly defiant. Swiderski was beginning to fade a bit from his own exertions. He had given all he had, and—yet, there

was his indomitable adversary, swathed in the red badge of unconquerable courage, and facing him with the undying pluck of a thoroughbred pit terrier.

And soon the terrier began to get some of his own back. The Walker brain was clearing and the Walker fists commenced to volley punches that jarred the tired big fellow badly. In the sessions which followed, the Celt was the assailant and Swiderski, in turn, hanging on and hugging to save himself from disaster. From rope to rope Mickey drove his foe relentlessly and wound up the final frame with a burst of fistic fireworks that left the larger man dazed, helpless and whipped to a frazzle. And maybe the spectators didn't yell with frantic enthusiasm, when the voice of official authority pronounced Walker the winner!

* * *

IT was this "never-say-die" spirit which distinguished Mickey Walker from most of his boxing contemporaries in the past. His confidence in himself was sublime and nothing could shatter it. What welterweight of today would dream of tackling a champion middleweight or light-heavyweight? Yet Walker did both when he held the welter title, losing to Harry Greb and giving Mike McTigue a very thorough thrashing in a no-decision bout. At that period of his career Mickey was unbeatable.

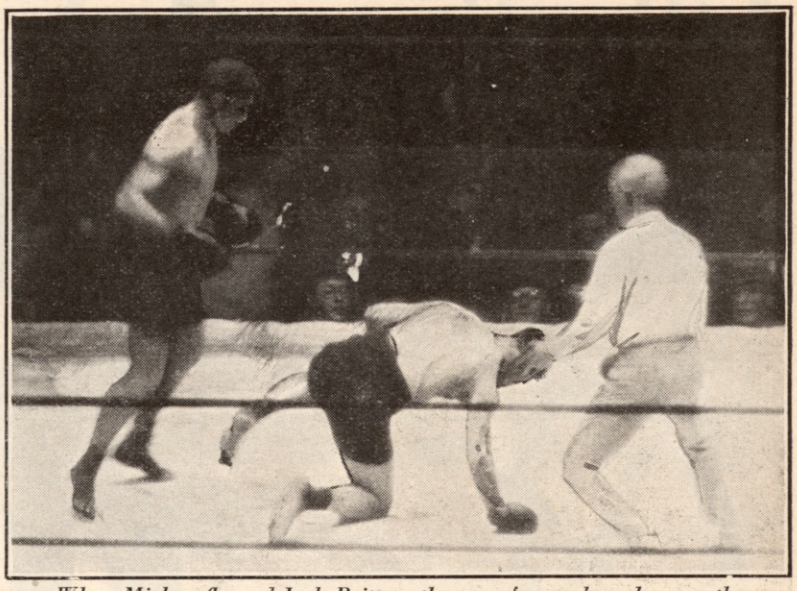
The late Harry Greb and Mickey Walker had much in common. Both were reckless, devil-may-care chaps, with a love for the bright lights and all that goes with such illuminations. Neither was in love with training and both took chances about getting in shape that brought bitter and solemn denunciations upon their heads from people who viewed boxing seriously and couldn't understand comedy antics on the part of two acknowledged high priests of the game. Greb, like Walker, gave away weight with cool indifference. He cut circles around the large-sized, slow-footed fellows, whom he bewildered with his whirlwind attacks. Several of the big men he defeated were wont to liken Harry to a human buzz-saw, which was as good a description of his tireless cyclonic tactics as any.

When Gene Tunney was a light-heavyweight, he absorbed one awful beating from Greb, and, in fact, Dempsey's later conqueror has admitted that it was the worst thrashing he ever received. Later Gene got even, when, having solved Harry's unorthodox style, he beat him soundly twice, over the fifteen-round route, and outpointed him in a couple of no-decision, ten-frame affairs.

* * *

GREB held the world's middleweight championship, Walker the welter title, when they met at the Polo Grounds, New York, for a fifteen-round argument. Greb's title was at stake; Walker's, of course, was safe, no matter what the outcome of the battle. This was one fight for which Harry and Mickey trained faithfully, for Greb had a vast respect for Walker as a scrapper, and the latter was well aware that his prospective opponent was one man he couldn't afford to take liberties with.

As it turned out, it was a hurricane battle, and just as fast and savage as the fans expected, with the verdict going to Greb. Mickey took quite a licking from the heavier man on this occasion, but was fighting back like a tiger at the finish, all the same. Greb might beat him according to Hoyle, but deep down in Mickey's chest still lurked the notion that he could turn the tables on Harry. Greb knew exactly what Walker's ideas on the subject were, and the knowledge seems to have ridden him hard, for later in the evening the Pittsburg Windmill saw fit to renew their debate under different conditions from those governing the Polo Grounds match. What transpired is best given in Mickey Walker's own words:



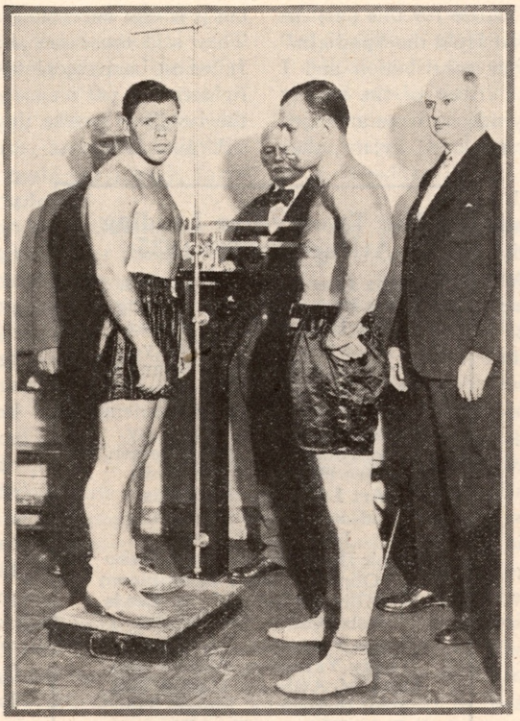
*When Mickey floored Jack Britton, the man from whom he won the world's welterweight title.*

"After the fight at the Polo Grounds I repaired to one of the Broadway lobster palaces for a bite," deposes Mickey. "Jack Kearns, my manager, was barred from the ringside because of some scrap he had with the boxing solons. He listened to the reports of the fight over the radio. And I was bunged up quite a bit, believe me! I had intended to go up to see him, but had changed my mind.

"A few minutes later in walked Greb. He had a doll with him and he insisted that I should sit at his table. We didn't discuss the fight, except that Kearns would interrupt once in a while with a challenge for a return bout. Everything went along lovely. Harry, may his soul rest in peace, was the life of the party. After we got through with supper, he insisted that I accompany his party to a late spot and do some dancing. I couldn't say no, for he wouldn't take no for an answer. So we danced until the wee hours of the morning. By this time Harry's girl friend had vanished.

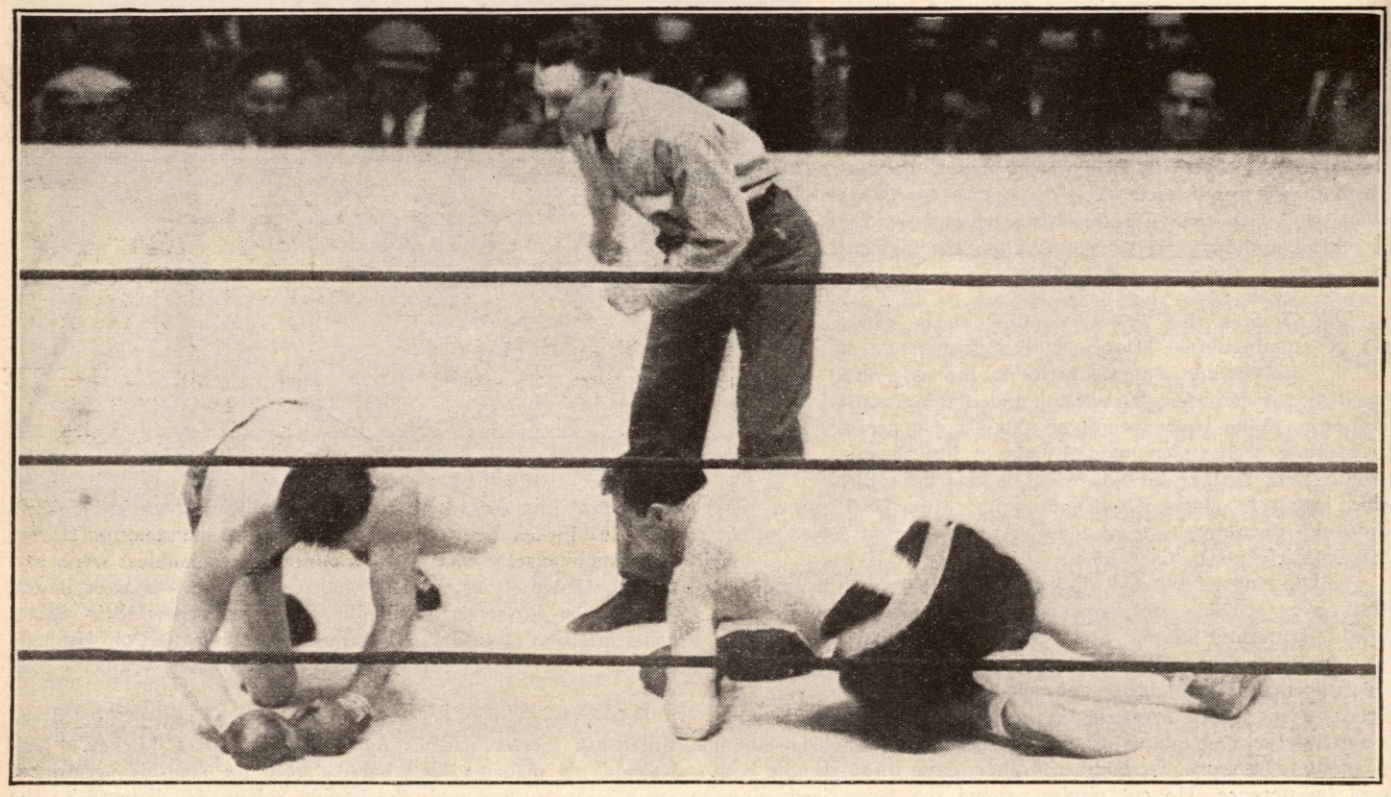
"So the two of us went out in the morning air. It was getting light. All of a sudden Greb grabbed me by the scruff of the neck and said: 'Just to show you I am your master, I'm going to convince you I can lick you any time by giving you another beating right now.'

"Gosh I almost dropped over with surprise, but there was no time for dreaming, for Harry squared off and rushed me. I cut loose a left hook that caught him on the chin. He staggered a bit, but back he came, throwing all kinds of crazy punches. Just then a cop hove in sight and came running. He didn't recognize us, and out came his jack. I saw him lift up the bean-crusher. (*Continued on page* 42)



*Mickey on the scales while his adversary, Jack Sharkey, looks him over. Walker turned in a great fight against the Boston gob, holding the best of the heavyweights at the time to a 15-round draw in 1931.*

# Fistic Attractions



*The bout which Lewis thinks would be the best financial contest of the year is a return mill between Carnera and Baer, with the knockdown prospects as the great lure.*

IN a message I received from my friend, Nat Fleischer, editor of THE RING, a magazine that has done more for boxing than all the promoters, matchmakers and boxers combined, he asked me to write an article for this publication on "The Fistic Attractions for 1935 that Hold the Spotlight." Two years ago I was asked for a similar contribution and I obliged, and I am happy to report that thirteen of the twenty matches I had then suggested as big money-makers were arranged and fought during the year and, as was predicted by me, they were the best financial successes.

This year I have combined forces with Jim Mullen, accounted one of the smartest promoters in the boxing game, and, with our knowledge of boxing, we expect to bring the sport back to its former popularity. Mullen's name is a byword in pugilistic circles. I think it was the greatest break of my life to be identified with such a man.

In his message to me, THE RING Editor said: "Am back again with a request that you consent to furnish me with twenty-five of the best money-making attractions which you, as a promoter and matchmaker, wouldn't hesitate to put on because of their national prominence could you arrange them. I select you for this honor because, of all the matchmakers in this country, you have earned boxing's highest award for 1934 as the nation's best and foremost man in your profession. In a vote of RING correspondents you received more than three-quarters of the votes, hence you must be best qualified for the task I have named. Will you accept? Wire immediately."

"Of course I'll accept," I wired back. So here goes my effort. I know that many of my readers will disagree with my choices, and most of my rival matchmakers and promoters will say, "That's a fine selection, but go and get 'em," but it is that uncertainty that makes the job all the more pleasant. They said the same about my choices in 1932, yet where they failed to land the plums, I snared the belligerent managers and fighters and put on many successful, well paying shows in which the headliners were those whom I had selected for THE RING.

Unlike 1932, last year was a far more profitable one for the promoters, managers and pugilists and I predict that 1935 will be even more successful. Why? Because we have better fighters from whom to select our headliners, and we have a number of young prospects who are eager to fight, not to talk and idle away their time until they become rusty, hence we matchmakers—I say we, because I feel that what I have been able to do in Chicago, with four consecutive sell-outs or near sell-outs, others can do—find it easier to talk turkey now than was the case two years ago. That is a most encouraging situation so far as the fight game is concerned, for it means that we will shortly return to the days of prosperity.

* * *

ALL good matchmakers and promoters should at all times be on the lookout for good talent. That is their job and, if they fail, they alone are responsible for the distress suffered by their organization. I say this with all due knowledge that often managers are impossible in their demands; yet, with that in mind, I declare

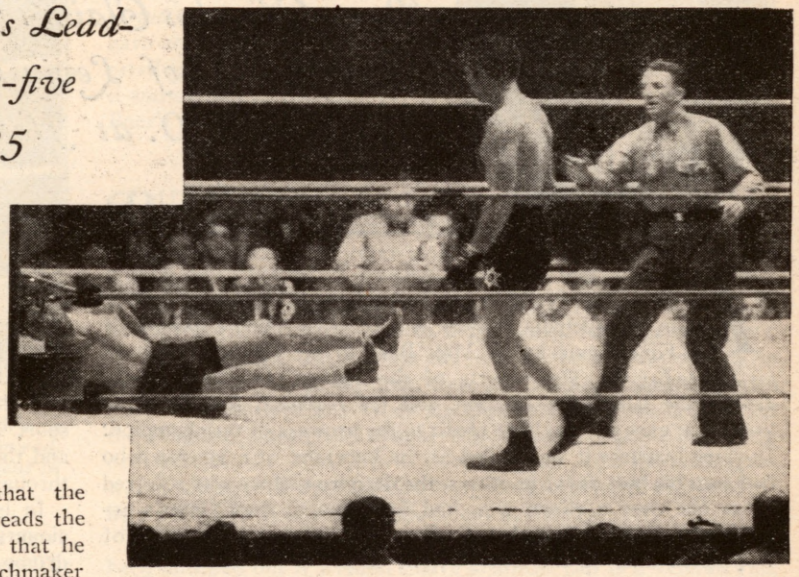
**The Twenty-five Leading Attractions for 1935**

Max Baer *vs.* Primo Carnera
Max Baer *vs.* Max Schmeling
Max Baer *vs.* Steve Hamas
Max Baer *vs.* Art Lasky
Steve Hamas *vs.* Max Schmeling
King Levinsky *vs.* Joe Louis
Steve Hamas *vs.* Primo Carnera
Steve Hamas *vs.* Art Lasky
Steve Hamas *vs.* Jack Peterson
Steve Hamas *vs.* Joe Louis
Art Lasky *vs.* Joe Louis
Maxey Rosenbloom *vs.* John Henry Lewis
Frank Battaglia *vs.* Babe Risko
Bob Olin *vs.* Maxey Rosenbloom
Bob Olin *vs.* John Henry Lewis
Bob Olin *vs.* Joe Knight
Teddy Yarosz *vs.* Paul Pirrone
Teddy Yarosz *vs.* Marcel Thil
Jock McAvoy *vs.* Marcel Thil
Paul Pirrone *vs.* Marcel Thil
Babe Risko *vs.* Paul Pirrone
Jimmy McLarnin *vs.* Barney Ross
Barney Ross *vs.* Tony Canzoneri
Barney Ross *vs.* Sammy Fuller
Freddie Miller *vs.* Baby Arizmendi

# *that* Hold Spotlight

## *Nate Lewis, One of the Country's Leading Promoters, Selects Twenty-five Outstanding Bouts for 1935*

### *By* NATE LEWIS



*This is what the American public would like to see repeated—a Schmeling-Baer engagement.*

that no manager is sap enough to toss aside a good thing when he can be convinced, and that is the job for the promoter and matchmaker. They must do the convincing, and I think I have done my share of it in 1934 and will continue to add to that record in 1935.

* * *

FROM personal observation, I am convinced that the presentation of the argument in a manner that spreads the picture before the manager in so glowing a vein that he cannot turn down the offer, is the greatest asset of a matchmaker and that matchmaker's popularity and honest dealings must be added to that sales talk to accomplish what he is going after. The trouble the Madison Square Garden matchmaking department has been having with the managers and fighters naturally has aided me in my work, and as a matchmaker I haven't hesitated to take one hundred per cent advantage of that battle. That's why I was able to make more money in November and December of last year in my promotorial field than the Chicago Stadium was able to do in almost all the previous months of that year. And that is why I am convinced that, of the twenty-five matches I have named as holding the spotlight for 1935, I can corner at least ten for myself unless those named are hooked up in a contract of some kind with the Garden or some other rival organization.

There is a hue and cry still going on among the fighters and managers about a shortage of money. That can be quickly remedied if those who are crying loudest will stop their bickering, cease their crying, and come to their senses. Take the case of Teddy Yarosz. There was a boy who was offered a fight with Paul Pirrone, the most-talked-of man in the division at this writing, but wouldn't accept it unless he could get a huge, fabulous guarantee which no promoter could afford.

Hence, to gather in as much as he could while waiting for the time when he could be guaranteed his twenty-five or thirty grand, he decided to take on a few suckers in over-the-weight matches. What happened is now a part of the new year record.

He was knocked out by a boy who was not even known out of his home burg—Babe Risko—and received very little for his end, at the same time dropping his drawing power about fifty per cent. Now, how much better off he would have been had he accepted a match with Pirrone or some other well-known middleweight whose drawing power was a known quantity. It is safe to say that Yarosz's case is only one of many I could cite to prove my point that a sucker fight is the worst thing a champion or near-champ can take on, for it usually turns out with reverse English.

* * *

TODAY we have a class of temperamental fighters and temperamental managers, but, even with their high-strung temperaments, they have as a whole come to see the light, and for that reason, I think that at least sixty per cent of the fights I have named can be arranged. First in point of importance, I want to go on record with the statement that the best way to get boxing back with a bang and to obtain lucrative bouts, contests that will throng the indoor and outdoor arenas, is to arrange a series of eliminations to bring out the best talent in each class for a shot at the champion. In that way, you will arouse public interest to a high pitch for the final matches, especially if the preliminary bouts in such a series should be of a sensational order.

Thus, in the heavyweight ranks, the ballyhoo is at the boiling point. Max Baer knocks out King Levinsky. Baer insists he can knock out both Hamas and Lasky in one ring, one after the other. The Livermore Larruper goes farther and announces that, if Charley Harvey is so eager for a fight for Hamas, he should permit Steve to tackle the champion in a four-round mill in Chicago, as did Levinsky. Charley, talking for Hamas, is riled by Max's statement and declares his intention of accepting Baer's defi if enough money is put on the line for Hamas.

All of which has resulted in the signing of the champion for several no-decision bouts under my jurisdiction in Chicago. At this writing, with the uncertainty of the Hamas-Schmeling fight being staged, I may yet put on a Hamas-Baer no-decision mill in my Stadium.

* * *

IF, on the other hand, the Schmeling-Hamas affair does go through in Germany, it will make little difference who wins, provided the bout is a stirring one. In such case, that bout will act as the first of a series of heavyweight eliminations. I propose three such eliminations. Let Hamas meet Schmeling, Carnera clash with Lasky, and the winner of that bout meet the winner of the Schmeling-Hamas affair. If those three matches were arranged, I needn't tell you RING readers what a Baer contest with the victor of the semifinal would draw. It would be a real championship match that would pack either the Garden Bowl, where I understand Baer must defend his title next June or July, or Soldier Field here in Chicago, where I would stage it.

Regardless of that, however, I am not divulging a secret when I say that, if Baer is returned the winner of the Long Island bout, he will most likely defend his crown again in Chicago in September for me. Besides the three bouts named above, we have three great prospects in Joe Louis, the Negro, Patsy Perroni, and Jack Peterson of England, and an elimination among those three, with the winner to clash with the best of the three fighters named in the first elimination, would serve to furnish the second challenger for Baer's title.

Of course, the above matches are combinations that are selected because of the prominence of each (*Continued on page* 47)

# Nat FLEISCHER says:

## *Baer Clinches Claim to Iron-Fisted Man of Pugilism*
## *His K. O. of Levinsky Recalls Knockout of Dixon*
## *Yarosz's K. O. at Hands of Unknown Teaches Lesson*

THE biggest feat accomplished in heavyweight boxing since the overthrow of Jack Dempsey by Gene Tunney in Philadelphia in 1926, was the two-round knockout of King Levinsky by Max Baer in the Chicago Stadium on December 27. The reports of the contest, for such it was despite the label of exhibition, and the comment following the knockout, gave far too little credit to the prowess of the champion. In some quarters it was hailed as the knockout of a veteran who had seen his best days; in others, the decisive victory was referred to as one over a clown who had forgotten to duck. Baer's accomplishment conclusively clinches his claim to the title of iron-fisted man of the heavyweight class.

Call it what you may, the fact remains that Baer's feat is a noteworthy one and will go down in the records as such. When we consider the record of Levinsky, his damaging hitting power, his fearlessness and the failure of the leading heavyweights to turn the trick accomplished by Livermore Max, then only can we realize fully what that K.O. meant. Since 1930, the wild swinging, clowning, hyena-like form of Levinsky has been seen in the ring, and in those four years he has been headlining in the big punch palaces of Chicago, Madison Square Garden, and other famous arenas, without being humiliated as he was on the night he met Baer in that so-called "exhibition."

Levinsky has fought the best of the heavyweight lot since turning pro and his chin has remained cast iron with the exception of the time Baer cracked it. If the affair between Baer and Levinsky was an exhibition, then we should have more of that type and fewer fights. Clowns, you may call them, but they crowded more fighting into three minutes and fifty-three seconds than is ordinarily packed into ten rounds of the average heavyweight battle.

*The first punch that got Baer riled—it was a hard left by Levinsky that landed on the champion's forehead.*

By stopping the Kingfish in a little more than one round, Baer proved to the fistic world that there isn't a challenger in sight worthy of the name, right now. It is my opinion, as I have so often said, that if Max can keep in condition and doesn't allow himself to become too cocky, he can hold the title as long as did Dempsey. What he did to Levinsky and Carnera, he can repeat over Lasky, Hamas and Schmeling. He performed the feat once over the German, and he'll do it again if they meet a second time. As for Hamas, Steve ranks high among the challengers but lacks the hitting power of Baer and Lasky, in my opinion, at this stage of the game, would be a mark for Baer's heavy rights. He would be knocked out in quicker time than was Carnera.

ALL of which brings us to the point—what is in store for the champion, if he can thus mow down those who are selected by popular acclaim as the leading challengers? I do not blame Bill Brown, New York State Commissioner, for his attitude towards exhibitions in which a champion is enabled to clown his way through two or four rounds, often to the detriment of the sport. But I fail to see a parallel in the case of Baer and Levinsky, and those clowning exhibitions that have taken place in the past throughout the country.

In barring Baer from appearing in New York, the Commissioners did so because they refuse to become a party to a hippodrome such as ordinarily is staged when a champion is appearing with his own sparring mates. But Baer's case is different.

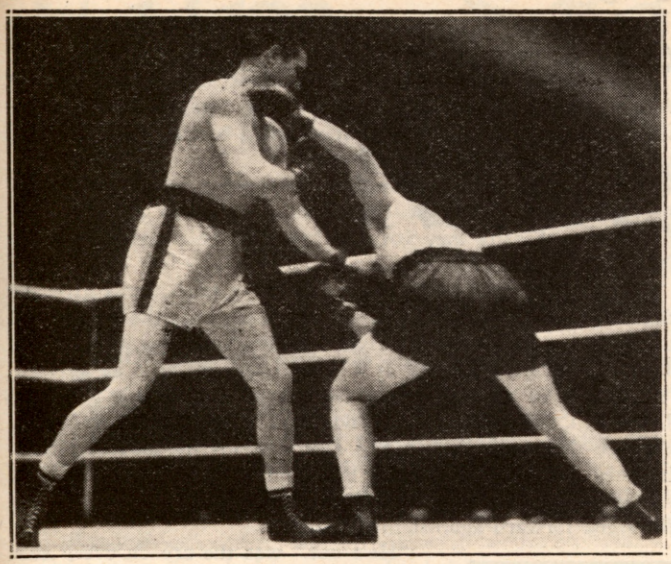
The champion does not carry into the ring his sparring mates. Nor does he accept as his opponent a down-and-out, mere shell of a fighter. To date all of his opponents have been heavyweights who have given a good account of themselves in fights with lesser lights.

The fact that Baer has agreed to clash with opponents other than his sparring mates in non-decision bouts in which he could lose his title either on a foul or by being knocked out, is ample proof that Baer is absolutely fearless and thinks well of himself. Show me another champion in recent years who was willing to go on a tour and risk his title in a four rounder against such a hitter as King Levinsky or even against a palooka. It must be remembered that every time Max enters the ring he takes a gamble on getting one on the chin and losing the championship even against tenth raters.

* * *

HENCE I say that the New York Commission could continue to protect the state's interest and the public by refusing permission for a circus exhibition such as Max Schmeling staged on his first tour with his sparring partners and Baer staged on his first tour with Jack Dempsey. But the Board should not be so harsh when Baer agrees to permit his title to be at stake in a four-round mill against fairly good talent. By naming Hamas, Schmeling, Carnera and Lasky as the only opponents with whom a four-round bout will be sanctioned in New York, the Commission automatically bans him.

What harm is it to show Baer in New York State and other big centers of boxing under conditions he names? I'm sure that such a bout, even though limited to four rounds and against a second-rater or even a third-rater, with a fine sup-



*And this is the punch that started Baer on his rampage. When Levinsky crashed a long left swing to Max's chin, Baer saw red. He opened up an attack that ended in the Kingfish being sent to the bottom of the sea.*

porting card, would benefit the sport, rather than act as a detriment. Both the promoters and the state could be the gainer. The promoters have been starving and still are, and New York is burdening the citizens with tax upon tax, yet when the Commission can protect all hands by taking the champion at his word and have him appear in these four-rounders against fair talent in decision bouts, it turns thumbs down.

New York's Commission insists that Baer has two options if he wants to fight in New York—he can pit his title against Hamas, Carnera, Schmeling or Lasky in a fifteen-round bout or he can clash with any one of the four in a four-round bout with the championship at stake. So far as the first option is concerned, Baer has already accepted that. He is signed to meet the outstanding challenger under the auspices of Madison Square Garden next summer in New York. But while waiting for the Garden to make its choice with the aid of the august commissioners, it seems far-fetched for those rulers of boxing in the Empire State to insist that Max take on one of the four best drawing cards in a four rounder if he wants to show his wares while waiting for the big match and is willing to take a chance on being K.O.'ed.

If promoters are willing to put Baer on the card as the headliner, book his brother Buddy, whom the Easterners are anxious to see, on the same card and arrange good supporting bouts, the Boxing Commission should be tickled pink to aid in building up the report in localities where boxing is in a terrible condition and at the same time help the state to get much-needed taxes.

* * *

BAER has an overabundance of confidence in himself. He thinks he can whip both Hamas and Lasky on the same night, one after the other, and perhaps he can perform the feat. He is just of that type that is likely to turn the trick if antagonized. That is why he seems to be willing to take his chances to be clipped on the chin by an unknown in four-round bouts.

If the statement attributed to Bill Brown by Jack Miley in the *News* of New York City is correctly quoted, then Bill Brown refers in rather harsh words to Levinsky. In discussing the Chicago affair, Miley quotes Brown as saying:

"We won't permit Baer to strut his stuff in New York. We don't want any clowns around here!

"Max Baer won't knock over any round-heeled bums in New York. When he climbs into a ring here, he'll go the championship distance and his title will be at stake. Not only that, but we'll okay his opponent as well, and you bet your brogans we won't let him humbug the public by tangling with some punch-drunk hamdonnie he can slap silly in a round or so.

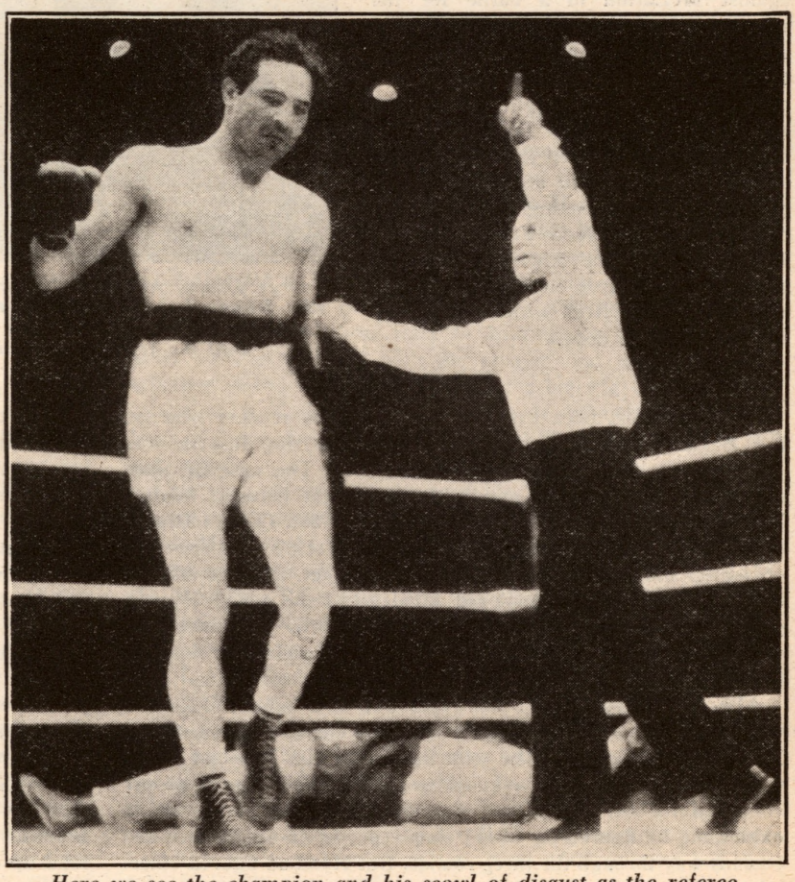
"If the folks in Chicago are willing to pay their good money to see one of those ring-around-the-rosy rackets, which wouldn't have counted if the wrong fellow were knocked out, that is their privilege. But our job here is to protect the public from those if-and-or-maybe things. And that's why we are going to bar Baer's traveling circus in New York."

* * *

BUT in that statement, the white-haired New York fighting Commissioner, if correctly quoted, makes several misstatements. First, he cannot refer to King Levinsky as a round-heeled bum, because Levinsky is not round-heeled nor is he a bum. He is a crude, flat-footed fighter whose flaying arms are likely to knock out the strongest of men if the punch lands properly, and he has stood the test against the world's best heavyweights in the past. It is safe to say that, were the Madison Square Garden officials or those of any other big club in New York able to get the Kingfish signed for a fight with Hamas, Lasky, Schmeling or Carnera, the New York Commissioner and his colleagues would willingly accept him as a fit opponent for them. He wouldn't be referred to as a round-heeled bum in that case!

Secondly, Bill Brown is all wet when he says that if Baer had been knocked out it wouldn't have counted. Bill is a veteran ring man who knows his sport, and I'm surprised at his saying such a thing. He knows, as well as the next one, that had Levinsky scored the knockout, the Kingfish would have been recognized internationally as the champion, the Illinois Commission notwithstanding. When Baer went into the ring that night, he did risk his title so far as a knockout or loss of the fight on a foul was concerned and he'll do it in every other "exhibition."

The fans are not being hoodwinked when they are asked to pay $3.00 to $5.00 tops to see Livermore Max as part of a well-rounded boxing card, on which his big brother Buddy also is



*Here we see the champion and his scowl of disgust as the referee announces him the winner by a knockout.*

billed. Every card to date has been far better than any offered in Madison Square Garden during the past six months at $4.40 tops. Baer means business and he has given the fans more than their money's worth in his "exhibitions." Hence the complaint of the New York Commission that they will not sanction decision bouts with ordinary opponents, is uncalled for.

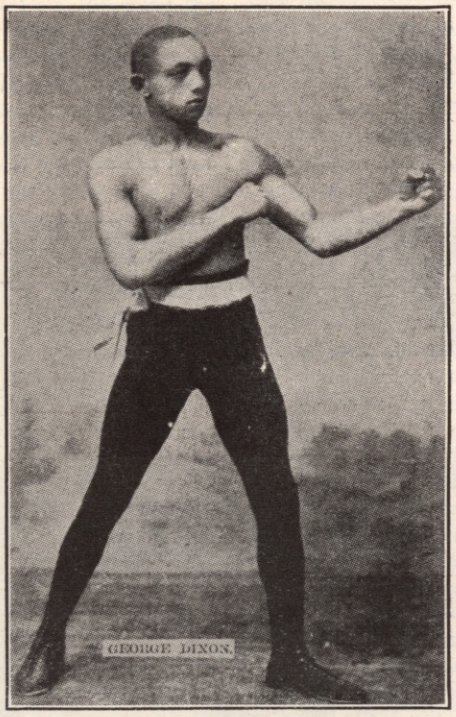
Our commissioners are honest, upright, conscientious citizens, who give considerable time to the state gratis. They are well meaning in their intentions, but often strike in the wrong direction. I am one hundred per cent for all boxing commissions, because I know what they are up against, but that does not halt me from offering constructive criticism, even when it affects my friends, the New York members. They should forget that they are commissioners once in a while and regard themselves as good sports, minus the domineering spirit. They will then get one hundred per cent better results and lift boxing out of its present condition. Above all, they should give up matchmaking. Commission matchmaking is killing boxing.

* * *

THE commissions in New York and elsewhere are not always wrong—I don't want to convey that impression. Often they act according to Hoyle, as in the case of Barney Ross, who hasn't defended his lightweight crown for more than a year and a half and continues to flout the New York Board and pick his spots to keep his title intact. Barney is too good a fighter to ignore legitimate challengers and to continue to fight over the weight.

The attitude of New York's Commission in his case is fully justified by the facts, but unfortunately Ross realizes, as do those behind his moves, that suspension or refusal to recognize him any longer as lightweight king is simply a gesture. Ross will appear in New York against McLarnin in a battle for the world's welterweight championship next summer, regardless of the present attitude of the Commissioners, and he will also defend his lightweight crown here for Mrs. Hearst's Milk Fund when that organization is prepared to say the word.

Ross and McLarnin are the two biggest attractions in boxing right now, excepting Baer, and New York is not going to permit some other states to get those boys in a fistic encounter. The ban will be lifted on Ross without any damage having been done.




*George Dixon, who was knocked out by The Rosebud in an exhibition in Philadelphia, at a time when Little Chocolate held the featherweight title.*

* * *

I HAVE been asked by several RING readers whether a champion at any time in modern ring history was knocked out in an exhibition bout. The case of Baer and Levinsky brings to mind the great fight between Walter Edgerton, known as the Kentucky Rosebud, and George Dixon. It was back in 1894, when Dixon was the world's featherweight champion and Tom O'Rourke was his manager, that the officials of the Philadelphia Unemployed Fund asked the genial Tom to permit Dixon to appear at its big benefit show. O'Rourke consented to donate Dixon's services in a three-round exhibition and the Kentucky Rosebud was chosen to oppose George.

Although Rosebud had a fine reputation as a fighter, O'Rourke was perfectly willing to accept him as the champ's opponent, but little did he dream when he took the match that Rosebud would cross him and aim for a knockout. Dixon was not in proper condition for the fight, for, regarding it in the nature of an exhibition, he figured he would simply put in an appearance and box his way through the three rounds. But Rosebud figured otherwise. The two had met before. Twice they fought four-round draws and the third time Dixon won in four rounds.

IN order to protect the champion, the referee announced that, as the affair was an exhibition, no knockouts would be allowed, and that, in the event of a knockdown, the fallen man would be permitted to recuperate and to continue if he so desired. Several bouts were halted because of that ruling before Dixon and Rosebud appeared.

When Dixon and Edgerton faced each other for the first round they fiddled for some time, each seeming afraid to give the other an opening. Finally they got together, and the round was of the usual exhibition order.

The second round began lively and for a time it was give and take, with no advantage to either man. Suddenly, the two rushed at each other, the Rosebud's right fist came smashing into Dixon's face and the champion fell as if he had been hit with an axe.

The back of his head struck the boards with terrific force. As Dixon fell, the crowd gave a wild shout. Dixon's manager sprang through the ropes and, picking Dixon bodily up, carried him to his corner. Dixon's head hung back and his legs were limp as he sat propped up in his chair. The crowd was yelling wildly and it surged forward against the platform.

"He's out," was the cry on every side. Dixon's manager and Jack Lynch were working desperately with Dixon and the colored boy was rapidly reviving. Jimmy McHale, a Philadelphia fighter, who was seconding the Rosebud, ran across the stage and said sneeringly, "Shall I tell Rosebud not to knock him out in the next round?"

"No," replied Dixon's manager fiercely, "tell him to do it if he can."

Dixon by this time had recovered from the blow and the fall, and he was wild. It was the first time in his life that he had been knocked out and he wanted revenge. At the end of four minutes, time was called for the third round and Dixon did his best to knock Edgerton out but unavailingly, though he battered Rosebud from pillar to post in that session.

* * *

DIXON was in a rage. He declared that he was given to understand that he and Rosebud would simply box an exhibition and that Rosebud had deliberately crossed him. O'Rourke had a tough time preventing Dixon from leaping over the ropes and going after Rosebud after the latter, amidst rejoicing by his friends and seconds, had left the ring.

Dixon had experienced, for the first time in his career, the sensation of being knocked cold. He was dead to the world when he was carried to his corner, and were it not for the four minutes' rest, he could not have continued. It was the most unexpected knockout of that period and for several months was the biggest and most-talked-of topic in fistic circles.

Fortunately, in his agreement, it was definitely stipulated that the affair was to be only an exhibition, without decision, and knockouts not to count, and that alone saved his featherweight title.

Another case that is brought to mind is that in which Joe Dundee, when welterweight king, was knocked out by Young Jack Thompson in an overweight match in one round in Chicago. Dundee still held his title because he was upheld by his contract, which compelled Thompson to scale over the welterweight limit of 147 pounds.

A few minutes before weighing-in time, Thompson tipped the beam at 145 pounds, but Dundee's manager forced Thompson to load up on bananas and water just before the fight so he would scale over 147. Officially, Thompson was weighed in at 147¼ pounds.

(*Continued on page* 48)

# Film Stars *Dazzle* Ring Fans

*By* OUR HOLLYWOOD GUIDE

SHE had huge dark eyes out of which shimmered the soulful lights of a not too happy life—evidently the mother of the little brood of three that sat with her. There was a girl of eighteen, another of ten or so and a boy whose age was in between. They were Italians, nicely dressed, but looking strangely out of place perched there on a long bench just outside the American Legion Stadium in Hollywood.

The boxing show had been over for half an hour and everybody had gone, only the few box office attachés remaining for the final count-up. Even the boxers were on their way, exultant or downcast as the case might be.

And a deserted boxing arena is about the dreariest place in the world along about midnight, the place strewn with rubbish and in total disorder.

This little group on the bench merely whispered guardedly among themselves as they watched the one entrance still left open. We came out suddenly, after a belated dressing room chatter, and saw them. One of our party halted suddenly.

"Waiting for somebody?" he asked the older woman.

"Please tell me if Mr. Fiermonte has gone yet," she asked simply. "My children want to see him!"

Talk about your loyalty! These poor things, reading about their young countryman and that he was to fight there that night, and with no chance of any of them getting in to see him, had at least paid him this silent but unmatchable tribute—they had stayed up for hours after their bedtime, probably had taken a long trip from their homes, *just to see their countryman and give him a silent cheer from a distance!*

We told them that Fiermonte had been gone for some time but never mentioned the fact that he had been beaten miserably. It was the night Les Kennedy had knocked him out in four rounds, before a house that fairly made the walls bulge and the foundations creak.

So with a low-spoken "Thank you" they trailed off down the street, hand in hand, the tired youngsters dragging their feet in sad disappointment at not being able to just catch a glimpse of a man they supposed was a great Italian.

* * *

AT least to them, he was a great Italian and that was enough. I wish Mussolini could hear of that little case, little in its way, but so thoroughly characteristic of national loyalty and adoration. Impressive no little, even to those hardened fight followers that happened by that moment and noticed their predicament.

And characteristic, let me add, of Hollywood, of the American Legion Stadium in the heart of the very heart throbs of that heterogeneous community, and of boxing itself, there and elsewhere in Southern California. There the Latins simply adore their athletes and that's the only word particularly pat for that style of adoration. A chap named Bert Colima—a Mexican but not Mex in a slang sense—when it came to boxing, packed arenas for years, yes, even after he was over the hill and pretty far down the other side. They still believed in him, win or lose.

This is true also of the Filipinos, of whom there are thousands scattered through the Southland, and all of them great boxing fans because they've had, out of their group, a whale of a lot of great little chaps—Pancho Villa, great champion, Clever Sencio, the little but mighty Speedy Dado, Young Tommy, Young Nationalista, with colorful and apt names, colorful and capable boys, many of them winners of hundreds of thousands of American dollars and only a few of them left with a penny. An almost unbelievable story.

But it is of the American Legion Stadium that we speak at the moment. The tiny patch of territory in which the little band of Italians were parked that night of the Fiermonte fight is directly in front of the gallery and the pass entrance to the stadium, and nestles closely under the next-door clubhouse of The Troupers, an organization formed of the old-timers of the stage.

That little space between the arena and the clubhouse is a dusty bit of roadway through which the autos of the privileged tear past the throng of deadheads, or prospective gate crashers, into the free parking space behind a huge wire fence. It is a sort of amen corner for the blessed of an unrighteous and inglorious game—at least the prayerful attitude of some of the "members" lead an innocent and unsophisticated bystander to the conclusion that there is something of the supplicant about all of them. It's not strictly true, because a lot of them have, at that very moment you are feeling sorry for them, good seat stubs tucked away in their pockets and are simply gossiping. Which leads us up to the original statement that we wished to make and have digressed from—Hollywood Legion Stadium is nothing but a huge lodge hall, a mere meeting place of the elect and others, the film stars and their public, the executives and their yes-ers, the big toes and the heels, good and bad, and what you may call it.

* * *

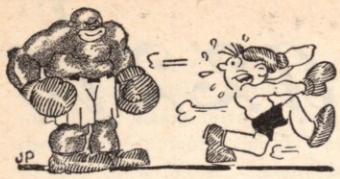
YOU seldom hear the question: "Who's fightin' tonight?" That doesn't enter into consideration at all. You know who'll be there tonight as spectators and that's enough. And that WHO will include almost everybody in Hollywood who's worth a tinker's or anybody else's dam. The stars have the better grade of seats—they used to have them plainly marked on box railings—but this got to be a nuisance and was discontinued.

And these better grade of seats are sold rather in the form of season tickets—those stars so desiring are allowed the same seats week after week with the proviso that they be paid for whether picked up or not. So with the big-wig executives who, of course, trail along for the purpose of making such good fellows of themselves as studio policy and "location" discipline does not permit.

Lest you get no misunderstood idea of this stadium, let's say that to call it a stadium is to stretch even a strongly imaginative mind. My idea of a stadium is Soldier's Field in Chicago, the cavernous bowls within a radius of 100 miles of New York City, the Pasadena Rose Bowl and this place in Los Angeles where they held the Olympic games—places seating from fifty to 100,000 and more persons. But never mind that—it's the Hollywood American Legion Stadium and that perhaps it ever will be. It's good enough for general purposes.

Jim Jeffries, a famous old champion of the ex-class, runs fights out in a little place of similar build and unhesitatingly and quite properly calls it The Burbank Barn. Unashamed is Jeff, for a barn it is. Hollywood's place is just bigger, that's all. But we resist the temptation to say what will be quite obvious to the reader.

Hollywood's stadium seats less than 4,000 persons but more have been jammed in. The recent appearance of Erno Fiermonte of Astor fame made the place a record *(Continued on page* 45)



# The RING'S

## By DANIEL M. DANIEL

COME, folks, step into our fistic cinema and listen to THE RING'S Globe Trotter as he brings to you, from all quarters of the globe, the story and the picture of affairs contentious. It is the battling news reel of the universe—the film and the pathos, the screen and the bathos.

Come into our motion picture theatre of maul and listen to THE RING'S observer as he brings into play the photographed aid to the living story. You can't miss the show. Step right in, folks, and have a seat. We will flash the drama of the big boys and the intrigue of the little ones, the color of the heavies and the clash of the feathers. THE RING'S Globe Trotter bringing to you the news of the walloping world. Avast and belay! Here we go . . . .

**Chicago, Ill.—Max Baer Stops Levinsky:** Ah, here is high theatre, my friends. Max Baer, world's heavyweight champion, is shown belting one King Levinsky, who once more is exposed as a fish peddler rather than a vibrant member of the brawly clan. The bird with the broad smile is Baer. The other fellow who, you will note, remains on what is known as the receiving end, and is doing plenty of talking just the same, is the Kingfish.

Here is Round One. Baer is jumping about, with a phiz broken into a laugh, reminiscent of the Carnera joust. Let us get closer and listen in. It's worth while.

*Levinsky* (missing a left)—Well, playboy of the gilded West, howja like that sock? Hurt, eh? So you are the champeen of the world? Why, I licked Chicago fish peddlers who had more on the ball. Better stick to movies, sucker.

*Baer*—Listen, mussed puss, I'd like to do you and myself a favor. I'd like to let you live, in spite of that mug of yours. Looking at you, I realize that the laws of this country are too lenient. But if you keep talking, it will mean curtains for the Kingfish. After I get through hitting you there won't be enough Kingfish left around here to satisfy even a hungry cat. (Baer lands a right to the jaw, and Levinsky smiles.)

*Levinsky* (missing a right)—Howja like that one, sucker? Hurt, eh? When they smile, that means something went wrong. So you think you're gonna scare me like you did that big wop in New York, eh? In a couple more rounds he'da got over his scare and chased you back to Hollywood and them plat blondes.

*Baer*—Well, you asked for it, Kingfish. Here goes. (Baer lands a right and left; Levinsky misses and tries to hold; Baer tears himself away and busts a left to the beak, following with a right to the nose and a kick in the shins.)

*Levinsky*—So that's your dynamite, eh? Better get a match with Midget Wolgast. (The bell. Round One.)

* *

IN the natural course of events, Round Two rolls into view and Baer rushes from his corner very, very vicious, on account of he sees Jimmy Johnston in the house, and as soon as Baer sees Johnston he gets vicious. Bell. Round Two.

*Baer* (potting the Kingfish with a codfish ball on the left eye)—Listen, they offer me fifty grand to fight you here next July, if you make a showing. Well, shut your mouth and behave and I'll still change my mind. I'm a charitable guy. How you ever got into the box fight business is a puzzle to me. The game sure needed me. Why, you don't know a right cross from a bloater.

*Levinsky*—I know a bloater when I see one, and if I ain't looking at a bloater now, then I never was in the fish business. I seen ya fight Primo, and if what you showed that night is a sample of what you got, then Dempsey better come back and save the country from another panic.

*Baer* (planting a left to the shnozz and a right to the kisser, followed by a left to the mush and a right to the cauliflower)—I'm sorry, Kingfish. But your mouth outdistances your punch. I hate to do it and it will cost me dough. But you talk too much for a third-rate heavyweight.

*And so it comes to pass, my friends, that soon the big fight is over and they are shoveling what is left of the Kingfish into a cigar box.*

* * *

**Detroit, Mich.—Fight Fans Hoot and Jeer Baer:** Well, folks, here we have the other side of the championship picture. The man with the sour puss in the ring is Max Baer, heavyweight champion of the world. The bird with the smile is Babe Hunt. They are showing their "wares" before sixteen thousand customers. It is the biggest night in the history of indoor boxing in the city of flivvers and Tigers.

What is this we hear? Hoots and jeers. Baer looks glum, Hunt keeps smiling. Hunt knows he is safe from harm. Otherwise, why would he be smiling in the same ring with the champion of the universe? Baer is doing a Russian dance. Or perhaps it is a waltz. It is an old specialty which New Yorkers years ago dubbed the "Merry Widow." Baer is taking extreme care to miss Hunt, and Hunt doesn't have to take any pains to miss Baer. Friends, it is "one of those things." The hoots become louder; Baer gets more sour.

In the midst of the kazotsky, Maximilian I shouts, "What do those mugs want for two bucks, a championship fight?"

Herein does Maximilian I prove that he is not as smart and as crafty as he is supposed to be. A champion is supposed to fight. The customer walks into the hall in good faith. He expects to be treated in good faith. Grabbing the customer's two bucks and hollering "Sucker" at him is not only poor taste but very close to taking dough under false pretenses.

The customer does not like to pay opera prices for a fourth-run motion picture.

*Moral—For the Customer: Don't let the big boys get away with it. For the Fighter: Don't take the Customer for a ride. Very often he will jump out of the wagon and grab the reins himself.*

* * *

**Scranton, Pa.—Babe Risko Belts Teddy Yarosz:** Scranton, Pa., city of coal and fight surprises. How come Teddy Yarosz and Babe Risko fight it out in a small hall in a small coal town, and Madison Square Garden hollers for fights and cannot put on a decent scrap? The Globe Trotter pauses for reply and, in the meantime, will show you the reels of the Yarosz reels and knockdowns.

The tough looking bird who is doing the belting is Babe Risko, a lad from Syracuse, N. Y., who did some fighting in the Navy. The other lad, with the worried look and the mouse over his left eye, is Yarosz, middleweight champion, a Pittsburgh youth who came up fast and, judging from this film, is going down the same way, with Risko's fists inducing that somnolent feeling which is advertised so extensively by Weeveltine, the soporific drink.

They go along, round after round, as you see in this news reel, with Yarosz doing the reeling and Risko doing the belting. It is very discouraging to Yarosz and his pals, as you will note from the bird in the corner to the right. See the little man holding his head in his hands? He is Ted's manager. It is very disconcerting for a boxer's pilot to see his meal ticket punched full of holes. He feels like the commuter the last day of the month, when he sits with a ticket full of ventilation and the necessity for buying a new one the next morning.

*This Risko person, who keeps smil-*

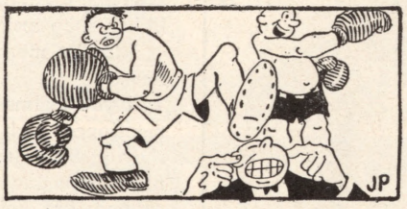
**The Globe Trotter takes you around the fistic circuit in the Two Americas, and shows you feats, fights, drama and the seamy side.**

# GLOBE TROTTER

*ing as the reel unfolds itself on our screen, is going to be heard from now and then and, in the meantime, gazing upon the mussed mush of Yarosz, we wonder about another of our champions. It is a tough world, this universe of boxing and biffs. Nothing is stable, unless it be the form of some of our topnotchers. And it's another stable we are thinking of, pallie.*

* * *

**Buenos Aires, Argentina—Carnera Belts a Few Hombres:** The scene shifts, *amigos.* We are in sunny South America with Primo Carnera, who no longer suffers from a bad ankle. The place to work back into a fight with Max Baer is right here in the U. S. of N.R.A., but Primo prefers to dawdle down there, where the Southern Cross glistens in the star-studded heavens. Down there he bangs the stumble bums, and pretty soon he will come back with a record of knockouts a yard long and try to cash it in for one match with Mr. Baer. If *Da Prime* attempts this, he will find that his South American record is just a rubber check.




Gaze intently on the Genoa Jouster or the Venetian Blind, or whatever you may feel inclined to dub Primo, with all obeisance to alliteration. The ankle which was busted to pieces, as they say in the jolly argot of the ring, seems to have mended very well. The pride of the Carneras, which was mauled indecently by Baer, is restored to its pristine glory.

The long phiz of the descendant of the Caesars now and then breaks into an auriferous smile, disclosing a gullet unmatched and an esophagus which is as long and tortuous as the Holland Tunnel. The prognathous carpenter is in form again. The film flickers. Adieu, Primo.

* * *

**Detroit, Mich.—Joe Louis Pastes Patsy Perroni:** No, gentle screen fan, the ebony gentleman you see in this film is not Joe Walcott and this is not an old-time fight picture. It is a brand-new production and the bird in the sepian make-up is Joe Louis, a 190-pounder from Chicago, to whom the race looks for the return of the ancient glories of Langford, Johnson and the rest of the Titans who fought in shades of black.

In Louis, you see a real threat to the complacency of Max Baer. Note how Louis goes about polishing off Perroni. Perroni had been hailed as a comer, and Louis knocked him into the background, up against the backdrop of Main Street in Kenosha.

Note the agility of the Negro. Note the human fallibility of the Italian. It is the thirteenth straight triumph for Louis, who not so far back was an amateur in Chicago.

Going into the Louis fight, Perroni, as you see, was joyous and smiling. Coming out, you find him sour and not a little cut up about the fickleness of the Fates. Those roars you hear in the newsreel are not made up by the studio. They actually happened.

The fans in Detroit liked Louis, but they wanted a smearing of claret and a more robust blackening of optics. Out in the Middle West the customers are not so complacent as those of, let us say, New York. If the laddies do not get what they believe they are entitled to, they open their divers mouths and put their tonsils to duty.

*However, this Louis person, ebon and slick and, at times, pantherlike in his poise and motion, is worth the watching from now on and we do not misdoubt that our fans will see him in new and happier films on this screen.*

* * *

**Detroit, Mich.—Buddy Baer Scares an Irishman!** Yes, folks, here we are in Detroit again. It seems a lot of things have been happening in Detroit. As the film flashes, you see a hulking youth smacking or shoving a smaller person. The mastodon is Buddy Baer; the smaller bird is an Irishman by the name of Jack O'Dowd.

You will note that Buddy is scaring Jack more than he is hurting him. From the looks of the reel I am inclined to believe that Jack is no O'Dowd at all, at all. This O'Dowd is showing none of the aggressive pugnacity of the O'Dowds of Kildare, who are descended from *the* O'Dowd, who trained Finn McCool and Brian Boru and other heroes of the day when Ireland was loaded with kings. 'Tis a strange looking Celt, this O'Dowd, as he is belted out in two heats.

*Taking a close and critical gander at the younger and bigger Baer, we find that if he is a fighter, then something has happened to the fight business since John Harrison Dempsey said farewell to the resin and the raucous joy of the cash customer. The time may come when Buddy will be a battler, as there is a good chance he will go into some gainful trade like singing or playing the potato.*

* * *

**New York, N. Y.—Jimmy Johnston Becomes a Prophet.** The scene is the offices of the boxing impresario of Madison Square Garden in New York, the sanctum sanctorum of James J. Johnston, who is emitting noises which may be translated into prophecy.

He is making a forecast for the year in the fistic scene. "Nearly all of the champions will be knocked over," says Jimmy, with a gleeful smile, which indicates that the wish no doubt is father to the thought.

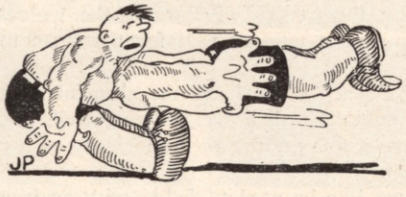
"I see upsets galore," continues Johnston, as he gazes into the crystal ball of the gouging game.

"From the little ones right down the line to the big ones, they fall like stocks in 1929 and the leaves of November. They fall from coast to coast, and the customers shout their approval because they want falling fighters and new faces in the top places. It will be a year of rising temperatures, rising stocks, rising industry and rising battlers."

* * *

**Detroit, Mich.—Max Baer Takes a Whack at Jimmy Johnston.** Let us have a flashback to Detroit. We find Baer in his dressing room. He is sour. Jimmy Johnston and Yoe Yakobs come into his quarters to shake hands with the champion who shook Carnera loose from an ankle.

Mr. Baer is not feeling well. He is inclined to view the universe through smoked glasses. He shouts at Johnston. Jimmy looks bewildered. Yes, that look you see on Johnston's phiz is the one he puts on when he wants to register bewilderment. From the gist of the Baer diatribe, you might gather that Maximilian will not fight for Johnston again. "I could knock Lasky into your lap, but you know why you won't let me fight him," hollers Baer, throwing innuendo at Jimmy and caution to the winds.




*It is evident that Max is suffering from stomach trouble as he continues roilsome. Then Mr. Johnston and Mr. Yakobs take it on the lam, and leave Max still frothing and fussing, and wondering what he had eaten—or drunk—the night before.*

* * *

**Fight Fans Hail Ring Rankings.** New York. You can see it's New York from the background of skyscrapers and automats. The fight fans are dancing in the streets. (*Continued on page* 48)

# *Where Dempsey Got the "Jack"*

*By* ED. W. SMITH

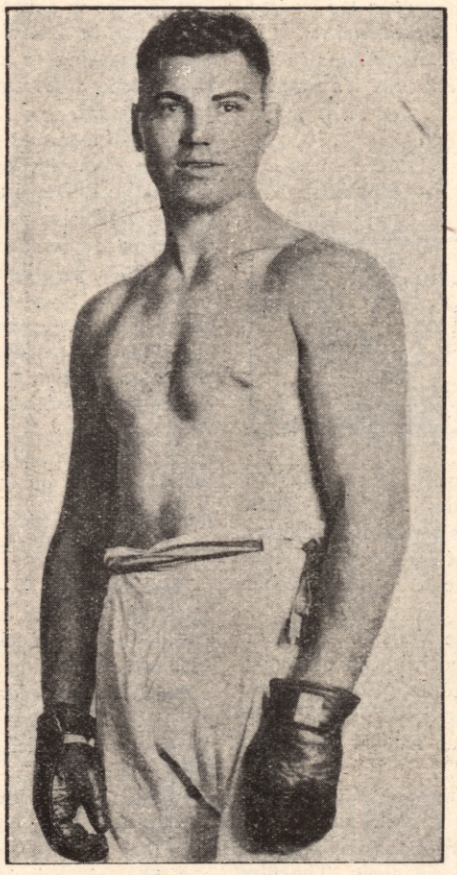
IF you're in the least bit Jack Dempsey conscious—and who isn't or hasn't been at some time or other?—here's a little yarn you'll find chock-full of fistic vitamins and calories with possibly a few proteins, in fact, a boxing diet that is well balanced, pugilistically at least.

It tells of how the present day Dempsey, ex-champion, who was born William Harrison, got the Jack part of it—the name and not the jack that refers to dough or mazuma or shekels or what pet name you have for it, if any.

And there are related some mighty interesting facts of the fightin' man, a brother, who bestowed his own monicker on William Harrison after he was through with it for ring purposes.

There is a vibrant twang to the name of the fighting Dempseys, a twang and a tang, always irresistible, compelling and ever resounding through fistic history of our time and it will carry on through the immediate future of what's just beyond.

There have been some Dempseys of might and main since John L. Sullivan's sonorous and somewhat raucous days—perhaps long before. The greatest was the original Jack, the inimitable "Nonpareil" of County Kildare of the ould sod and a little later of Williamsport, N. Y., whence came out of the same cooperage shop the exceptional Jack McAuliffe of unmatchable lightweight fame, and a Jack Skelly, featherweight, and others of lesser note.



*Jack Dempsey*

But in this little hookup of the past and the present we would speak mostly of a Dempsey who lived for a long time in Los Angeles, ran a popular public gymnasium there and a short time back passed on to his forebears.

He was a fighting man of long ago and never had much said or written about him, a modest man who shrank willingly behind the fame of a tremendous brother. His name was Jackson Bernard Dempsey and from him, when he chose to quit the ring career he had builded for himself, the younger brother, William Harrison, took the name of Jack, just because it was such a good name, so synonymous of ring greatness, time-honored and all that.

Jackson Bernard Dempsey became just plain ol' Barney when his fighting days were over 'way back yonder and the ever faithful Jack staked him to the Manhattan gymnasium on Spring St., in Los Angeles. Upon the passing of Barney, the widow assumed the duties, surely a most unusual spot for a woman to find herself placed.

But it was all dear ol' Barney could leave the cheerful little lady and she took up the onerous task bravely. Doing well, too, and everybody good to her—a fine gesture to the memory of her husband.

Barney ran the place just like he used to fight—with an iron hand. But everybody liked him.

Back in 1904, thirty years ago, it was that Barney had his first fight. That is to say, it was his first ring encounter. Mind you, Barney up to that time had never witnessed a regular boxing engagement, knew nothing at all about sticking out the left hand in front, never had heard about three-minute rounds with a minute's rest when the timekeeper said so—nothing of the sort.

The sort of scrapping with which Barney was quite familiar was of the type that proclaims the ten-minute egg and let the best man and the other fellow come out of it as best he may—in tatters perhaps but come out of it he must. And hold his head high. Tough country, everybody hard cooked, hell a'poppin'.

Immediately perhaps you vision a sort of movie picture of a cow country, tough steer punchers, two-gun bad men, Mexican villains and Billy the Kid bandits. No, nothing of the sort, but not far from it. Barney worked in a silver mine in Colorado, slaved for his three-fifty a day and paid, when there was enough left after the vacillations of the dice game, the likker shop and the faro bank, a matter of $22.50 a month at the camp's boarding house.

If you claimed to be a fighter or even mentioned such a thing in such a spot they made you prove it pronto or even more immediately. There was no middle ground or quibbling over weights, no thought of a referee—just fight, and then some more fight

Fancy in your mind's eye a frontier town in New Mexico called Taos—just thirty years ago—a mighty wild spot filled with desperate men, all hard characters, Mexicans, Indians, mine workers and but little that could be classed as even remotely approaching civilization.

It was on "Geronimo Day" that Barney had his first glove fight and it "just happened" that the town could dig up a set of old and oft-used gloves, hard as nails and as rasping as files.

Taos boasted of a Mexican named Borragas, who said he was a good fighter. So the folks of Taos decided to bring Barney into the town to see what might happen. Naturally the hope was that Barney would have his block neatly removed by the Mex, thus affording a real Roman holiday for the natives and the entire countryside.

The sheriff was afraid to permit them to fight right in the town, so it was arranged for the battle to be decided on the straightaway race track adjacent, a place where a lot of money was bet on ponies belonging to the different clans and groups.

There were some 1,000 chattering nondescripts gathered for that little vacation day and they formed an immense circle around a roped-off patch of level ground and inside this enclosure the two fighters went at it, sans ring or anything like the ordinary equipment excepting merely the hard gloves.

Main stake that day was a side bet of $50 each with no admission charged and no collection—the winner just simply doubling his fifty and quite content with that arrangement.

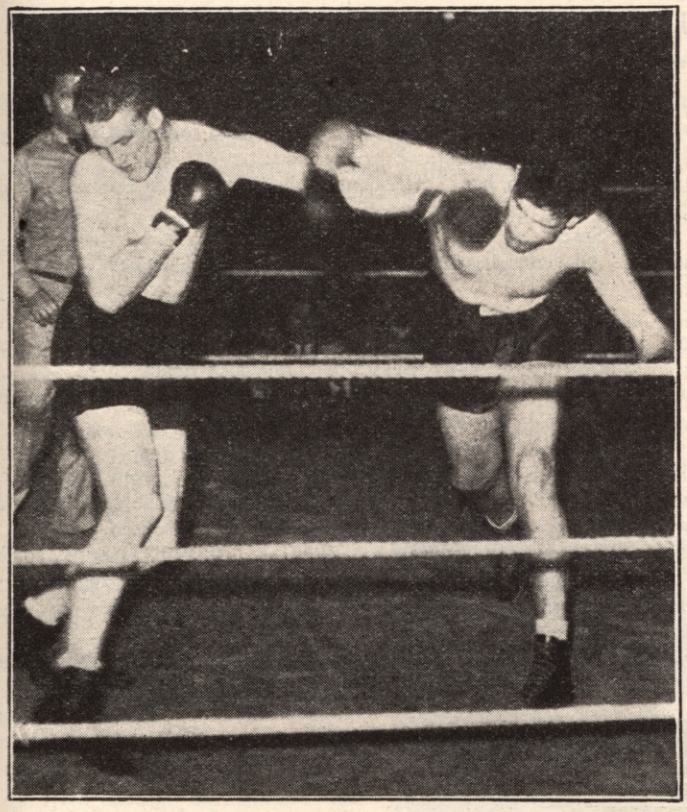
Likewise there was a referee and a timekeeper but neither was needed for there were no technicalities arising. Barney made one wild rush at the faltering Mexican as soon as the timer shouted his first signal and, like a lot of the unknowing, committed that cardinal sin of the ring—HE LED WITH HIS RIGHT!

That's all wrong, they'll tell you, these technical chaps of the ring, but in this case it was all right—very much to the berries. The punch landed full on the Mex's swarthy chin and they were ten minutes bringing him back to consciousness.

No newspapers in that day and land to proclaim the greatness of Barney's feat but they were not necessary. The news flew fast and the great Dempsey's previous reputation as a rough-and-tumble battler was augmented to include this, to them, tremendous glove feat.

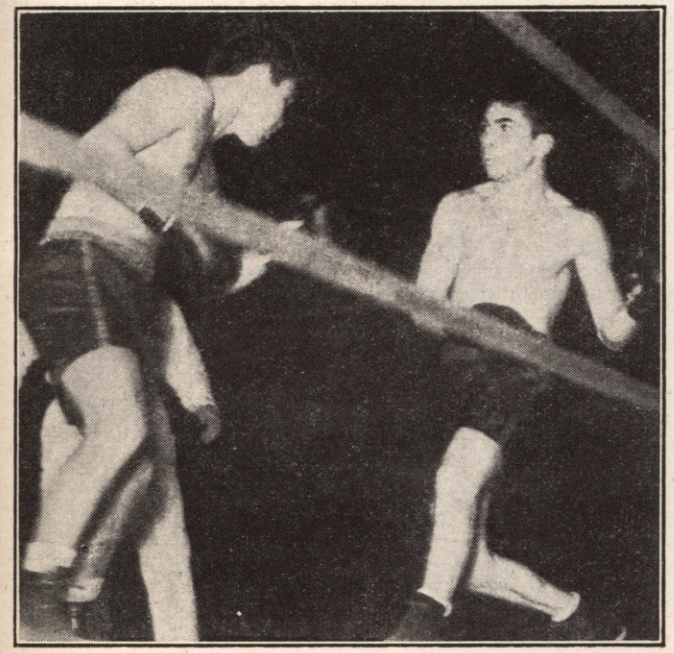
Next year found Jackson Bernard—that was in 1905—working in a silver mine in Creedo, Colo. One day there drifted into the camp one Andy Malloy, who announced *(Continued on page 45)*

# Snapped in Recent Bouts

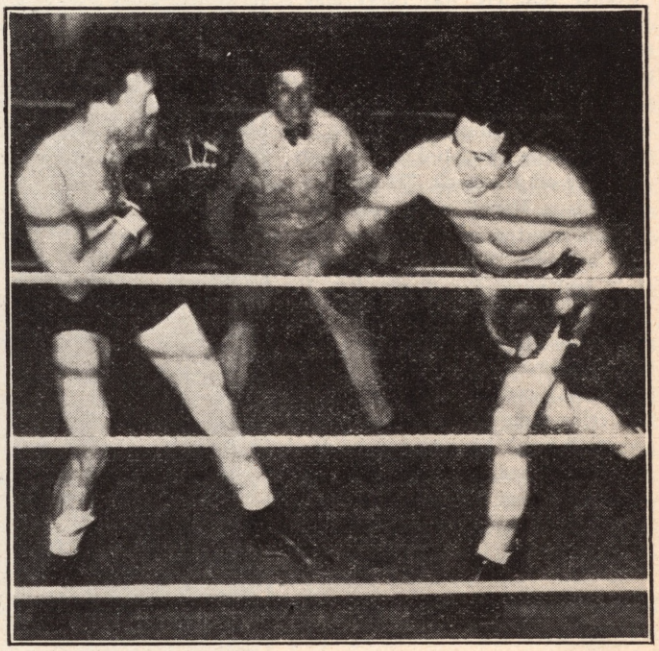


*Buddy Baer (right) and Red (Bouncer) Fields, of Des Moines, as they appeared in their recent Des Moines "battle," in which the Bouncer took two rights and a left and called it a night. The referee halted the bout after Fields was floored for a count of seven. The "contest" lasted exactly fifty seconds.*

*Two popular New York lightweights who are fine crowd pleasers: Leonard Del Genio (right) and Lew Feldman. Del Genio nosed out a decision over Lew in the Garden, then stopped Frankie Wallace.*



*Barney Ross (right) defending a title which is no longer recognized anywhere, the junior welter crown, against Bobby Pacho in Cleveland. Bobby fought valiantly but was outclassed by the lightweight champion.*



*Here we see Brother Max, the heavyweight king, clowning his way to an easy victory in his four-round exhibition with Johnny Miler, on the same card with Buddy Baer. A heavy right to the chin in the first round almost paralyzed Miler.*

# GONE SOFT-HEARTED

By BUD RIDLEY

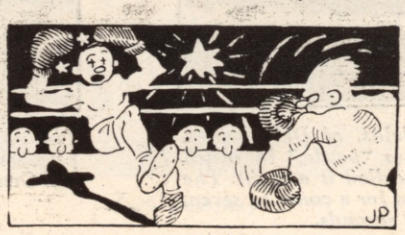
*Former Star Featherweight from the Northwest*

WILDCAT LARSON lunged in with a terrific right that crashed into Mike Conner's jaw with a sickening crunch. Pat Reddy, crouching on the steps leading up to the ring platform, stared breathlessly as his kid wagged his head vigorously to awaken the nerves deadened by that paralyzing wallop.

With hands that opened and closed in helpless suspense, the manager waited. He reached out suddenly and gripped the edge of the platform until his knuckles whitened. Larson was measuring for another right-hander. Pat groaned audibly . . . . Why didn't Mike step away. Must be groggy! . . . .

Then, just a slit-second before that killing punch reached him, Mike Conner *did* move, just enough to take him out of the danger zone, bounded back in and ripped over a short hook to the point of his opponent's chin. Larson stiffened, his eyes took on a glassy stare. Mike calmly moved forward, his left reaching out to clear the way for his deadly right. But it wasn't necessary. Wildcat Larson's knees buckled, and he slumped to the floor, out cold.

There was no question about it, Pat had a comer at last. For twenty years he had managed professional fighters, struggled against tough breaks, lived from hand to mouth, with the golden vision of managing a world's champion ever foremost in his mind. Many times, in those heartbreaking years, just as Pat's great ambition seemed about to materialize, his prospect would turn yellow, or get hooked up with a girl and quit the game, or get "rich" and play hide-and-seek among the bright lights until his fistic ability vanished into the murky ozone of Pat's blasted dreams.




* * *

BUT Mike Conner was different. There never was a more vicious, gamer kid than he. He shunned, like poison, the weaker sex. He was heart and soul in the game; and had everything it took to make a champion. The boy had never lost a decision in all his fifty ring engagements—had scored more knockouts than any lightweight on the Coast; and was the biggest drawing card west of Chicago.

Early the following morning, the phone on the stand beside the manager's bed tinkled. Sleepily, Pat raised up and took the receiver off the hook. "Hello!" he said, still half asleep.

"This is Mike!" came from the phone.

"Oh, good morning, Champ!" sang out the manager, breaking into a smile. "You're up early. How do you feel?"

"I feel okay. But, listen, Pat, I'm hanging 'em up!"

"You're what?" gasped the manager, instantly wide awake. He swung his feet out to the floor and stared breathlessly into the mouthpiece.

"Yeah," continued the fighter, "I'm sick and tired of always battering some sucker down! I'm going to get a job in the woods, where I won't have to punch somebody to make a living."

Pat clutched the phone desperately. "But, Mike," he moaned, "you're headed for the championship—world's title, boy!"

"Yeah, I suppose so; but I'm tired of the racket; and that's that! Good-by, Pat!"

A click came from the other end of the line. The manager slumped down on the bed and buried his head in the pillow.

* * *

MIKE CONNER brought his car to a stop in a parking space at the Monroe Logging Camp, sprang out to the ground and stepped into an office. A man at a desk swung around on a swivel chair, which squealed for the want of oil.

"Well, what do you want?" he growled impatiently.

"I want a job!"

"Oh, ya do, hey?" The man in the chair looked skeptical. "Can you saw?" he asked.

"Sure!"

"All right. Report to O'Keefe. What's the name?"

"Brown!"

O'Keefe, the camp foreman, stared open-mouthed at the new man a few minutes later, his eyes roving from the cream-colored Stetson to the shiny dress shoes and back again.

"Well, blow me down!" he snorted. "Is this a loggin' outfit, or is it a dancin' school?

"Hey, Colt!" he called with a chuckle.

A broad-shouldered lumberjack stepped out from a group of men standing in front of the bunkhouse. "What's up?" he asked.

"Come 'ere." The foreman motioned with his head.

With his tattered felt hat tilted at a forty-five-degree angle, red and black wool shirt open at the throat, exposing a hairy chest, and heavy calked shoes that crunched holes into the packed dirt, the big man swaggered forward.

"This here fella is your new partner," informed O'Keefe. "I'm electin' you to break 'm in right!"

The lumberjack looked the new man up and down in amusement. His tobacco-stained lips drew back in a wide grin. "Oh, yeah? Okay, boss!"

* * *

MIKE followed the gang to the woods. Ah, what peace! Never again would he crash punches into some poor fellow whom he didn't even know. He would never strike another man no matter what happened. The fight game was cruel—that's what it was!

The men spread out in pairs through the timber; and soon the ring of axes biting into the green forest giants, the hum of the darting saws sent a happy song of freedom to the very heart of the boy who quit the ring game when he was just one step from fame.

Mike took his place opposite the big lumberjack on the end of an eight-foot cross-cut saw, and they started a cut into a fallen fir tree.

"How long have you been in the woods?" asked the former boxer pleasantly.

His partner glared a moment before answering. "Long enough to know what it's all about!" he growled meaningly.

"This is the first time I ever tried to saw," went on the new man.

"You tellin' me?" barked the other. "Punks like you should stay home till you're growed up!"

The saw stopped with a jerk. The reformed ringman's eyes narrowed to slits. "Say, who do you think you're talking to?"

The big man sneered contemptuously. "I'm talkin' to you, runt! If you think I'm goin' to drag you on this saw for eight hours, ya got another think comin'."

* * *

MIKE let go his handle and vaulted the trunk of the tree. The big man reached out with a huge hand as though to brush away a pestering fly.

"Ya little snip! I'll—" he began.

A right fist, lined with a row of iron knuckles, flashed over and smashed into the lumberman's mouth. With a snort, he squatted back on his haunches. For a few seconds he rested there, stunned—unable to comprehend—amazed. *(Continued on page 44)*

# When McCoy K.O.'d Maher

By THE CHICAGO REFEREE

HE'S out again and in circulation for two years now, but, as in the case of thousand-dollar bills, this circulation will be a bit limited, restricted and carefully scrutinized.

He's quite a NEW Kid McCoy—in all respects a different one—and never again is he apt to contribute to the gaiety of nations or to the wisecrack lexicons of a newer age.

It is given to few men the privilege of having lived such a free and full life as Charles "Kid" McCoy, born Norman Selby, but he was of the ordinary mold after all. Hence seven years of penal restraint had the usual effect.

He is subdued and thoroughly sterilized mentally, rebuilt and rejuvenated physically. We'd say he's lucky for, at sixty-four—he'll be that in October—he is in good protective and perhaps affectionate hands and, despite the mad, galloping pace he set through the full gamut of life, he may have many years left in that once handsome carcass of his.

Charley—for he was always that to his intimates—saw life as it was, as it should be and also as it couldn't possibly be—with safety—all in one sweep. His slants were many, weird and twisted at times, kindly and intelligent at others. He could be a great pal on occasion, debonair and sartorially delightful usually, but in spots he was meaner'n a catamount.

Such spots usually were of the saturation variety. Of the convivial, the Irish have an old saying: "He has the moist mouth of a trout." McCoy could not have been otherwise, his own and his friends' congeniality considered.

Keen as a hound on the scent, Charley went into a variety of lines of human endeavor. He never was in the important money of the ring, considering the later-day gates of a million dollars. What he made in the ring merely kept him in $150 suits and silk shirts, vogue of his day of affluence. He was a smashing good salesman when so minded, or if he forced the issue.

He got many fat commissions on big jewelry transactions. He played unbeatable dice and cards. He contrived and made money with a health belt that bore his name. As a café "outside man" he stirred unbelievable trade, so graciously entertaining and sparkling was he.

You can bet Charley had a full fling at it all.

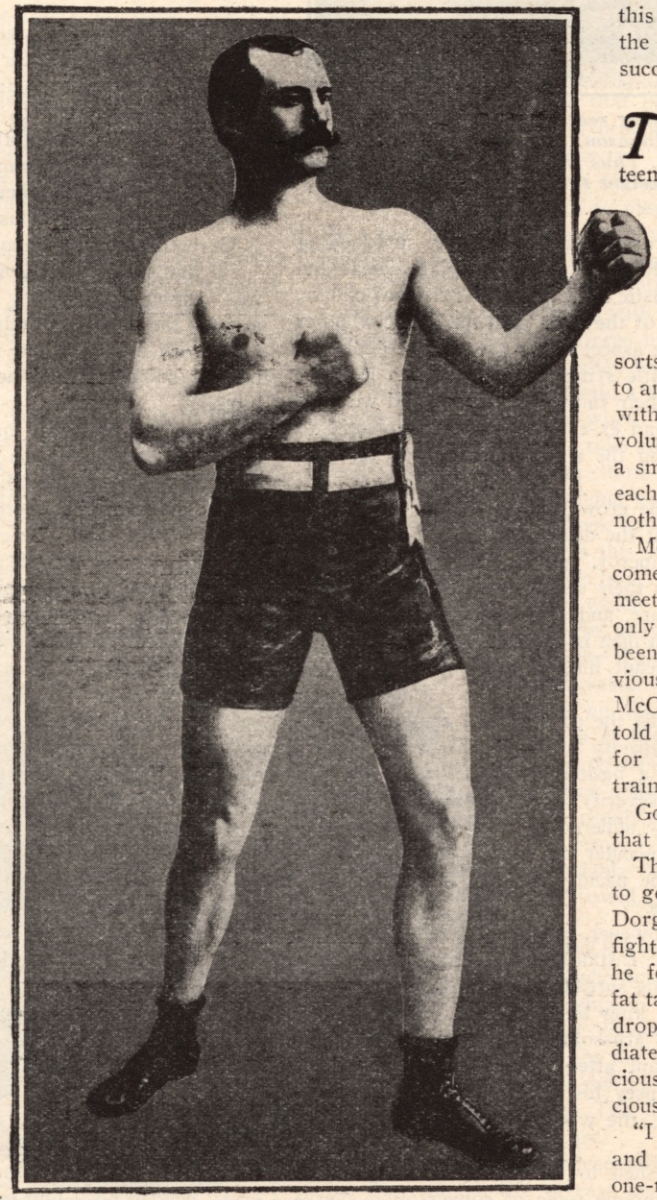
* * *

RING history fairly reeks, screeches and screams with and of his exploits. Though a hybrid in the matter of poundage—too big for a middleweight and too small for a heavy—never once did he ask a favor, but fought them all—the Corbetts, the Sharkeys, the Ruhlins, the Choynskis, the Everybodies with whom a dollar, a new suit of clothes and a fresh case of wine might be obtained. He sneered at all of them, and could he sneer! He had a supercilious curl to his lip in his hating moments that bespoke the adder underneath.

Sprayed, yea, drenched as record and story books are of McCoy exploits, mostly good and every one a volume in itself, it is of an unwritten and hitherto unrevealed incident of Charley's unbelievably colorful career we would speak. This one never crept into the histories of the early 1900's, for what reason, it is hard to tell, perhaps because it happened at a benefit show.

Since Adam and Eve's time, the human rib has come in for strong historical mention. The latter day "rib" is something else again. The "rib steak," as the boys are pleased to refer to it, consists, in the case of fighters, of telling one man a fabrication or two prior to a contest, then telling the opponent another sort of exasperating remark said to have emanated from the foe.

This sort of "ribbing" has caused a lot of trouble and isn't considered smart any more. In fact, only the umpchays would listen to it. But back in 1906, when this thing happened, it was quite the rage, men boasting of it when successful.



*Peter Maher, the Irish giant, who was "crossed" by Kid McCoy in their "friendly" benefit performance.*

* * *

THAT was the year of the San Francisco fire and the country teemed with sympathetic response. So New York arranged its big benefit boxing show. It took place at Sulzer's Harlem River Casino, 126th Street and Sixth Avenue, one of the most popular resorts of the time. Billy Elmer agreed to arrange the card, and every boxer within hundreds of miles readily volunteered. Each star was offered a small percentage of the gate but each declined, agreeing to go for nothing.

McCoy was one of the first to come in and was asked if he would meet Peter Maher in a wind-up of only four rounds. Though Peter had been knocked out several times previously, and once by this same Kid McCoy, he readily agreed, being told that it was to be an exhibition for which he would not have to train.

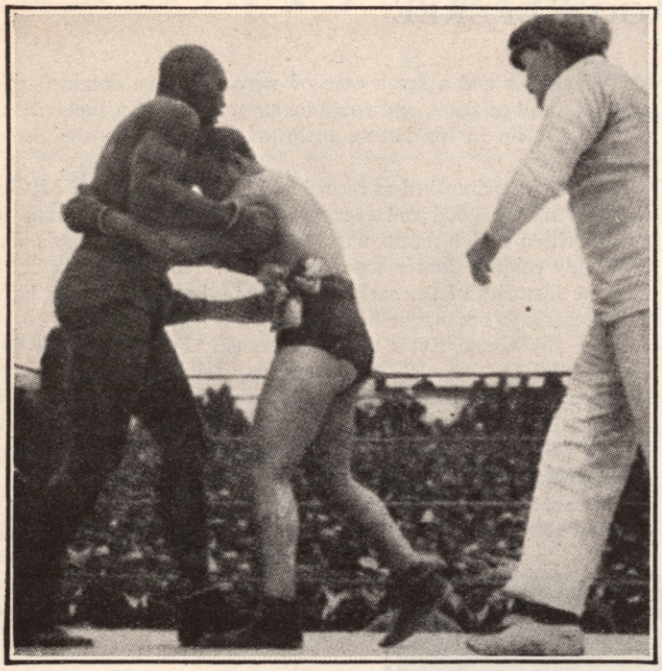
Good ol' Peter was a bit simple that way. He believed folks.

That's where the ribbers began to get in their work, the late Tad Dorgan, inimitable cartoonist and fight writer, being the leader. And he found even the wily McCoy a fat target for his barbs. Tad merely dropped a hint or two that immediately made the generally suspicious McCoy all the more suspicious.

"I hear Peter is training hard and is going to get even for that one-round knock-out you handed him six years ago," was the remark

*(Continued on page 45)*

# How Champions



*Burns holding for dear life after receiving an unmerciful beating at the hands of Jack Johnson. The police finally interceded and stopped the fight. Thus the Negro won the world heavyweight title.*

## *An Atmosphere of Tragedy Surrounds Every Title Holder When Defeated or Relinquishing a Fistic Crown*

By ARTHUR T. LUMLEY

*(Who managed John L. Sullivan forty years ago)*

THERE is a certain atmosphere of tragedy surrounding the exit of every champion in his hour of defeat and relinquishment of a fistic crown. It all depends, of course, upon the popularity of the loser with the public whether his dethronement takes on the aspect of an event to be deplored. There are some for whom little sympathy is expressed by fight patrons, yet even these have their faithful admirers, and we have yet to know of a case where an ex-champ has been subjected to jeers by spectators, on leaving the ring where he has just left his superiority complex.

Provided, of course, that the crowd thinks he has lost on the level. If a suspicion arises that the deposed king of fisticuffs has "done business" with his conqueror, you can trust the customers to make the welkin ring with their catcalls of disapproval. Fortunately such instances are rare, and as a general thing when a title changes hands, the beaten man is accorded the "consolation" cheers which, however well meant, must ring a trifle sourly in his ears.

It is a singular reflection that the passing of a champion is invariably due to his own incapacity to stand prosperity. Before reaching the cherished goal, a fighter is compelled to adopt a certain amount of Spartan severity as regards his daily life. Training rules must be rigidly adhered to, in between battles he must watch his step and not wander off too frequently upon the primrose path, lest he pay the penalty of impoverished vitality with resultant ill consequences.

Once cock of the roost, however, a champion naturally feels inclined to relax his caution. Instantly he becomes not only a popular local idol, but his fame spreads like wildfire all over the civilized world. A celebrated king like George V might be dethroned, or a great ruler like Mussolini pass away, and millions of people would pay but scant attention to their downfall or demise. But when Jack Dempsey lost his crown to Tunney, to take one outstanding instance, the whole world virtually gasped with astonishment.

The news was speedily flashed to the most remote parts of the earth, and became the supreme topic of conversation everywhere, even among people not ordinarily interested in the prize ring. Which goes to prove the vast international interest shown in the fistic game, as compared to a few years ago.

For more than half a century I have seen many famous champions come and go. Most of them won their crowns by a glorious display of fistic fireworks, and lost them by careless living or by too much luxury. Before they acquired a title and when they lived rather lean and hungry lives, they could fight like human tigers. But when they became champions and were showered with Fortune's gifts, they began to deteriorate physically and finally wound up in humiliating defeat.

* * *

THAT'S the repeated story of nearly all the great champions of the ring for over a hundred years or more. There's no use going back too far into pugilistic history to prove this assertion by referring to the cases of once idolized fighters who are gone, and also forgotten, even by veteran fans of today.

It took John L. Sullivan ten years of wild dissipation and high-rolling to destroy his phenomenal physique. It was a pitiful sight to see the once marvelous gladiator enter the ring against James J. Corbett at New Orleans in 1892.

On that fateful occasion John L. was not only too fat, but he was cumbersome, flabby and frightfully slow. After plodding around the ring-mud (the roped arena was packed with dark mud, with no canvas or flooring) for a dozen rounds, Sullivan became so weary that he couldn't hold up his arms to defend himself.

It was indeed hard for one who remembered him as he appeared when winning his slashing victories to realize how utterly helpless Sullivan was when he went down to defeat before the nimble and clever Corbett in the twenty-first round.

In fact, during my long years as a ringsider, I never saw such a worthy champion make such a deplorable effort or finish. When John L. won the championship from Paddy Ryan in 1882, he weighed 175 pounds, when he lost to Corbett ten years later he scaled about 235. That difference, alone, in weight tells the story of his downfall.

* * *

WHEN old Bob Fitzsimmons defended his title against Jim Jeffries at Coney Island on June 9, 1899, he was a two to one favorite in the betting. None of the experts figured that the young, husky, big boilermaker had a chance against cagy Robert.

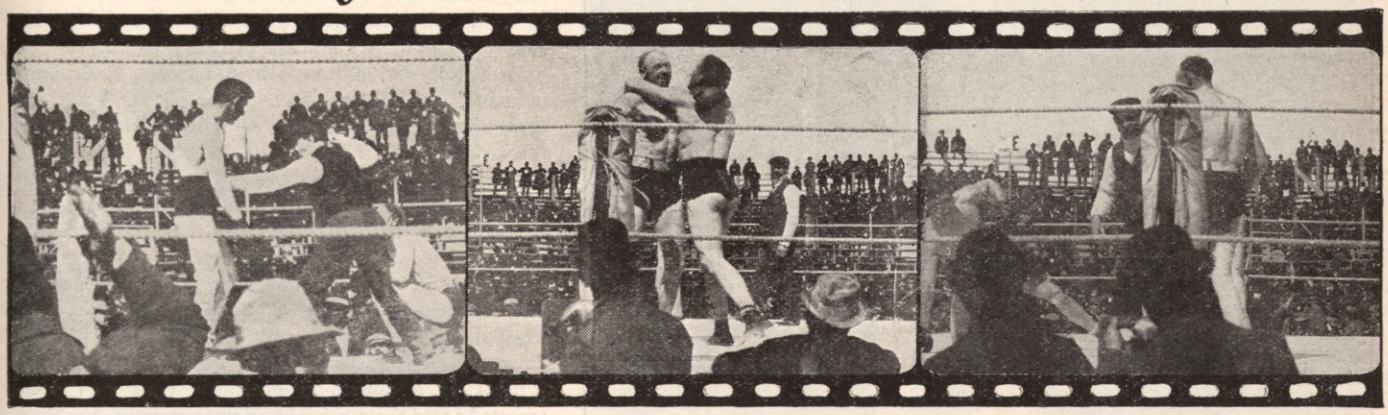
Fitz seemed to be in fine form, as he entered the ring with a broad smile of confidence. But along about the fourth round Jeff landed a heavy punch, and as Bob went down under the impact, he looked very much bewildered. He arose slowly, clinched his burly opponent and stalled around until the finish of the round. Martin Julian, Bob's principal second and brother-in-law, said to me, months later, that Fitz came to his corner after that first knockdown very much depressed, for he whispered:

"Martin, the big duffer has got me. I'm dead licked."

"Nonsense, Bob, you're not hurt," answered Julian, trying to encourage him. "Keep pounding away at his stomach, like you did with Corbett."

"I couldn't get Bob going, do what I might," Julian explained to me. "I never saw him put up such a rotten fight. I tried in every way to push him on. He had been floored several times in other bouts when I was behind him, and he never lost courage. But I've never been able to understand why that first knockdown

# PASS *from the* PICTURE



*Jim Corbett had the great Bob Fitzsimmons down in the sixth round, and had a good margin on his freckled opponent until the famed solar plexus knocked him out. In the above we see three scenes in that bout—Fitz taking the count, Corbett and Ruby Robert clinched in the thirteenth round and Gentleman Jim being counted out.*

by Jeffries took all the fight out of Bob, as it surely did, although he managed to hold out until the eleventh round."

In his second fight with Jeff at Frisco, Bob put up a much greater battle, and battered and lambasted his huge opponent fiercely, until he went down and out from one of the big fellow's sledgehammer blows.

It was a miserable bout that Jeff put up in his attempt to regain his crown from Jack Johnson at Reno in 1910, when he returned to the ring after a seven-year layoff. To all appearances Jeff seemed to be in pretty good shape. And most of the profound experts declared he would surely bring back the big title to the white race.

But what a fluke Jeff made of it! His showing was even worse than that of old John L., with Corbett. Jeff was certainly a hollow shell of his former self, and Johnson played with him and won as he pleased, after a burlesque of fifteen rounds.

* * *

WHEN Johnson lost the title to Jess Willard in twenty-six rounds at Havana, Cuba, it was noticeable that the colored man did not display his old-time class. Johnson had slowed down a whole lot since the eventful day when he whipped Jeffries. At Reno he was as fine as a greyhound, especially around the abdominal region. At Havana, though he could not be described as fat, he had thickened up considerably, and moved about in deliberate, not to say sluggish, fashion.

There were all kinds of sinister rumors regarding that battle. Jack was accused of lying down to Willard. And in later years, he assented to the publication of a story over his signature, wherein he stated boldly that he had done that very thing. In fact, my good friend and benefactor, Nat Fleischer, has in his possession the signed write-up.

However that may have been, the finish of that Havana fight was melodramatic enough to please the most ardent seeker after theatrical effect. Johnson was not stunned or senseless, when he went down for the last time. But he recalled to many the "dying gladiator" picture, so well known to art lovers, as he lay stretched prone on his back, with Willard's gigantic figure towering above him, and the referee tolling off the count.

I am inclined to think that for sheer savagery of action, and wild excitement crowded into a limited space of time, the heavyweight battle at Toledo when Jack Dempsey annihilated Jess Willard, on July 4, 1919, broke all records in that line. There was thrill after thrill during those three terrific rounds, as the Manassa Mauler battered his giant foe, pulverizing his face to a pulp, and breaking a cheek bone with the final punch.

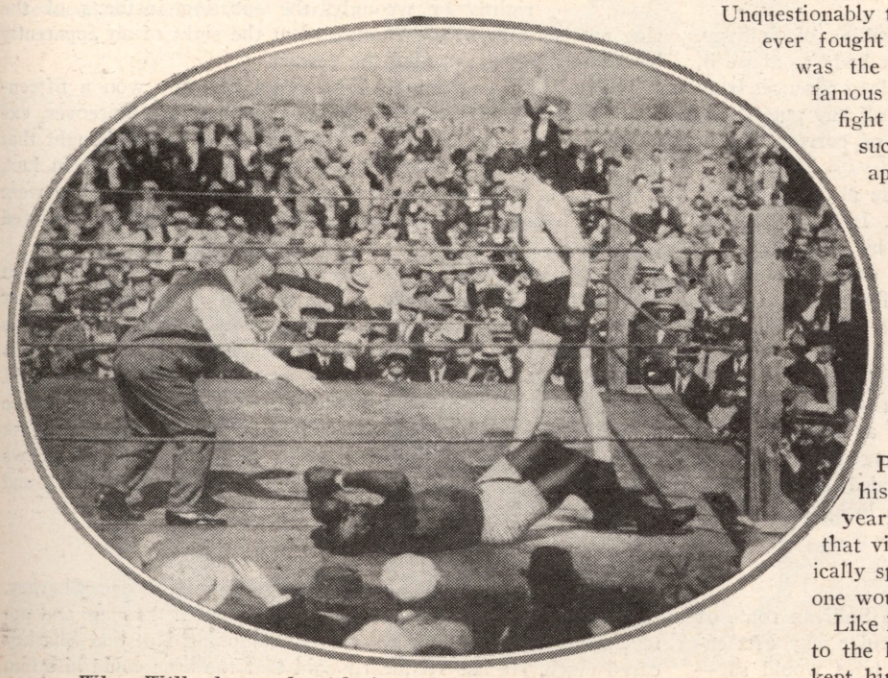
Unquestionably this was the shortest and most punishing mill ever fought for the heavy Queensberry championship. It was the battle which made Dempsey internationally famous overnight, as it were. Jack put up many a good fight after the Toledo affair, but was never quite such a devastating, tiger-like conqueror as he appeared on that eventful occasion at Toledo. He was at his greatest that day.

Every champion seems to display marvelous fighting ability in some one particular battle, and usually that is the one in which he wins his crown. After that one great victory, he invariably begins to deteriorate, until finally defeated.

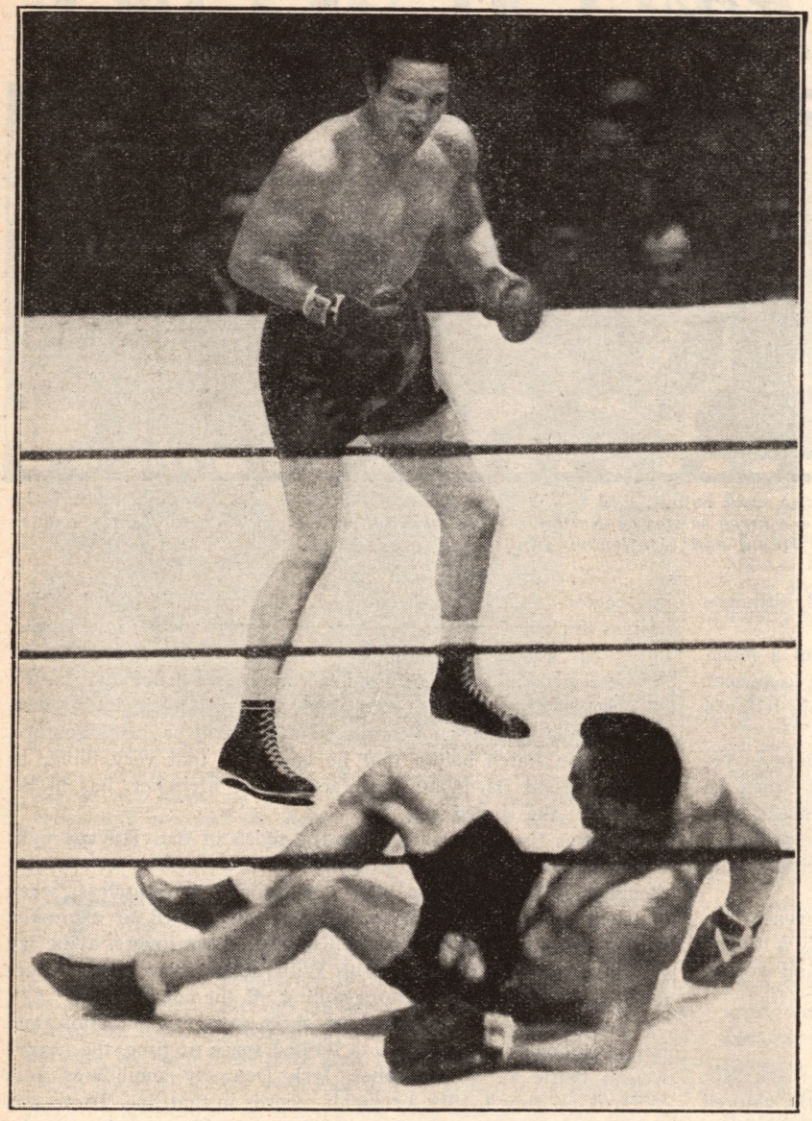
* * *

THERE can be no doubt that the Dempsey who lost his title to Gene Tunney at Philadelphia in 1926, and was again beaten by his former conqueror at Chicago the following year, was not the same splendid fighting machine that virtually shattered Willard to pieces, metaphorically speaking. The Manassa Mauler felled him like one would an ox.

Like his predecessors on the throne, he fell a victim to the life of ease and luxury, where he might have kept himself in fine fighting form had he elected to engage in combat two or three times a year. Not that



*When Willard won the title from Johnson, Jack was shading his eyes from the powerful Havana sun until the count was over.*



*Carnera went down with frequency, but, game to the core, the giant Italian arose each time until the referee called a halt and awarded the crown to Max Baer.*

Dempsey ever actually dissipated after the fashion of Sullivan. Jack had too much respect for his magnificent body to abuse it, as did reckless old John L. But soft living and long absences from the ring will inevitably take the fighting edge off any pugilist, to such an extent that the razor-like sharpness of correct milling form can never be regained.

Jim Corbett was one of the very few whose physical powers had not depreciated when he lost his crown. It was generally admitted by the experts when he was defeated by Fitzsimmons at Carson City in 1897, that Corbett weakened considerably after the sixth round, when he had Fitz on the floor, and the late George Siler, who officiated as referee, always claimed that Jim went stale through overtraining.

For Corbett, although a prominent figure in the nation's sporting life, lived carefully and cleanly. Had such not been the case he would never have shown to such brilliant advantage against Jeffries three years after the Carson City engagement, when for twenty-three rounds he outboxed and outgeneraled the giant titleholder, until by what very closely resembled a lucky jaw-wallop, Jeff sent him down for the full count.

* * *

CORBETT'S conqueror did not follow the Sullivan route of the "pace that kills," but in a less spectacular way Fitz enjoyed himself in convivial style, and as the boys would say—"knocked around quite a bit," and was softened up considerably when Jeffries beat him. During his seven-year layoff, before he was licked by Johnson in his comeback stunt, Jeff traveled the free-and-easy pleasure trail with careless abandon, and was literally "burned out" when he again essayed the hard grind of training. He simply couldn't get started properly again.

Jack Johnson, although by no means a drinking man in the Sullivan sense of the phrase, loved the night life and all that went with it, and his physical prowess suffered accordingly. Willard was inclined to be lazy, a slave to the pleasures of the dinner-table, and put on weight so fast that he became a huge hulk of human flesh, from which the co-ordination of muscle and quick thinking, so necessary to success in the ring, had in a large measure departed when he bucked up against the murderous fire-flying fists of Dempsey.

Gene Tunney, of course, remains the outstanding symbol of a champion gladiator who was never tempted from the straight and narrow path. Fighting, with Gene, was purely a business proposition, and his private life conformed strictly to the demands of business efficiency. For that very reason, he was never popular with the masses. He dethroned their idol, Jack Dempsey, and the figure that replaced Dempsey's on the pedestal of fame was admirable from an athletic standpoint, but had not the showmanship appeal possessed by a "hail-fellow-well-met" mixer of the Manassa Mauler's caliber.

* * *

THERE was plenty of melodrama in the two Tunney-Dempsey battles, yet both lacked the crowning thrill which comes when a champion is definitely "stopped" or knocked out. No mere point decision can ever equal in thrill the surging moment of nerve-shock which comes to the assembled spectators when a pugilistic king takes the full count, or is battered to a standstill. That thrill came in the Dempsey-Firpo and Carnera-Baer bouts.

There were thrills in the first bout between Max Schmeling and Jack Sharkey for Tunney's vacated title in 1930. But it was decidedly an anticlimax when Max, prostrate on the floor, was declared victor on a foul. It was the first time that a Queensberry championship had ever been thus decided, and rightly or wrongly, the sporting instincts of the ring patrons present were outraged at the sight of an apparently beaten man being awarded the verdict.

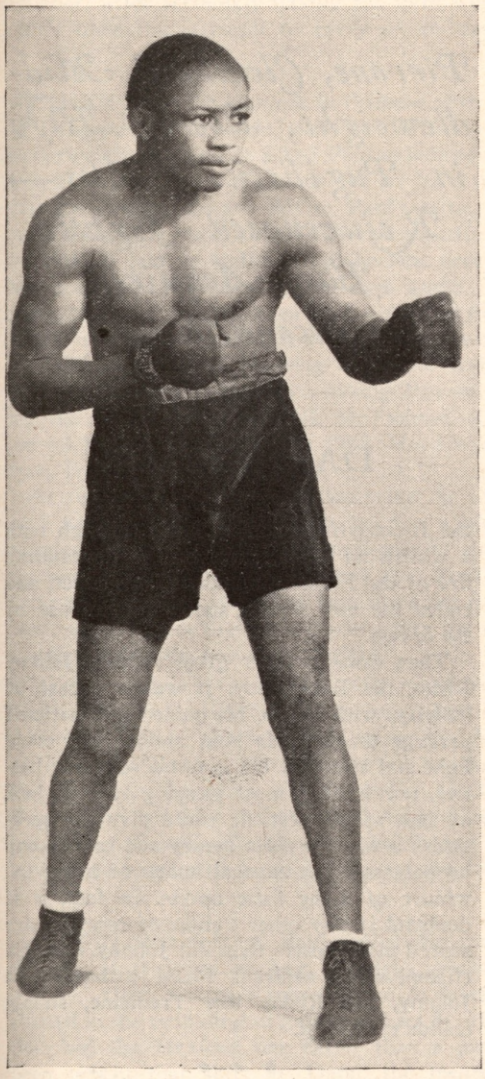
Their second meeting, in 1932, when Sharkey won a fifteen-point decision, was utterly lacking in thrills, and, moreover, extremely displeasing to many of the spectators who thought that the least Schmeling should have received was a draw. In fact, it may be confidently asserted that Schmeling and Sharkey were responsible for two of the most unsatisfactory battles ever waged for a world's title.

It must, however, be conceded that both of the men in question set good examples to the rising generation of pugs, in that neither indulged in any form of dissipation. Sharkey was, and is today, strictly a family man who goes on the even tenor of his way with a lofty disdain for the blandishments of the bright lights, and finds his only happiness in domestic joys. Much the same may be said for Schmeling. The German is in every sense of the word, a "clean" fellow, who trains faithfully, eschews every temptation offered by the fast-moving world of sport, and is devoted to his pretty actress-wife.

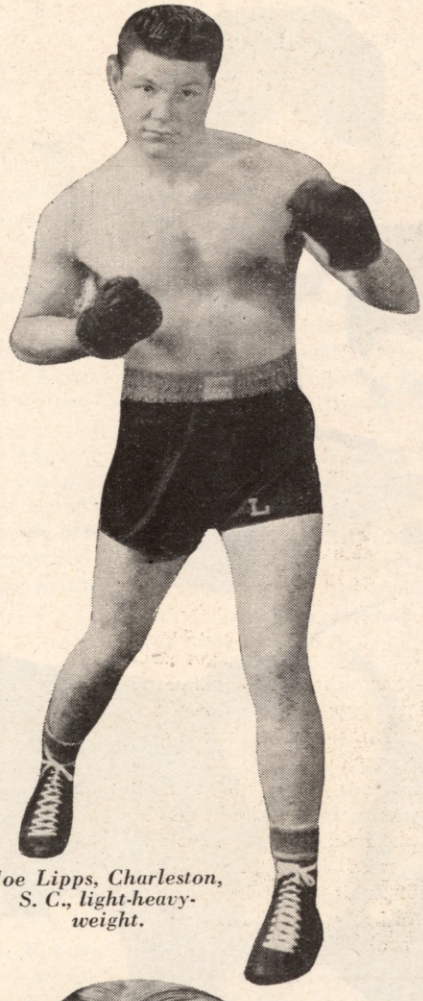
* * *

THE fight fans at large were never enthusiastic over Sharkey, who was never a consistent performer in the ring, and not much of a mixer from the sporting standpoint. Not that Sharkey cared much. He has frequently said that the boys could hiss him as much as they pleased, and welcome, so long as he got their money. He achieved his purpose of (*Continued on page* 41)

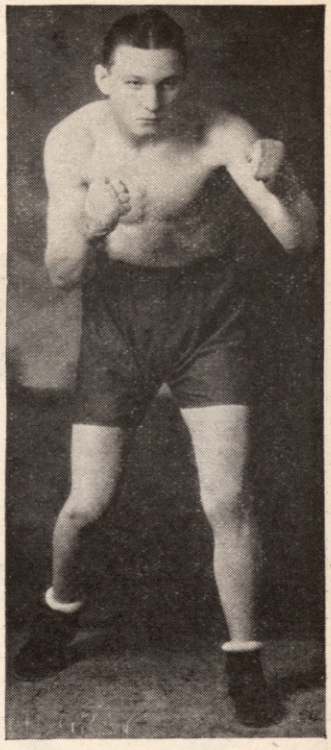
# PROMISING PUGILISTS



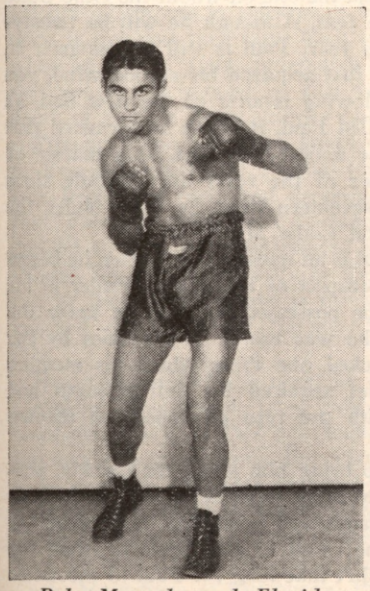
*Yambo Andrades, Porto Rican bantamweight, now in New York.*



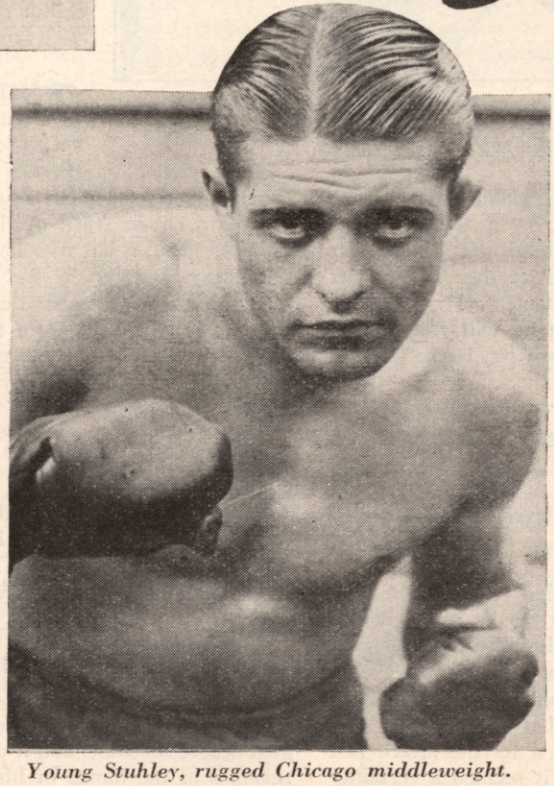
*Joe Lipps, Charleston, S. C., light-heavyweight.*



*Jack Bickett, coming bantam from South Dakota.*



*Baby Manuel, crack Florida featherweight.*



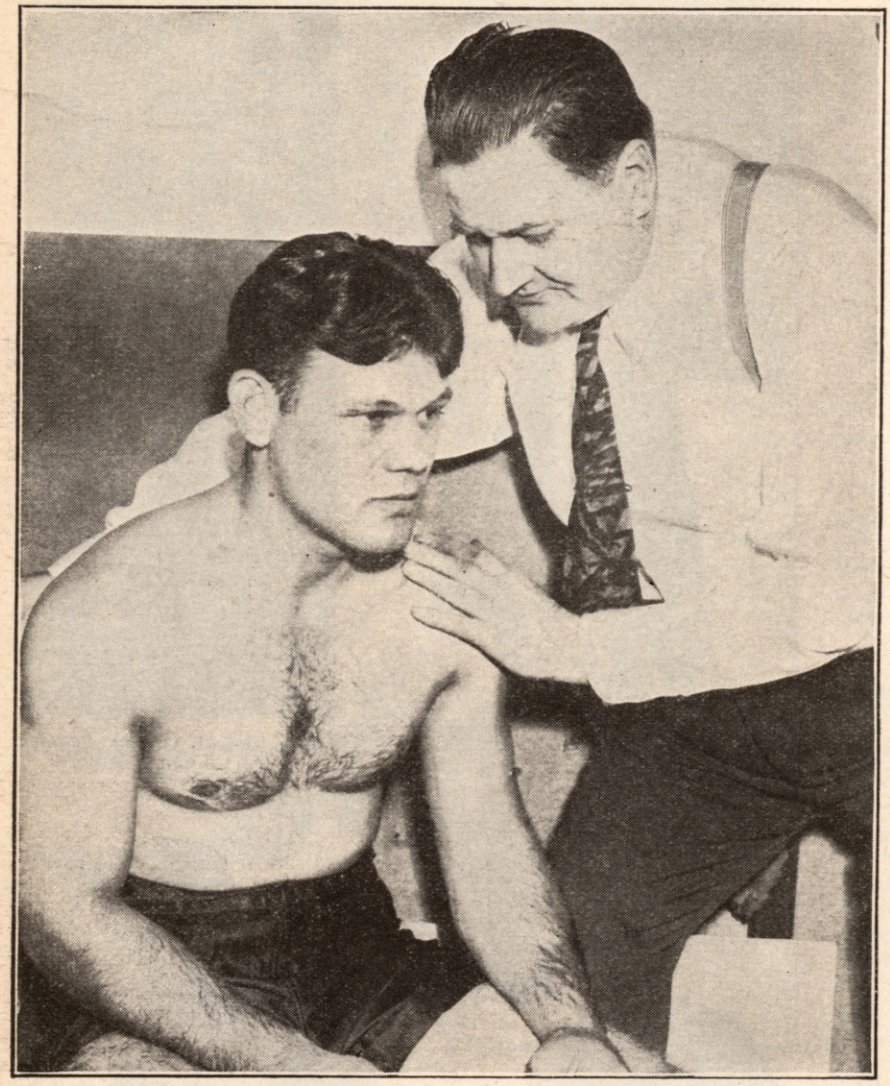
*Young Stuhley, rugged Chicago middleweight.*

*Joey Palmo, dashing Cincinnati bantamweight.*

# Two-Fisted Paul

*Pirrone, Cleveland Middleweight, Looms High in Pugilistic Circles — Rejuvenated Fighter Has Acquired "Second Wind"*

By
DAN TAYLOR



*Paul Pirrone, best prospect in middleweight ranks, taking instructions in his corner from Eddie Mead, his manager. Eddie piloted Joe Lynch to bantam title and is prepared to lead Paul to the top of his division.*

IN the long history of pugilism, Cleveland has given to the roped square only one champion, but as boxing enters the new year, there is a strong possibility that ere another twelve months passes, there will be another title-holder from that burg reigning in the fistic firmament. His name is Paul Pirrone and the division over which he will rule, if the prediction of boxing experts should come to pass, is the middleweight section.

Johnny Kilbane, now a Cleveland referee, won the featherweight crown from Abe Attell on Washington's Birthday, 1912, and held the title until June, 1923, when he was knocked out by Eugene Criqui, the battle-scarred French war hero. Since the loss of the title by Kilbane, many famous Cleveland fighters have come to the fore, but not one has been able to reach the topmost rung of the fistic ladder.

There was Carl Tremaine, who came within reach of the bantam title, only to fall short when the final hurdle was reached. Carl came within a hair's breadth of winning the world laurels in his contest with Cannonball Eddie Martin, staged in the Cleveland Auditorium. Tremaine had everything in that fight, just as he did in almost all his other battles, but somehow he just couldn't make the grade. Martin withstood a terrific attack and just when matters looked bad for him and it seemed a certainty that Tremaine would bring to Cleveland its second championship, the Brooklyn Cannonball came through with a whirlwind finish, survived the devastating fire of the French-Canadian Clevelander, and ended the mill with a successful defense of the crown.

Then came another great fighter, Johnny Risko, the Baker Boy. It wasn't a case of ballyhoo with Risko. He gained international prestige through his ring ability. He could fight and still can. He is not a scientific battler, nor is he a most pleasing type to look at, but, at his best, he could give the spectators a run for their money and to this day he possesses the unusual knack of being the winner of many fistic upsets. In fact, it is doubtful if any other fighter of recent years scored more upsets than did Johnny. Many a championship aspirant found a hazard in Johnny, but Risko, like Tremaine, simply couldn't make it.

* * *

THE last and fourth member of the punch artists who kept and continue to keep Cleveland on the pugilistic map, is Paul Pirrone and the one on whom the Ohio State depends to repeat the Kilbane feat. Although he will be twenty-six years old in April of this year, Paul is still a youngster in fighting spirit, a lad who has just acquired his second wind, you might say. Judging by the glowing reports of the new find, as many boxing writers have called Paul, it might be surmised that Pirrone is a newcomer to the fistic ranks; yet, as a matter of record, he has been a member of the resin dust brigade since early in 1926. He was only seventeen when he came under the management of Joe Lewis and Eddie Mead.

The story of the rise of Paul is an unusual one. When he began his career, he showed every prospect of becoming a leader in his profession. He had a sock, he possessed courage, he knew the intricacies of the sport, and he was touted to the skies by the Cleveland scribes. But he lacked one thing which his mentors failed to see—he had not yet acquired his full strength and therefore could not cope with the type of opposition thrown against him.

His mentors were trying to bring him along too quickly, possibly to get the do-re-mi; Paul being even more anxious because he had just become a proud daddy and needed the extra coin. Of course there could be only one result to this desire to reach the goal before his time, and it didn't take long for Paul to encounter reverses at the hands of his more experienced rivals. He found that he lacked the strength and, with that, the power to land

effectively. The continuous training to keep his weight at a certain notch also served to weaken him, so that on occasions he would all but wilt completely in the last few rounds of a ten-rounder, after seemingly having the fight well in hand. He just didn't have the strength to carry on to the finish.

* * *

THEN came the blessing in disguise. Joe Dundee was working out for his fight with Jackie Fields in Detroit for the welterweight title and he asked Paul to help condition him. Pirrone was glad to accept and became one of Joe's sparring mates. One day Joe crashed a hard left to Paul's spine, and Pirrone felt a sting that didn't leave him for several months. He had been badly injured, in fact so badly that it became necessary to remain in bed under the doctor's care for nine weeks. Well that rest was just what Paul needed, even if it did bring discomfiture.

When Paul was cured, it took another two months before he was able to resume his ring activities, and in the meantime, Lewis and Mead split, Lewis taking Pirrone and Eddie assuming the management of Brick McTiernan of Pittsburgh. Lewis nursed Paul along slowly. In 1933, Mead bought Pirrone's contract from Lewis for $3500.

At that time Lewis, in an interview in Cleveland, said:

"I have nursed the boy since he was a kid and I'll continue to nurse him until I feel he is well able to stand the test against the best boys of his weight. I think that Paul Pirrone is the best fistic prospect Cleveland has had since the days of Johnny Kilbane, and I expect that he will win either the welterweight or the middleweight title before he retires."

How true Lewis' prediction will prove remains to be seen. The fistic world should be able to judge Lewis' merits as a prognosticator before another year passes by. After starting anew his career, following his injury, Paul knocked out four out of his first five opponents. On December 15, 1929, boxing in Ed Bangs' Christmas Fund show, Paul showed his mettle by stopping tough Dick Ramies, the Mexican. He floored Ramies three times in the first round with terrific lefts, and the end came in the third.

* * *

IN that contest, Paul pulled the famous Jimmy Dunn shift from his bag of tricks, bluffing to hit with his right, and as Ramies moved to defend himself, Pirrone shifted in the twinkling of an eye and let fly with a short left hook that laid the Mexican out flatter than a pancake. Pirrone had been taught that shift by Dunn, the mentor of Kilbane and Tremaine, and from what Dunn said after the bout, neither Johnny nor Carl could have pulled it better.

That performance gave Pirrone a heap of confidence but despite his socking powers and confidence, he had only his usual amount of success in subsequent battles. He lost two fights and drew in one, but then came back with a bang the following year when he scored four consecutive knockouts before dropping a decision, but he wound up that year with three defeats at the hands of Sammy Baker, Bucky Lawless and Jackie Fields.

Pirrone added five more knockouts to his string in 1931, lost to Young Corbett and Gorilla Jones, and was knocked out by Lou Brouillard once, and dropped another verdict to him on a foul. Paul was very much discouraged by his poor showing and decided to quit, but was induced to change his mind and again showed his socking powers in the early part of 1932, only to fall by the wayside again as the year progressed, when he was knocked out twice by Sammy Slaughter and once by Ben Jeby.

He looked so bad the night he received the haymaker, in the Cleveland Auditorium, from Jeby, that Eddie Mead, who had succeeded Lewis as Pirrone's manager, told Paul to look for a job and give up fighting. But Pirrone refused. He insisted that some jinx was following him and that some day he would overcome it and his pleas caused Mead to get a bout with Patsy Pollack, whom Paul stopped in the first. That kayo brought new hope to both Mead and Paul, but in the next encounter with Carlo Montebano at Pittsburgh, Pirrone again was knocked out, this time in the sixth round.

MEAD was bent on having Pirrone quit. He urged him to give up fighting but Paul would have none of that. He was brought over to Mansfield, Ohio, by Eddie to clash with a youngster, Johnny Burns, and much to the surprise of Mead, Paul scored a one-round K.O. Eddie couldn't solve the riddle. He figured that Paul's was a most unusual case and with proper nursing he could be brought to the front again, so he took him to New York and there matched him with Tony Dominquez, a hard hitter from Mexico who was boxing as a preliminary boy, but Tony gave Paul a shellacking to win the verdict. Then a return bout with Montebano resulted in Paul evening his K.O. by landing the haymaker on Carl in the eighth, but a couple of months later he dropped a ten-round decision to Teddy Yarosz, now the American reigning king of the middleweights.

Thus up to last year, Paul, in sixty-six contests, has scored thirty knockouts, won fifteen bouts, lost a dozen, drawn in three and been knocked out six times—not a bad record at all, yet not a record which would make Paul a hero among the fistic lights. When 1934 got under way, Pirrone decided that he would adopt a new system of fighting. His pleas again overcame the objections of his mentor and Mead decided to give Pirrone another chance to make good.

Mead liked the boy and his persistency, and told him that if he would go in just with the one thought in mind, that of winning by the knockout route as he had done so often in the early stages of his career. Paul would regain confidence in himself and come through triumphant. Paul promised to make good. He practiced hard in the gymnasium, tore into his sparring mates with reckless abandon and then came the day when the reward was to be his.

* * *

FATE suddenly decided to smile upon Pirrone. While at his desk in Cleveland, Eddie Mead received a message from a Philadelphia promoter telling him that one of his bouts had fallen through and that he would like to have Eddie bring on Paul as a substitute. Mead consented after the promoter had agreed to pay $250 and traveling expenses for Paul's services.

He was told by Mead to do his best and to try his utmost to give the customers a run for their money. Paul smiled and replied:

"I'll do more than that Eddie. I'll go in and stop him. I feel fine and I've found myself."

His opponent that night was Ken Overlin, with 31 straight victories, and when the gong sounded, sending them on their way, the house was in an uproar. The boys stood toe to toe and the slugfest drew the applause of a packed house. In fact, though Cleto Locatelli and Benny Bass were the headliners, the Pirrone-Overlin bout proved the biggest attraction that night. Pirrone won. He not only lasted the limit and gave the fans a run for their money, as Mead had asked him to, but he won impressively and has been the talk of the fight world since.

The victory instilled new life into Paul. He regained the confidence he had lost through several knockouts and he developed a new, better sock than he had ever carried into the ring before. Overnight, he was dubbed a rejuvenated fighter. He developed a reckless courage that enabled him to score knockouts over such good boys as Young Terry, Jimmy Smith, Bucky Lawless, Jackie Purvis, and last but greatest feat to land the haymaker on Mickey Walker.

* * *

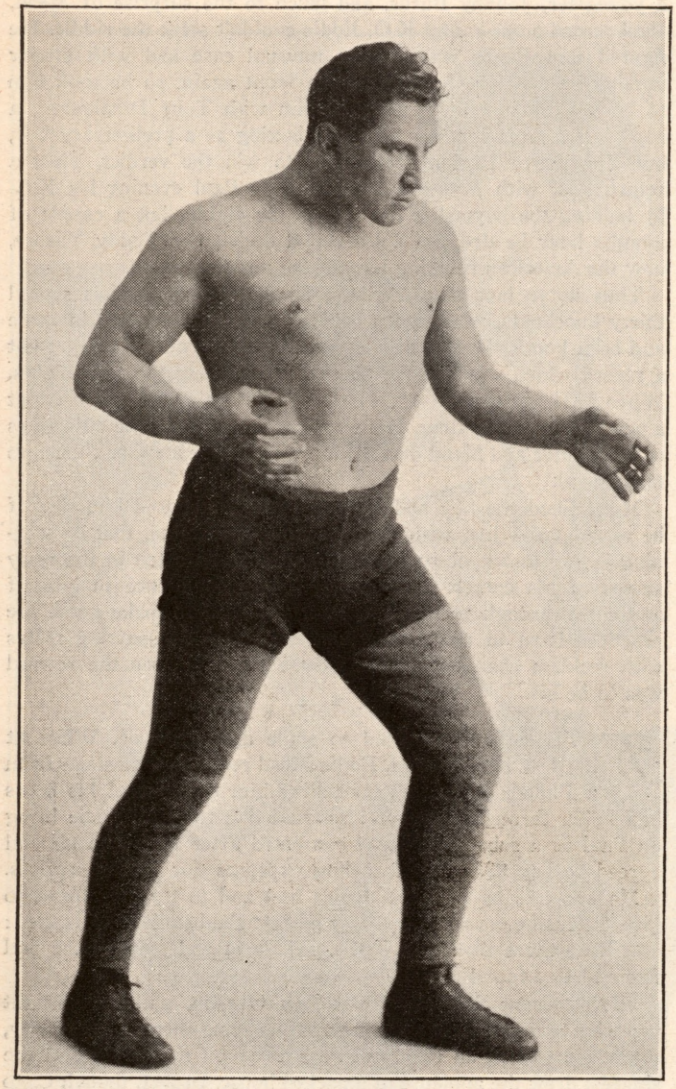
WHEN he was matched with Walker for a feature bout in Philly, it was expected that Paul would be halted in his new rise. The bout went ten rounds and Pirrone was declared the winner. It was a thriller, with plenty of excitement and considerable hard hitting, but Pirrone was master of the situation at all times. Paul even scored a nine seconds' knockdown in one of the rounds, much to the astonishment of Mickey. The fans were so het up over the affair that a return engagement was arranged.

Their second meeting took place at Convention Hall, and a net of $14,000, a big gate for these times, was the financial return. This time Paul showed his mastery in no uncertain terms.

He was the winner from the start. He pummeled the Toy Bulldog into a pulp and knocked him (*Continued on page* 48)

# From MILO to LONDOS

By A. D. PHILLIPS *(World's oldest active sports writer)*



***Renato Gardini, Italian champion, whose loss to Stecher in the Seventy-first Regiment Armory of New York, in 1926, caused a riot.***

THE head scissors, a headlock and—curtains! Such was the case when Joe Stecher defended his title against Dick Daviscourt in the Seventy-first Regiment Armory of New York City on March 22, 1926. It was a tough match in which the Scissors King required fifty minutes and fifteen seconds to pin his rival's shoulders, but most of those who witnessed the affair were of the opinion that Joe could have won within the half hour had he been so disposed. In fact, so displeased was the gathering with Stecher's work that he received a severe razzing when he left the ring.

Daviscourt, who, like Lewis, was master of the headlock, slapped many of them on Stecher, but Joe got out of each without much damage being done. The end came with dramatic suddenness. Daviscourt, who lacked nothing in aggressiveness, tried for a leg hold and Stecher pounced on him with a headlock and wrist lock. A moment later, Joe had his hook scissors working across the body and Daviscourt was shortly groggy. The challenger tried desperately to rally, but Stecher had him and it was just a question of how long Dick could hold out.

On several occasions, Stecher kept his body scissors on his rival for upwards of three minutes. Joe successfully got that famous hold on Daviscourt seventeen times during the match and weakened Dick considerably.

In the first preliminary, Jim Londos appeared against Ivan Linow and, so splendid an exhibition did the Greek Adonis give, that the announcement was made that he would be the next opponent for the champion. There was considerable bickering over the match, both New York and Philadelphia putting in a bid for it. The Quaker City finally got it, and it was on June 10, before an enthusiastic gathering of about ten thousand persons, that Stecher again came through with the crown still on his head.

That bout, as Joe often declared after he had retired, was the toughest in which he had engaged. In speaking of the affair, Stecher said:

"With all due respect to all of the wrestlers who faced me in the many years of my ring activity, I don't think any bout in which I engaged was more viciously fought, and forced me to use up more energy, than the strenuous engagement with Londos in Philadelphia in 1926. It required an hour and fifty minutes and thirty seconds before I emerged the victor, and I must admit that, on several occasions, I didn't think I would retain my title."

* * *

THE match was held in the Municipal Stadium and was won by Stecher with a body scissors, after the Greek Adonis had forced the wrestling most of the way and had Stecher in a tight squeeze at least a dozen times. The men had wrestled for twenty-two minutes when Londos suddenly got his famous wrist lock on Stecher and forced Joe down to the canvas. As Stecher hit the mat, Londos leaped to one side and quickly got a headlock on Joe. Jimmy had his opponent in agony for seven minutes before Stecher could release himself.

But he didn't remain free long, for Jimmy pounced on him, secured a toe hold, and later converted that into a leg spread that was agonizing for the champion. The Greek Adonis held that hold for four minutes and kept asking the champion whether he would give in but, getting no affirmative reply, Londos applied a vicious twist after each query. Once he was admonished by the referee because he used his knee as a pivot. He was told to drop that procedure and apply only a free movement.

* * *

WHEN Stecher finally broke away, he caught Londos with a body scissors and kept squeezing but to no avail. He then got a toe hold and later secured a grip on both toes and, to the delight of the spectators, rowed the boat with Jimmy as the vessel. But Londos evened matters soon after by obtaining a hammerlock on the champion and holding on for three minutes. There was no denying that, for every tough hold Stecher got on the Greek, Londos retaliated with three, and that the bulk of the attack was credited to Jimmy.

At one time Londos complained bitterly that Stecher had the dreaded strangle hold on him, but the referee kept ruling that Jimmy himself was making it a strangle by forcing his head upwards in an effort to get the official to force a release, but in that he was mistaken, and he suffered accordingly. When he finally broke loose, he caught Stecher by the right wrist and, in a straight arm pull, Jimmy tossed him over his head and, in a jiffy, pounced on his prey and executed a Japanese leg lock on him.

In that way, they went for almost two hours, with the Greek having by far the better of the argument. Several times in the last thirty minutes, Stecher was within a hair's breadth of being tossed. In fact, once it seemed that Joe's shoulders had both been down for the required time, but the referee declared to the contrary, much to Londos' chagrin. The crowd hooted but the referee held his own.

* * *

THAT match proved one thing—it showed that Londos was coming up as the leading light in wrestling and that, ere long, he could become the chief menace to the champion and other topnotchers. He showed that he was a shrewd, colorful, powerful wrestler, well versed in all the technique of the sport, and that

# Joe Stecher's Campaign as Champion in 1926 Recalled — His Bouts With Londos, Gardini, Browning and Daviscourt Reviewed

## CHAPTER XXIX

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he knew how to play to the gallery. It was not long thereafter that he finally did reach the top and became the greatest drawing card since the days of Frank Gotch. Of that we shall say more in a subsequent chapter.

During the rest of the year and for the greater portion of the next year, Stecher went from state to state to give exhibitions. Where the rival had considerable local color, the bout was billed as for the heavyweight championship, but in other spots, it was termed an exhibition.

During those days Joe put a number of would-be stars out of the running. Twice within a stretch of four months he sent his opponent to the hospital as a result of applying the body squeeze too tightly. One of such victims was John Pax of Philadelphia, who ventured out to Kansas City to tackle the champion and found himself fit for medical attention after he had been thrown. The second was Charley Benthrop of Little Rock, whom he beat at Chattanooga. It was after that bout that Stecher announced he would make his final tour of the East and then retire, but after a survey of possible opponents, he decided he could add to his fortune by continuing as long as he held the title, and that was the procedure which he followed. Joe would have retired in the spring of 1927 but for one person—his rival, Strangler Lewis.

Lewis tried to get a return bout with Stecher, but Joe repeatedly declared himself against such a contest unless the Strangler first eliminated all who had a chance to gain the crown. It was Joe's contention that Lewis had held the title several times, and had been in the spotlight so often that Joe preferred to favor a newcomer in the ranks.

* * *

THAT angered Lewis, who openly challenged Stecher for a championship match with a ten-thousand-dollar side bet, which Joe turned down. Lewis then accepted a challenge from big Wayne Munn, former title-holder, and, with a series of headlocks, tossed the Nebraskan in Chicago, the first fall coming at the end of fifty-seven minutes and the second in twelve, both with headlocks. There were more than ten thousand persons present and they paid twenty-six thousand dollars to see the match, and when the bout was over, Lewis, addressing them, declared that, by beating Munn, who had tossed him two years previously, the Strangler had clinched the world title because Stecher refused to defend it against him. To further clinch his claim, he put up his diamond-studded ten thousand-dollar belt as a forfeit to defend the title against any man, Stecher preferred.

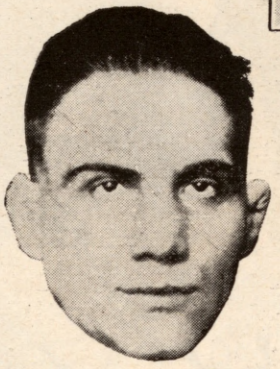
It was that incident that riled Stecher and decided him on the course of continuing in the sport. While touring the South, taking on all comers, he decided to accept the challenge of Jim Browning, and two weeks after the match that put Benthrop on the disabled list, Stecher and Browning clashed at Atlanta, Georgia. It was that bout that first brought Gentleman Jim into prominence as a good prospect for championship timber.

* * *

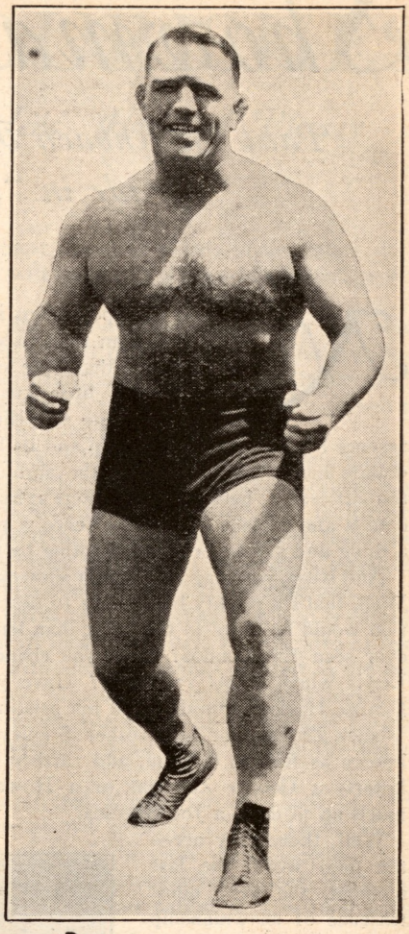
THE bout developed into the most spectacular one ever seen, prior to that time, below the Mason and Dixon line. It was staged on the night of February 17, and Stecher won, but his title hung in the balance several times. Only the champion's mat generalship saved him from losing the crown to his younger rival. Time after time, Joe was forced to save himself by crawling to the ropes after Browning got his famed hold on him.

The crowd was all for Gentleman Jim because of his aggressiveness and because, as usual, the challenger was the underdog, and every time Browning clamped leg cramps and punishing toe holds on Joe, the ten thousand spectators cheered to the echo. Stecher got a firm scissors about Jim's body quite frequently, but the younger challenger was able to survive them. Stecher was caught in the center of the mat twice in the first ten minutes with viselike grips that made him groan in agony and, finding himself unable to break loose, he slid on hands and stomach to the edge of the ring, so that the referee would be forced to separate them and free him from Jim's legs.

Stecher, weighing 218 pounds, obtained the first fall in forty-five minutes and ten seconds with a body scissors. Browning, scaling 226 pounds, gained the second fall in the quick time of 7.33 with a head scissors.



*Jim Browning, who thrilled Georgians in 1926 when he engaged Stecher in a championship match, which Joe won by scoring two out of three falls.*



*Dick Daviscourt, who gave Joe Stecher a tough tussle on March 22, 1926, in New York City.*

Then followed as severe, gruelling wrestling as had ever been seen in the South, with each grappler determined to take the deciding fall. Stecher worked with a vim, despite punishing grips obtained by Browning.

After ten minutes of nip-and-tuck wrestling, Browning got another head scissors on the champion and came within an inch of winning the title. When Stecher finally broke away, he pounced on Gentleman Jim and followed a hammerlock with a body scissors, and then with a full nelson and a leg split, all of which took much of the fight out of the challenger.

* * *

THEN, as the men were separated after working against the ropes, Joe suddenly tripped Jim, in a jiffy obtained a body scissors, and squeezed the body until he took all the breath out of Browning. Jim finally was forced to yield to the agonizing grip. He lay a helpless mass on the canvas when the referee touched Stecher to indicate the victory.

Joe knew he had been in a spot and, then and there, Browning became a menace to the rival heavyweights. Browning, to this day, declares that match was his toughest and also gives Stecher the credit for being the greatest of the matmen since Frank Gotch's day.

Joe was bent on making all he could while the going was good and didn't hesitate to clash with (Continued on page 40)

# Showmanship in Wrestling

## *Paul Berlenbach Had "It" as a Fighter, But Couldn't Make the Grade in "Color," When it Came to the Mat Sport*

*By* THE VETERAN

NO greater disappointment in the world can come to a great showman than to see the failure of a great athlete to learn that little knack of showmanship.

And that little knack of showmanship, especially in the wrestling game, means the difference between a championship and its hundreds of thousands of dollars and a swift flop into the absolutely mediocre. It means the difference between an athlete's heaven with all that that entails and a place outside the fence, a place where you can't see a thing and are never seen excepting by the riffraff.

And what, you may ask, is that showmanship or the sense of it? Well, that's a mighty hard thing to describe. Perhaps an illustration would be more to the point than lengthy wording. Have you ever seen Jim Londos? Have you chanced upon Ed "Strangler" Lewis when at his very best? Have you glimpsed, perhaps, a George Hackenschmidt in all his pristine and other glory? Or a Vladek Zbyszko or his brother Stanley, or that wisp of a man known as Renato Gardini, and farther back, a Leo Pardello, or latterly a George Zaharias or a Howard Cantonwine, or very much up to date, a Joe Savoldi?

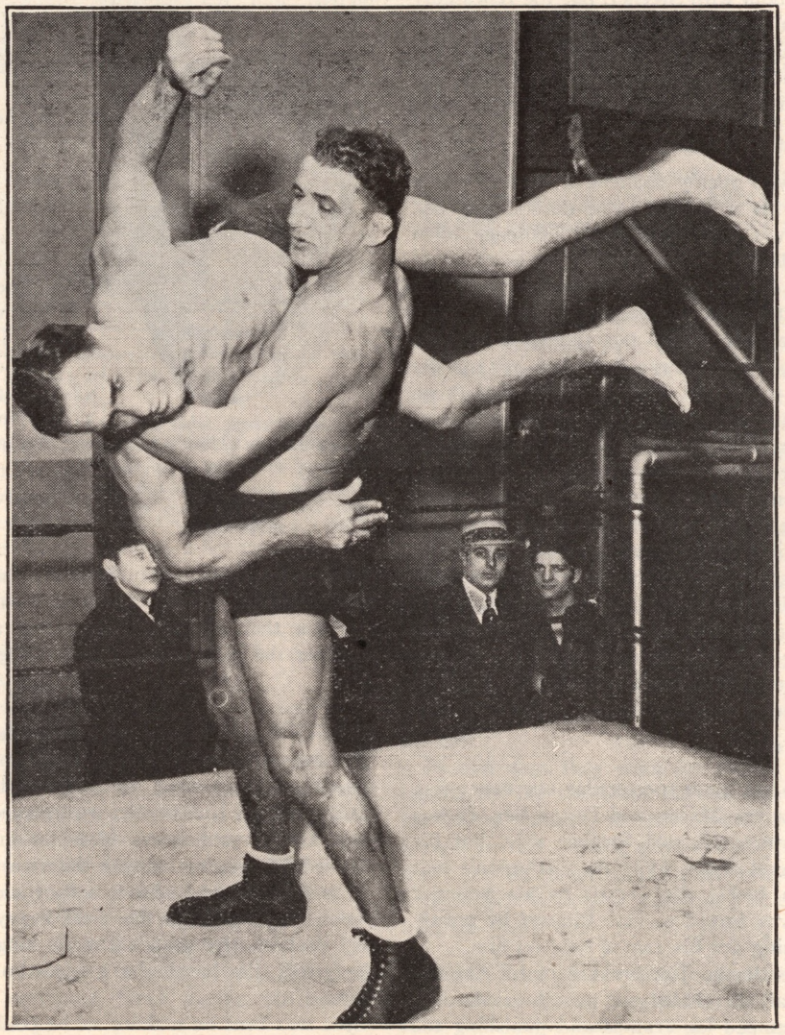
Well, there they are—the final word, the last moment, the very quintessence of showmanship of the natural and the cultivated, the home flowered and the hothouse variety. Each of them a complete circus unto himself, a circus plus the parade and the whole sideshow rolled into one!

That's showmanship! Something that completely fills the eye, starts you babbling and after the show sends you home chattering like a parrot that has just bitten into a doctored biscuit. That touch of the unusual, the unexpected, the nerve twisting, the eye-popping, the everything that makes for your loss of sleep and peace of mind—for the evening at least.

* * *

SUCCESSFUL wrestlers, not a few fighters, a lot of the movie stars, may not be able to tell you *what* it is, so I'm not going to try, but they *can and do show* you at every appearance.

It's the very life of the wrestling game, every show game, as a matter of fact!



*Paul Berlenbach, former world's light-heavyweight champion in the role of the wrestler. Here he is seen training with Ray Steele.*

That's why it must be maddening for a promoter or a manager of a great athlete—otherwise great, that is to say—to discover suddenly that his man is totally dumb and senseless when it comes to that vital spot of his career—when showmanship means a fortune, and lack of it a swift trip to oblivion. The public demands it. If you haven't got it to give the public, they'll simply pass you up and go on to the next counter. The public is a great shopper!

One of the greatest disappointments the clever men who handle the wrestling game ever had on their hands or minds was Paul Berlenbach, an athletic product of the lowly side of New York City and therefore one of New York's greatest favorites. Paul started out as an amateur fighting man of the light-heavyweight division, achieved almost instant acclaim, to say nothing of a reputation that quickly outgrew city bounds. He became a national character *for his color!*

*Paul could swat! There was no question of that!*

And does your dear poob-lick go daffy on that one count? It does, daffier'n a loon when they see a man who can lay 'em on their backs and keep 'em there.

So Paul, quickly outgrowing his competition among the amateurs, turned over into the rascality of the professional racket! And was he a wow! All of that and then some.

He got a temporary setback at the hands of one Jack Delaney, himself a swatter of no mean ability and power, but Paul overrode that little thing and kept on his way of slaying 'em right and left, hip and thigh. He was a modern David, this Paul, with his trusty slingshot in the form of a right hand that spelled disaster emphatically when he laid it on.

* * *

NOW this Delaney lad was a pretty fair sort of a walloper himself and asked odds of no man under the sun. It may be recalled—it will at least by those who get close-ups of the inner workings of the game—he was the chap for whose contract Pete Reilly once paid $900, and even at that ridiculous figure everybody kidded Pete for buying what they thought was a gold brick—that is, all but the cheerful Pete who all his life seemed to find something worth

*(Continued on page 44)*

# MAT SPORT FLOURISHES

## *"Strangler" Lewis Says that Europe Is the Wrestlers' Horn of Plenty*

### *By* THE REFEREE

WRESTLING'S ambassador has gone, seen and conquered—and now he's on his way back again to dip his capacious arms into this new-found cornucopia, this European horn of plenty. A regular Napoleon in his way, a Napoleon of knocks and knuckles, as it were—Ed Lewis, the mighty Strangler.

Now, rasslers, don't all of you rush to the steamship agencies to see about transportation to the other side. Lewis has beaten you all to the punch over there. He has the field corralled, and a great field it is. All of Europe, fancy that!

Lewis has scouted all of the available territory and gone over it as with a fine-tooth comb. While he didn't uncover anything one naturally might expect to find with that sort of a device, he did discover that it is the greatest undeveloped region for the rassling man on this madly whirling globe of ours.

The Strangler went across last fall, as outlined exclusively in THE RING of a recent issue. He acted as a sort of advance agent and ambassador for the American mat men and returned around the holidays to report his findings and to decide on a future course of action.

And among the many things this minister of the mat (than whom none could be found more capable for such a task) had to tell me were a few like this:

England's money is flowing as freely as the Thames itself and folks there are just fairly mad about sports, and especially wrestling.

Germany's a land of plenty just now, with Adolph Hitler encouraging sports to the very limit and grasping every opportunity to bolster up his nation in an athletic way, being especially fond of wrestling as a sport for army men.

Italy is in a much similar condition, with Mussolini breaking out eagerly from time to time in favor of any sort of athletic endeavor that will give flavor and athletic sustenance to his present gigantic militaristic program, being highly in favor of wrestling as the greatest help to the bayonet drill for the infantry troops.

France is not so good in a general sense, but willing and capable of turning out unusual houses for unusual attractions in the wrestling line—money is not so free there as in the other countries, but things are coming along handsomely.

* * *

AMONG the most encouraging signs Ed Lewis found in England was the interest being shown by some of the leading sportsmen of the country in major events. And especially did Lewis get high encouragement from Lord Lonsdale, one of the leading British sportsmen and a classy leader who long has been at the head of all sorts of sports.

They have built a new hall in London especially designed for tremendous indoor events. It has a seating capacity of almost three times that of Albert Hall's twelve thousand and Lonsdale hopes to see Lewis and others put over some of the world's biggest wrestling events in that place. It is accessible and doubtless will be one of the world's centers within a short time.

Lewis remained here but a few weeks and, during that time, got his lines well in hand and all of his plans beautifully worked out. He has his Canadian friend and co-worker, McCready, fully in touch with the entire situation and together they returned to the Old Country with most comprehensive ideas.

It was Lewis's idea to take with him the mighty Hans Steinke, a German-born athlete of high capabilities. Another German who is expected to reach the heights in his native land is Richard Shikat and, carefully directed, they could, between them and with the help of others, work up unusual interest in wrestling in Berlin and the other important cities of Hitler's domain.

Just now Italy has no outstanding wrestling man who is capable of standing with the best of them and Lewis had the idea of taking Gini Garibaldi back with him to stimulate interest in the mat game in the Alps country. Mussolini, it is known, is highly in favor of such plans and would appreciate the attention of experienced men in the development of wrestling among the native Italians.

The field has been neglected simply through lack of such experienced men and hence the presence of Ed Lewis and a few others of his high type would be more than welcome.

Joe Savoldi, close as he is to championship caliber, fresh and sparkling, is likely to set the Italian nation in a turmoil when they get their first look at him.

Henri de Glane, who was defeated by Lewis in a big match in Paris a short time back, has contrived to stimulate interest in the game among the Parisiennes and the provinces. Appearance of the tremendous "Strangler," the sort of man they hadn't seen in many a day, rather dazzled the sports populace of the French capital. His general size, speed of foot and ring artistry, coupled with his undoubted mastery of all that is known to wrestling, caused a wave of interest among the French like nothing that has developed there in years and years. Hence there is a general demand for Lewis' return.

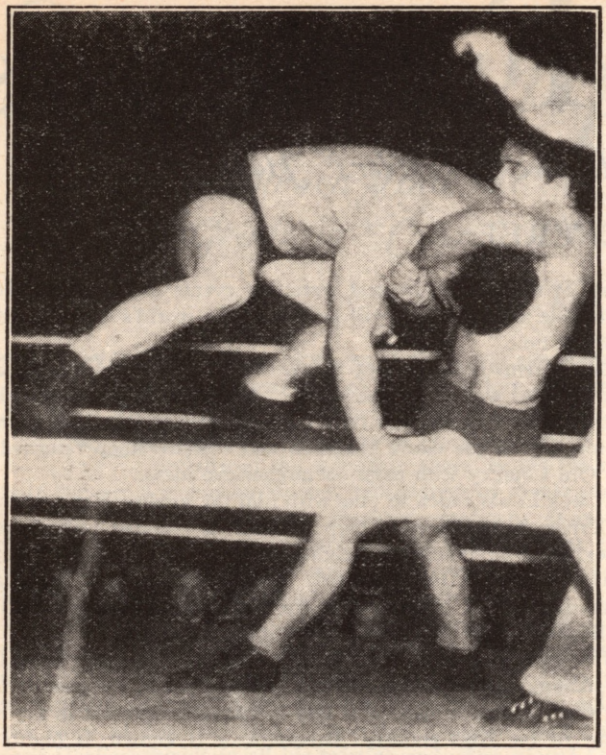
Likewise, they would welcome other Americans who might be on a par with the general Lewis classifications. So the field there is almost limitless, Lewis thinks, and he is anxious to return and tap to the fullest this amazing looking pay dirt.

While here Lewis consulted with the leading spirits and promoters of the game in this country. He does not think the cost of transportation would be an item worth considering in view of the vast returns that are apt to accrue with the presence in foreign rings of some of our best "artists."

Incidentally the present idea of American roughness and open slugging does not go well with the foreign patrons of the game. They want "straight" stuff or none at all. Lewis will have headquarters in London.

*Ed "Strangler" Lewis*

# NEWS



*A few days following the successful defense of his title against Dick Shikat, Londos journeyed from New York to Pittsburgh to tackle Gino Garibaldi. Here is Jemmy putting on the pressure to give Gino his final toss before downing him.*

COLONEL JOHN REED KILPATRICK, president of Madison Square Garden, issued attendance figures for his organization for the period from June to December 1, 1934, to prove that every sport staged by the Garden, except wrestling, outdrew the attendance figures for the same period in 1933. The big surprise in the report is that pertaining to the poor showing of the pachyderms. It was thought that wrestling was outdrawing boxing almost two to one, but according to the Kilpatrick figures, wrestling, staged at the Garden Bowl and in the Garden Arena, drew only a total of 29,213 persons for the Londos-Browning championship match, the Londos-Shikat and the Shikat-Marshall event. Only three years ago Londos was drawing 18,000 persons to his matches in the Garden for receipts of $30,000 to $50,000.

* * *

THE Kilpatrick report is most interesting from the point of view of wrestling, if for no other reason than to show that Londos has outdrawn his drawing power with the American wrestling fans, because, as everyone knows, he insists on a prearrangement that precludes the possibility of his being tossed by opponents who are known to be far better wrestlers. Thus in his matches with Browning, Shikat and Marshall, he clashed with opponents who administered to him the worst shellacking of his long career, yet when the "champion" was on the point of exhaustion, the signal was given and the stronger, far better, challenger either fell up against the ropes as did Browning, to "injure his neck," or fell out of the ring, as did Marshall, to "injure" his spine, or simply decided to become "groggy," as did Shikat, and thus help poor Jemmy to retain his title.

Of course all of the matches have been very interesting and spectacular, but apparently the fans are not satisfied with what they have been getting. If Londos insists on carrying on his hippodrome stuff by being protected every time he gets into the ring, then it's just too bad for the promoters. The fall off in attendance in the greatest sporting city in the world is due to just that—too much laying down for the champion.

* * *

TAKE for example the Londos-Dean matches in Los Angeles. The public came out in droves for the first bout before the fans became wise to the Man Mountain and who he really was. They paid thousands of dollars to see him clash with the stars of the mat world, every one of whom, in his build-up for the titular bout, he downed. He became the leading challenger by having men flop to him who could have tossed him on his ears in five minutes, were the matches staged according to Hoyle.

Then came a "thrilling" match, in which Londos had considerable difficulty in downing the Man Mountain (don't laugh), and a return engagement was in line. They built up Dean again, but, as is the case when the guard relaxes a little, Dean was double-crossed and put out of the running by a substitute, who, it was figured, would prove easy sailing for the Man Mountain.

Common sense would have foreseen what would happen were Dean pitted against Londos again in a "championship" match, but promoters these days lack that kind of sense and the match was put on. The return engagement took place in Los Angeles and it didn't take long for the fans to demonstrate that they were tired of being hoodwinked. The match was over in ten minutes with Jemmy Londos still the champion and the 11,000 spectators gave vent to their feelings by breaking chairs, tearing up the ring and attempting to get at both Londos and Dean. They demanded their money back for the fraud that had been perpetrated on them, but without avail.

As is customary when a quick fall is wanted and the show is to end in a jiffy, the first fall was gained when Dean, Londos and the referee flew through the ropes in a swirl of arms and legs, and while Dean was protesting, the referee was counting him out for not getting into the ring on time. Then Londos ironed him out for the second fall in a few minutes and the show was over.

Of course that commotion gave the promoters an idea—why not match the pair for a fourth engagement! And so a fourth contest was arranged "only after considerable trouble because Jemmy wouldn't tackle the tough Dean again."

Matches of that kind are not doing the sport any good. There are too many good wrestlers in the field who should be pitted against the champion. It is my opinion, and I may be criticized—as I have been quite frequently of late—that Pojello, Shikat, Marshall, Browning, Sherry and Pesek are Londos' masters and each can toss him in an on-the-level bout.

* * *

STRANGLER LEWIS, back from a successful tour of Europe, is ready to resume activities over the Big Pond, where he intends to act as agent for American wrestlers. To keep in condition, the Strangler took on his old rival, Ray Steele, out in St. Louis, and tossed him with a slam and body block. Then he came East to tackle Ed Don George, who is being loomed for a title shot. Lewis and George clashed before a big crowd in the Seventy-First Regiment Armory of New York, with George winning the verdict. It was a hot tussle, with plenty of excellent wrestling. Every time Lewis, George or Szabo are in the ring, the fans are treated to splendid exhibitions of the mat sport.

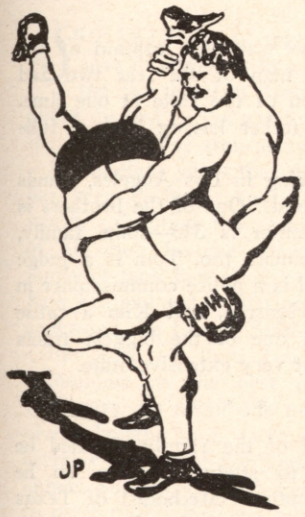
Just before he faced Lewis, George added to his fine record by disposing of Karl Pojello, one of the world's fastest and best matmen. They met in Philadelphia and Karl was tossed in 51 minutes and 26 seconds. George will make a good and popular champion when he takes the title from Londos.

* * *

The latest importation from Europe, Young Dan O'Mahoney, the 217-pound Irishman who has been brought here under contract to Paul Bowser, made an auspicious début in the Boston Garden on January 4, when he tossed the tough Ernie Dusek twice with a spectacular hold which the Son of Erin calls the Irish Whip. Just as the second fall was gained, a free-for-all started in the ring that required the aid of the police to quell. O'Mahoney will prove popular in New England, where there are many Irishmen. He drew fifteen thousand in his début.

# *of the* MAT WORLD

*By* EDWARD MERRILL



A peculiar finish to a wrestling match took place in Detroit, where the popular Jack Reynolds, claimant to the welterweight championship, was awarded the decision over Billy Thom while both grapplers were on their backs. Neither was able to continue after falling from the ring and the official decided that as Reynolds had been the aggressor, he was entitled to the decision. Each had previously won a fall. That match was much like the double knockout in boxing.

* * *

BERNICE SANDBOE of Texas sent in the following Ramblin's on Rasslers down in Dixie:

"Gentleman" Jack Smith is vice president of the largest health club in America . . . . Jack has many friends among the film celebs . . . . wonder why Marshall Blackstock has been away so long, this is usually one of his favorite haunts . . . . Doc Karl Sarpolis is quite a sartorial artist . . . . one of the well-bred doctor's "weaknesses" is fine clothes . . . . another is horse racing . . . . They Call Leo Numa the handsomest man in the wrestling game . . . . thought Jeemy, the Georgeous Greek, held that title too . . . . Someone says Chief Chewchki used to be a stable hand at a local dairy . . . . Others swear that the dusky Chieftain is a real gypsy prince of high education . . . . the Chief's first name is George and in case you're puzzled, Chewchki is pronounced Cha-wock'-ee.

Pete Schuh says his only vice is playing marble machines . . . . Ernie Dusek looks like Nat Pendleton . . . . Wonder how the Claire Trevor (blonde actress) and Sammy Stein affair is getting along . . . . Sammy was swell in "The Lost Patrol" . . . . Bill Middlekauff has played in several movies . . . . They won't let wrestlers wear white trunks in Texas.

George Cochrane was fined $2.50 for thumbing his nose at the audience . . . . Paul Jones certainly has a swanky car, a Studebaker roadster . . . . Joe Muhl, burly referee, has three race horses now . . . . If you don't think Pete Schuh has a wicked headlock, ask Pat Reilly . . . . Pete headlocked Reilly into unconsciousness and the M.D. refused to let Pat return for the second fall . . . . The new boys have invented some exciting holds . . . . f'instance Everette Kibbons does a somersault in front of his opponent and comes up with a version of Joe Savoldi's drop kick.

"Man Mountain" Dean is on the set of "The Mighty Barnum" (Wally Beery's latest picture) conversing with The Bearded Lady . . . . Dean reminds one of a baby blimp . . . . they say when the Mountain challenged any man in the audience at a recent match in Hollywood Andy Devine, screen comedian, jumped up to take him on . . . . Poppa Zaharias, whose little lad George is one of the roughest ruffians, has a sugar beet farm in Pueblo, Colorado . . . . Doctor Karl Sarpolis simply drips nonchalance . . . . have you ever noticed Lew Plummers' strut? . . . . down here they call lil Abie Coleman "Alley Oop," after the comic strip character . . . . What's happened to Casey Berger? . . . . Paul Jones, blond he-man, is the local Don Juan.

Charlie Strack played football with the Oklahoma Aggies 'n' the Colgate Red Raiders . . . . Is Pinky Gardner really the sheriff of Schenectady . . .Dorv Roche has returned to his native Ohio with his wife and baby daughter . . . . He was hurt quite badly recently in a fall from the ring . . . . Dutch Hefner, rough Texas boy, is another wrestler who took a nasty spill from the ring . . . . Dutch injured his head but he's back at the mat wars again . . . . Johnny Plummer is back from a barnstorming tour of Canada and is a certain young lady named Leona glad! . . . Round Indianapolis they call Karl Davis Big Boy Davis . . . . One-word descriptions: Ernie Dusek, colorful.

DIDJAKNOTHAT—Chief Chewchki recently bought himself a radio station in Evansville? . . . The Chief also boasts of a movie contract in Hollywood (wonder if he'll play King Kong?). Pat Reilly invariably starts a bout off by parking his gum on a convenient ring post? George Cochran was a math teacher, of all things? Everette Kibbons is no slouch when it comes to dancing; he usta be a professional?

Ernie Dusek and Orville Brown went two hours to a draw, and provided the very best entertainment in the line of wrestling seen here in many a moon. Orville took the first fall with a front flying scissors; Dusek took the second with a body slam; and they spent the rest of their two hours slugging in and around the ring. A dozen or so head-on tackles nearly finished them any number of times, but both being ver-ree hard-headed, they came around and started in again.

Marvin Westenberg has a swell spinning scissors similar to Brownings . . . . Have you ever noticed Marvin's resemblance to romantic John Boles? . . . Orville Brown keeps a set smile on his face while he's wrestling . . . . Lots of wrestlers wear glasses outside the ring. Among them are Karl Sarpolis, Leo Numa, Pat Reilly, Charley Strack, and Everette Kibbons.

* * *

IOWA WRESTLING NOTES sent in by Bill Hawkins follow:

Lots of wrestling news this month . . . . so hang on and be ready for anything to happen . . . . First, Max Baer, ye olde heavyweight champ, did his stuff as referee in Sioux City for the rassling fans, and knocked out one of the boys, Dutch Heffner, who was playing the main event with Jack Vincent, who, by the way, won the bout on a foul . . . . The other events saw Rough House Nelson score over Roland Mallot. During the match the law had to enter the ring and quiet the pair . . . . Arthur Von Saxon and Al Sparks drew . . . . Steve Savage won from Murrell Hogue. Down at Cedar Rapids—George Mack won over Rudy La Ditzi when Mr. La Ditzi used very unfair tactics. (This La Ditzi is a very bad boy) . . . . Arthur Von Saxon won on a foul from Whitey Grove . . . . Jack Vincent beat Bobby Wagner with a mean body slam.

At Shenandoah, Ia.—King Kong won over Chuck Wagner with rabbit punches . . . . Marshalltown, Ia.—Mike Brendel won two straight falls over Rudy La Ditzi and Jack Vincent held Abe Kaplin to a draw . . . . Mike Markoff threw Jack Zarmos out of the ring to win . . . . Oresto Vadalfi took a fall over Jack Sledge.

Des Moines, Ia.—Ernest Heffner threw Rud La Ditzi two out of three falls. Mike Brendel won from Abe Kaplan . . . . Jack Vincent and Mike Markoff went to a draw . . . . Jack Nelson and Jack Zarmos also drew . . . .

Atlantic, Ia.—Earl Wampler beat Rube Jackson . . . . Rollie Anderson tossed Harry Richardson.

Over in Dubuque, Ia., Bad Boy Brown took it on the chin from Stanley Buresh . . . . Buresh won the first and third falls with his kangaroo kick, and Brown took the second with a new tactic called the "rope swing kick." (Just another hold for the book).

LOOK AT THIS . . . . Spencer, Ia.—Seventeen years ago Jud Thompson and Billy Shober wrestled to a three-hour draw; for years both boys have been hurling challenges, and at last they have been rematched . . . . Outcome in next month's RING . . . . It has been one drop kick after another.

* * *

After a year's absence, Marshall Blackstock, petulant performer of the mat, returns to his native *(Continued on page 48)*

# FABLES *of the*

ALL right, call them "funny faces" if you like but don't we all love 'em, these nomads of the mat, these lovable rascals?

These darned old wrestlers are forever doing the unusual and, at times, the extraordinary. That's why we like 'em. And as for entertainment, theirs is about the best offered in the entire field of athletics, the most astonishingly diversified and original, eye-filling every moment of it, and if not always convincing, it at least sends one out into the night gasping and marveling at the tremendous chances they take to please the customers.

And that, too, for not always big pay. They have it on the fighting men in that they can, and do, work several nights in a week—some of them as often as five and six times, thanks to their willingness, frugality and the miraculous speed of air travel.

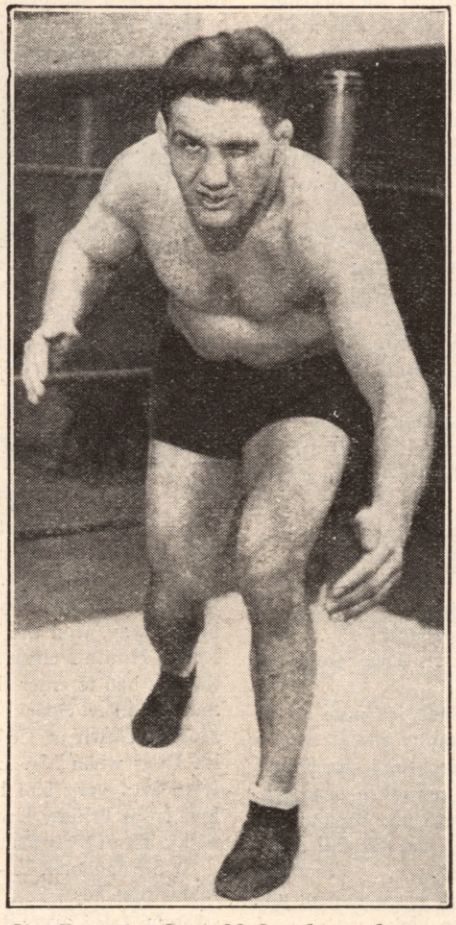
It would be just too bad if suddenly we had to do without our wrestlers. The world would seem void and stupid indeed. You might want to slay some of them for what they do to each other in the ring. But to know them personally is to love them, really. Dandiest lot of chaps in the world!

* * *

AND talk about the unusual, here's a case I want to tell you about that happened out in Los Angeles. And it actually happened, for I saw it afterwards.

A very healthy and quite lusty son of a wrestler was born a short time back *with a tin ear!* Yes, sir, cauliflower and the trimmings!

Fact, and don't laugh. The lad is the offspring of Mr. and Mrs. Tex Wright, Tex being, as you might guess, a product of the Lone Star state, and destined, we imagine, to be quite a wrestler in the very near future. He's a good one today, and being young and powerful has a fine chance to get places. Such a thing as ambition is well rewarded in the wrestling organizations. These executives of the game like men who are unafraid of work. Most of them are frugal and much mindful of the future. Did you ever see a wrestler who was broke? No, and you probably never will.



*Jim Browning has added to his real estate holdings by purchasing another ranch farm in Oklahoma—"Gentleman Jim" is protecting himself against the day when his wrestling days will be over.*

Scientists have scoffed at the idea that such things are hereditary but often they are. Tex himself got a nasty bad ear six months before the child was born. Mrs. Wright attended the wound for many days and finally got it back into a normal state. And the child today has the same sort of a marking! Tex got the ear in a bout with Vladek Zbyszko.

* * *

YOU'D expect something like that in the Wright family for they are a most unusual bunch. Tex comes from Dallas and his first name is Horace.

This handsome young blade, who is going to New York soon and will be seen in shows around there, comes of a family of giants. As a matter of cold figures, Tex, who is a trifle over six feet tall and weighs, in perfect shape, a matter of some 225 pounds, is the midget of the family; also the baby, or last-born, of four brothers and a sister.

Tex's daddy is Sieph Wright who was once captain of the Texas Rangers. He is a powerful man of six feet two and nearly 300 pounds and was champion of the state at one time. Incidentally he is half Indian, his father having been a full-blooded Cherokee.

The sister, who is married and living in Los Angeles, stands six feet one inch and weighs 240 pounds. One of the brothers is six feet seven and weighs 320. Another is 340—some family, you bet! And all of them are prominent, too. Tom is a judge in Texas, Phil is a police commissioner in the city of Houston, and Kim a cattle rancher, with one of the biggest tracts of land in that very extensive state.

* * *

TEX, kid of the family, decided he wanted to study medicine, so he picked out Southern Methodist of Texas as the place for an education. But he didn't finish his course, having a brain that was fairly brimming and swimming with athletics.

Right away it was found that Tex, despite his heroic size, was a mighty nimble chap on his feet and he got so he could turn 100 yards in ten seconds. It wasn't long before these assets, size and speed, attracted the attention of the argus-eyed football coach and he was out for practice in a hurry. He became a running guard and for a couple of years was regarded as an almost invaluable member of a team that included some great men, among them Billy Edwards, 200 pounds, and "Dutch" Heffner, 230.

They had not only some great football players but some excellent wrestlers in the school, among them the widely known Dick Raines, a 240-pound lineman. It so happened that immediately there started a sort of friendly armed neutrality between Wright and Raines and they battled like a pair of bobtail cats, and if you know your zoo stuff, you'll recall that bobtails are the most onery of any of the animals anywhere.

In fact, so vicious did this become, that on the eve of an important game the pair got into a heated altercation and Raines just naturally bounced a beer bottle off Horace's skull. Now, such things are not being done in our best football families, and the coach, Dick Travis, was so incensed that he refused to permit either of them to play in that game. And if you know your ambitious young football players, you will know that's the worst sort of punishment to dish out.

Most unchummy, too, for a couple of Methodist boys, don't you think?

Whether the incident of the beer bottle had anything to do with it or not, Tex does not say, but he quickly drifted into the wrestling game and after meeting some of the best of them, they decided he would do. Especially since he's a handsome chap and personal pulchritude is no small asset in this game.

So here he is, duly arrived, and I know you're going to like him.

The case of Tex is only one of many such in the field of athletics. It is not unusual for one son in a family, in which several others have gained fame, politically or otherwise, to decide to try his luck in sports competition and to make good from the start.

# FUNNY FACES

By THE SPORTSMAN

SPEAKING of air travel as being of great assistance to wrestlers in making quick jumps, recalls the fact that Jim Browning, former champion, is about the last of the great men of the ring to go for the new style of transportation.

In the eight years that the big chap from Missouri has been dashing about in many sections of this world, exhibiting that astonishing turnover scissors of his, he's become thoroughly metropolitan. His journeys took him on a long jaunt to Australia and New Zealand and he was quite a hit there. And he has canvassed the United States and Canada thoroughly.

But with all that, Jim prefers to stick to the automobile as the best means of moving about. He wears out about one machine a year and seldom gives thought to a railroad train. But airplanes—brrrrr-r-r-r-r—not for Jim. And not for the missus either. She travels with him extensively and attends to most of his business affairs.

It was a sad blow to Browning to lose Frank Smith, his former manager, who dropped dead one night in Cincinnati while in the act of counting a house. Frank was at one time sports editor of the *Chicago Tribune* and a fine chap personally. He and Browning were real pals and Frank's sudden passing cast a spell of gloom over the big man he has been a long time getting over.

And speaking again of the wrestler man's frugality, Browning recently put a considerable sum of money in a ranch farm in Oklahoma, just across the Missouri line near Joplin. In addition, he has a big establishment in Missouri and when idle for a time from the exigencies of the ring work, he can always be found among the cattle and up-to-date machines on the farm. He is spoken of as being a versatile farmer in every way, just as he has shown extreme versatility in the wrestling game.

* * *

ONE of the greatest little chaps in the wrestling game and to whose efforts is due the success of the game in Los Angeles, is Nick Amatuzio, who does all of the mat publicity for the Daro brothers at the big downtown Olympic arena.

Nick has been in his present job for quite some years now and has attained such an extensive historical knowledge of the racket that I doubt if there be a better posted human being in the world.

Not only is the little Italian one of the busiest of all publicity accelerators and a breezy mime but he has a lot of friends, being the most accommodating fellow on earth. If you want to have some nice things printed about your favorite wrestler, consult the amiable Amatuzio!

* * *

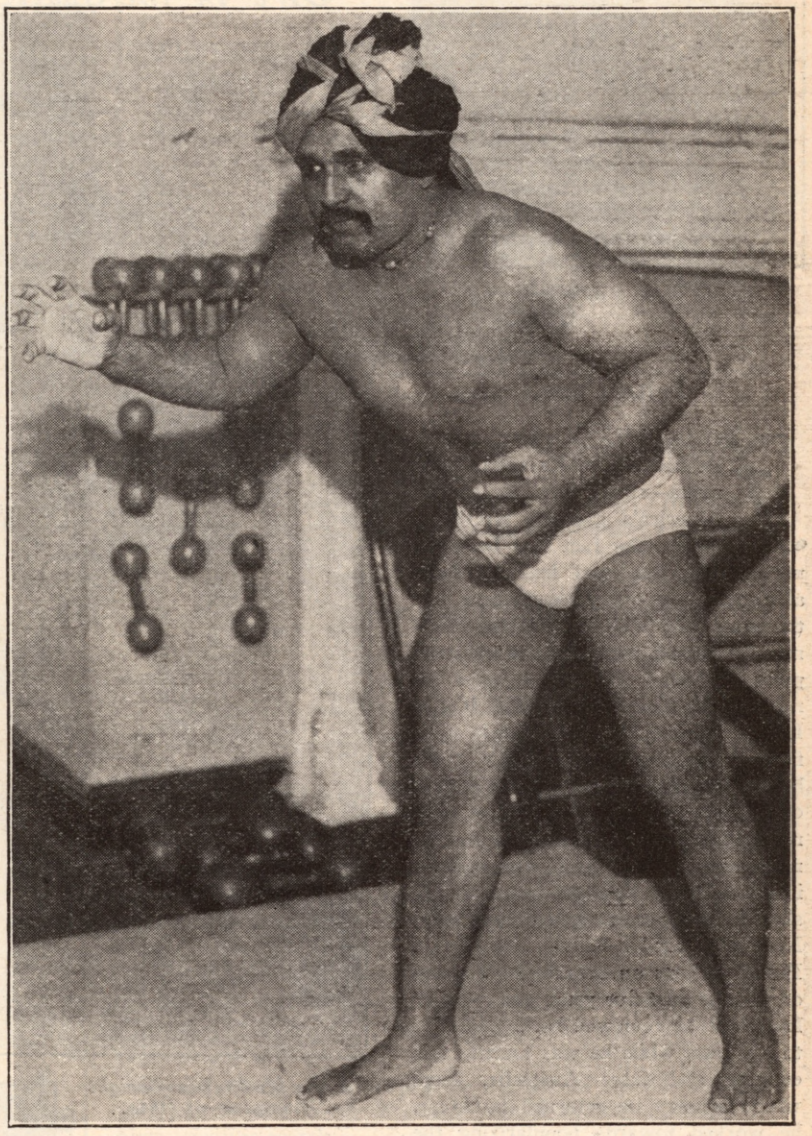
"TOOTS" Mondt has been exploiting a mighty good Hindu out in California arenas and he's one of the best looking wrestlers I've seen in "many's the day." He is sharply remindful of Yussiff Mahmout, the Bulgarian whom Antoine Pierre brought to this country twenty years or so ago. Please don't confuse this Mahmout with the Youssouff that William A. Brady showed, with such excellent results, way back in the more or less gay '90's. This latter chap was a huge animal of close to 300 pounds and after he had toured the country flopping everybody, including the original "Strangler" Lewis, whose name was Evan, he perished on his return trip to Bulgaria on the ill-fated French liner, *La Bourgoyne,* in one of the most terrible of sea disasters.

Pierre's Mahmout wrestled and was beaten by Frank Gotch, who afterwards used the man from the Balkans as a sort of buffer.

"Beat Mahmout and I'll wrestle you," was a Gotch slogan after that.

And as nobody could beat Mahmout, Gotch was left to pursue the even tenor of his way. Frank hated the grind of training for those international matches as no man I've known before or since hated the task of conditioning. It simply was positive torture to the big Iowan.

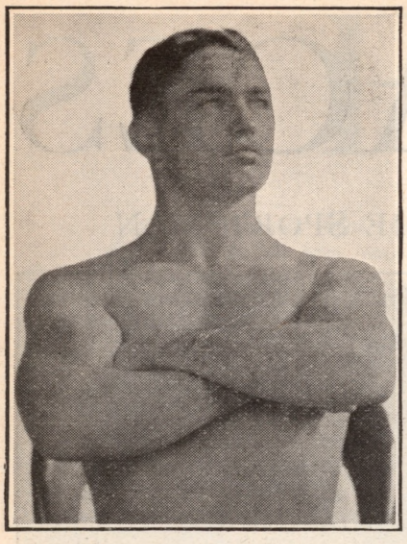
This East Indian whom "Toots" has on the Coast is Jaget Singh, who has competed often in the East, especially New York, but only recently made his first appearance on the Coast. He's as spectacular as all of the other Hindu wrestlers we've seen. He is said to have been a pupil of the mighty Gama and is bigger than most of the Hindu grapplers, weighing 220. Tactically, he's the best I've seen in a long time. He isn't up on the rough stuff so well but is learning the slaps and socks so frequently practiced by the Americans. His chief hold is what is known as the Hindu death grip.



*Jaget Singh, Hindu wrestler, a failure in New York but a huge success in California. The Coast climate seems to have changed many of the pachyderms for the better. Singh, like Dean, has been a hit in Los Angeles and San Francisco.*

# GETTING

*Short Biographical Sketches of the Wrestlers Who Are in the Spotlight in the Various Divisions*



*Bobby Pearce of Oklahoma.*

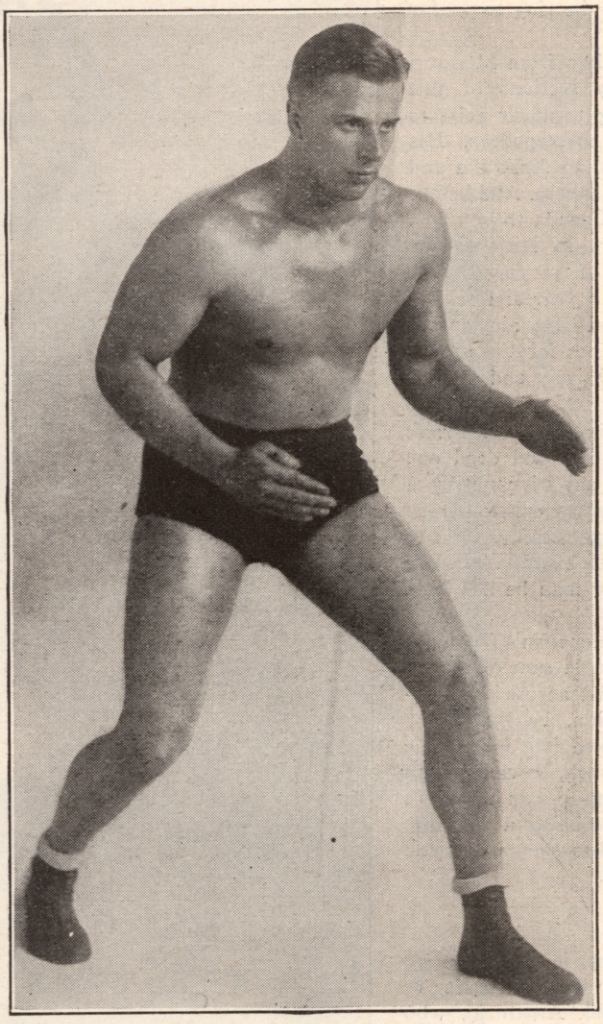
## John Pesek

JOHN PESEK—they call it Peshak out in Ravenna, Nebraska—stands out as one of America's greatest wrestlers, despite the fact that he holds no championship and has not been able to get any of the topnotchers into the same ring with him. If the truth must be known, then, from an unbiased point of view, THE RING goes on record with the statement that, if Jim Londos were to engage Pesek in a finish match, a new world's title-holder would be crowned in the person of the veteran Nebraskan. The only reason his name didn't appear in our rating in the last issue was because it was left out through an error. He should have been placed in Group No. 1 with Londos, George and Sherry. Pesek's efforts on behalf of wrestling during the past five years are too well known to be reviewed here. Suffice it to say that, while he was touring this country and later Australia, from which country he returned last year, he worked towards popularizing the sport wherever he appeared.

One reason why he has been ignored by members of the trust that has control of Londos and other stars is because he refuses to work according to orders and always insists on wrestling absolutely on the level. That, apparently, is too much for the members of the trust, because a bout with Pesek, fought on the level, would mean that Pesek would come out on top and that would not be according to Hoyle, so far as the Londos group is concerned. Pesek has always stood for the best interests of the sport—for real, honest-to-goodness wrestling—not the kind that pits Man Mountain Dean against Londos in a titular contest so that Jemmy can add another "victim" to his long list.

* * *

PESEK has been recognized for a number of years as the greatest speed boy in the heavyweight ranks. He knows every hold, and can use more holds than most of the other men who are appearing daily as topnotchers. If he were able to get matches with such matmen as Londos, Shikat, Browning, Lewis, Steele, Don George and others in the Curley-Bowser-Mondt-Packs group, he probably would be the world champion by this time. His army of friends throughout the Middle West, where he is well liked, have dubbed him the Uncrowned King of the Heavyweights, and well does he deserve that title.



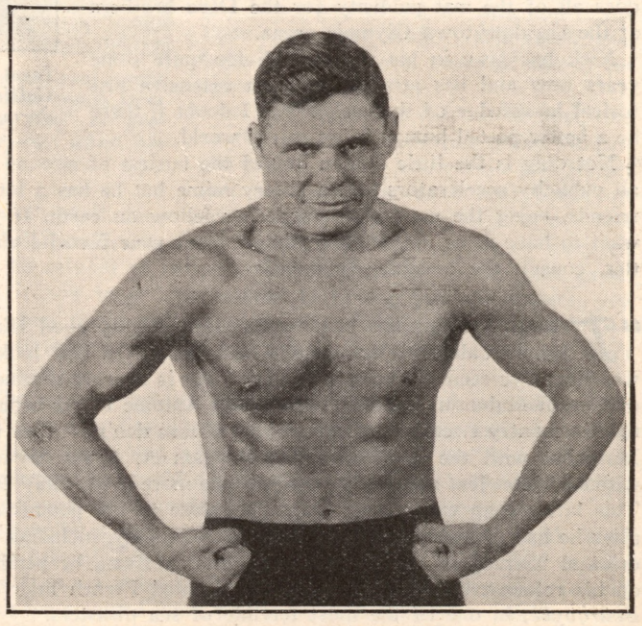
*Eddie Meske, heavyweight champion of Ohio.*

Pesek was born in this country thirty-eight years ago and has been in the sport for upwards of fifteen years. Last year he put in several months in Australia and literally took that country by storm. The Australians would be tickled to have him there again, so well was he thought of. He came back with a clean slate, and has had a clean slate in this country since his return.

He has started a campaign for a battle with Londos for the title, and has offered a certified check of five thousand dollars to the Greek Adonis if he will place his signature to a contract for such a match, but Londos has ignored the challenge. And so have all others in the Curley group. They will have nothing to do with the Tiger Man of Nebraska, generally given credit by sports writers throughout the Far and Middle West as being America's best heavyweight wrestler.

* * *

IN response to our request for sketches and photographs of wrestlers in all parts of the world, and in all divisions, we have received data and pictures from almost every sector where the



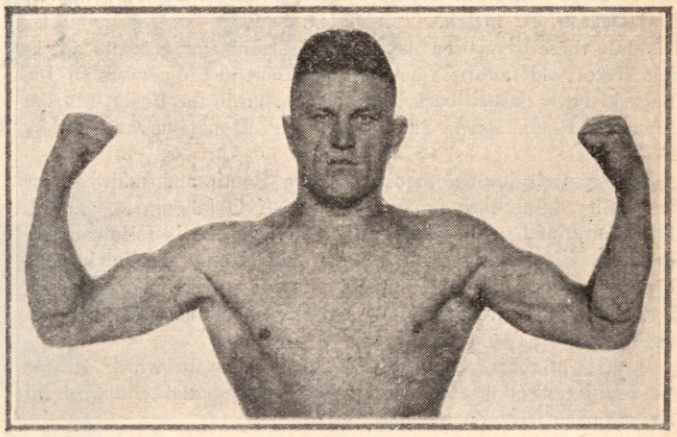
*Smiling Jimmy Hefner of Texas.*

# ACQUAINTED

*By* EMERY CLARKE

grappling game is being followed. From far-off New Zealand, Shanghai, Russia, England, Ireland, Italy, Germany, Buenos Aires, Mexico, Vancouver, and from every nook and corner of this country, an interest in wrestling, such as we little dreamed would be in evidence when our request was made, has been shown and we have been flooded with letters and sketches since this new department was started. We take this means to thank our readers and hope they will continue to send along copy and photographs for reproduction in "Getting Acquainted."

*Curley Donchin of Jersey City.*



*John Pesek, the Nebraska Tiger Man.*

One of our midwestern correspondents, George Williams, who knows his mat sport and mat artists, contributed the following sketches:

## Jimmy Hefner and Curley Donchin

IN the wrestling hotbeds of the midwest, lighter weight mat men have received greater attention during the past month. Most prominent were the activities of two new young men in the light-heavyweight division, "Smiling" Jimmy Hefner and Curley Donchin. These two, now the reigning favorites of the section, came hundreds of miles and from widely different environments to win their present laurels.

Hefner's home is Sherman, Texas, where for years he worked his father's ranch and dabbled in amateur wrestling. After winning the state middleweight amateur crown, he started a professional career with a carnival show which toured the Southwest for several years.

Finally, Jimmy's prowess and fame became such that he found it more lucrative to leave the show and, at present, finds himself among the first three or four foremost challengers for the light-heavyweight title.

On November 22, at Columbus, O., Hefner pinned the popular favorite, Stanley West, in one hour and thirteen minutes of an ultra-scientific match.

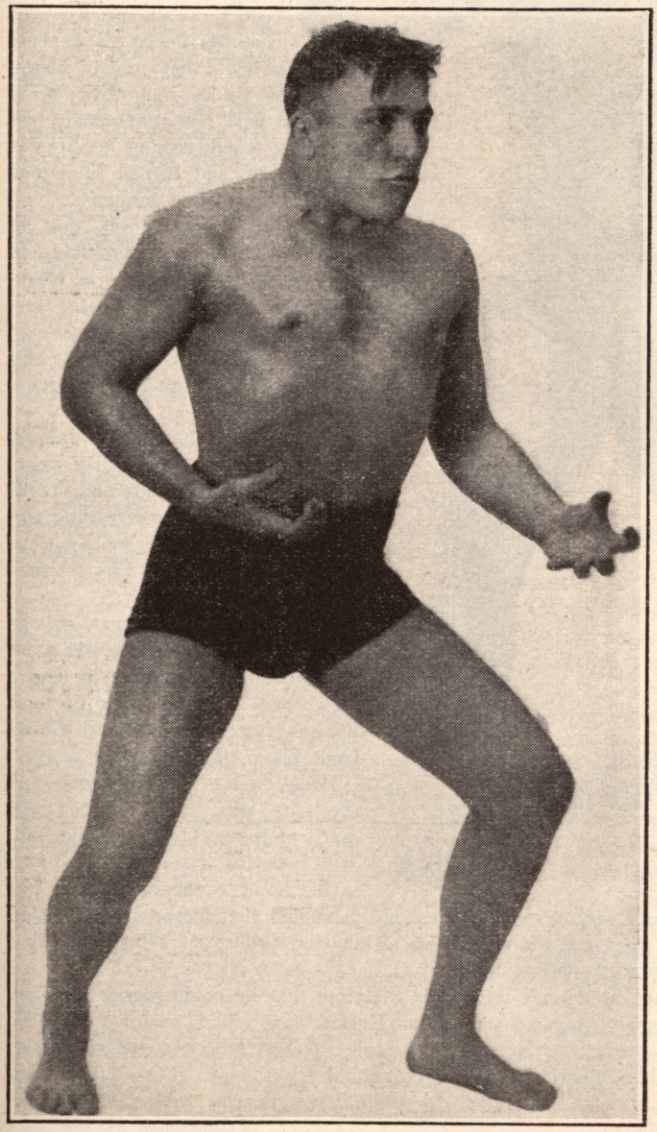
Hefner's favorite hold is known as the "Indian Choker Hold." He did not invent it, but learned it from the Mexican Indians. It is a peculiar grip which he applies with his feet, crossing them back of his opponent's neck and partially paralyzing him. Usually, as in the case of West, he starts it from an armstretch and doesn't make the opponent give up but pins him flat to the mat and holds him there.

On November 29, at Columbus, Jimmy rose to the heights when he held the unpopular champion, Midget Charlie Fischer, to a draw. He applied his Indian Choker four times and gave the champion one of the closest calls of his career and a generally unpleasant hour and forty-five minutes.

The fourth time that Jimmy tried his favorite hold, he had the count up to two when Fischer managed to scramble his legs under the ropes, forcing Jimmy to break the hold and depriving him of the title. The fans will flock to see them try it again.

* * *

CURLEY DONCHIN was born in Lund, Sweden, of Jewish parents and coming to this country in 1911, later excelled in boxing and only entered wrestling after he had been boxing instructor at the Jersey City Y.M.H.A.



*Paul Orth of Ohio.*

His success was immediate and his whirlwind style and pace already have brought him up with Fischer and Hefner in the title race.

On November 30, in Cincinnati, he defeated Hefner, the night after Hefner's terrific match with Fischer, and then took two out of three falls from Gorilla Parker, powerful Boston grappler, in a Dayton, O., match.

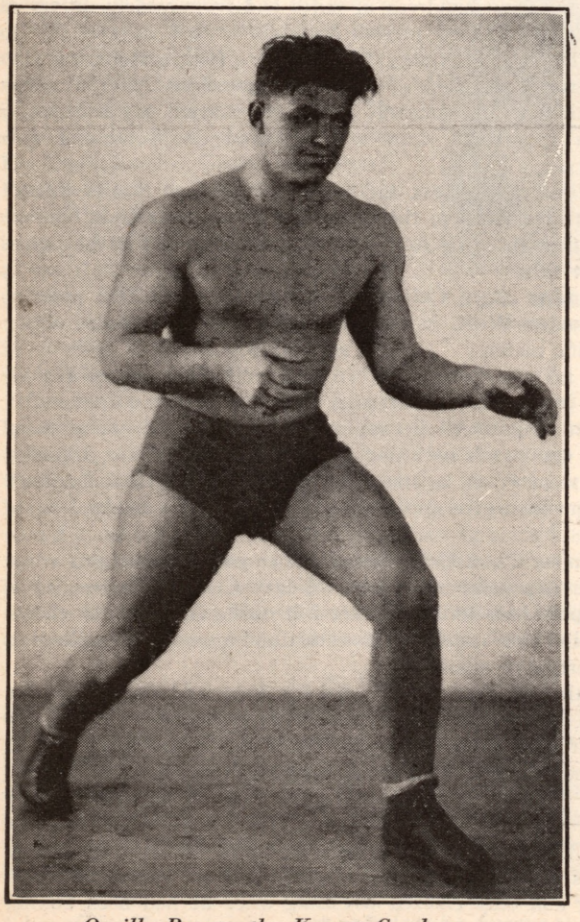
While these have been the most important engagements out in this sector, old favorites have been present in the persons of Joe Banaski (who dashed back from a campaign in the East), Marion Mynster, Robin Reed, Stacy Hall, Leo Donoghue and Bobby Pearce.

Pearce, well known throughout the South and midwest for his ability, is another famous product of Oklahoma A. and M. University, and in the welterweight division, he is following the footsteps of that other Oklahoma star, Leroy McGuirk, who last spring won a claim to the light-heavyweight championship, a kind of three-cornered affair, and has since apparently dropped from sight.

In 1932, Bobby captained the Oklahoma team which at that time had not been defeated in eleven years, and climaxed his sensational career on the mat.

He was the sensation of the Olympic games at Los Angeles. In quick succession, he defeated Atos Jaskari of Finland, Odon Zomboric of Hungary, and finally Joe Reid of England, to win the world's amateur title.

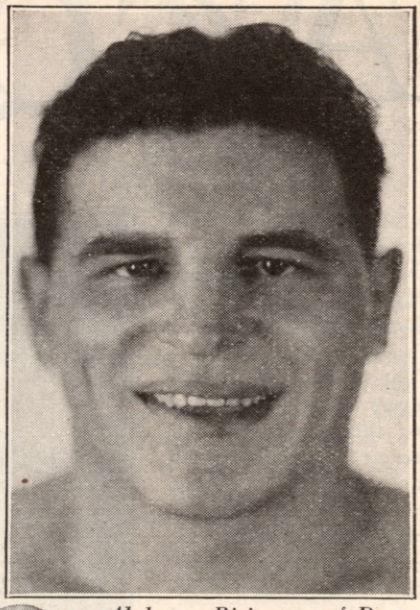
His professional success has been equally phenomenal, due to his aggressiveness and ability. Bobby is the game's greatest exponent of the flying head scissors, and is the only man who can execute that difficult hold without touching either ropes or his foe as an aid to setting the hold. When he gets the hold he stuns his opponent with the speed with which the grasp is executed.



*Orville Brown, the Kansas Cowboy.*

## Orville Brown

ORVILLE BROWN came to the professional wrestling game through wrestling steers and buffaloes for five years in some of the biggest rodeos in the West. He says that he tossed many a buffalo weighing anywhere from seven hundred to one thousand pounds. His record for throwing a steer is six seconds—that is, riding out from the chute on his horse and then diving for the animal's horns and pinning him. His reason for abandoning rodeo life, which he dearly loves, was because of the wholesale reductions in prizes. The cowboys never get expense money or salaries. They must always gamble for the prizes—but their being cut in half the past few years made him decide it wasn't worth risking his life for the small returns, and turned to a new sport for him—wrestling humans.



*Alphonse Bisignano of Des Moines, Iowa.*

*Rudy Strongberg, the German Adonis.*

Brown's biggest season was that of 1927 to 1928, when he won ten thousand dollars in rodeos at such places as Cheyenne, Fort Worth, Dallas, El Paso, Burwell, Kingman, Denver, and Kansas City. He was regarded as one of the best broncho busters and bull-doggers of them all.

Orville was born at Wallace, Kansas. He is twenty-three years old, weighs 224 pounds and stands six feet. He has been wrestling two years and of the 135 bouts he has participated in up to this writing, has only lost one.

During his rodeo career, just as a matter of exercise, he did a lot of wrestling. His first real pro match was against Allan Eustace, Kansas state champion, at Goodland, Kan., on September 2, 1932. It drew twelve hundred people and the gate was three hundred and sixty dollars. He won the fall. However, his first bout of all was in his home town, which only has a population of seventy-five persons. He promoted that himself. He charged fifty cents a head and the show drew a hundred dollars. It will be seen that it drew from surrounding territory.

Orville says he doesn't remember the time that he couldn't ride a horse. It was a farmer who had seen Allan Eustace and others perform (and, by the way, his name was Brown, too, Ernie Brown) who recommended that, because of his remarkable build, he should try the pro mat game. For a couple of years while learning to become a wrestler he worked as a blacksmith.

*(Continued on page 40)*

# Down Memory Lane with TOOTS

By THE OLD TIMER

HE'S a big blond man of distinctive appearance, somewhat monumental in build, the sort whose general mien and smiling ruddy face bespeaks immediate, sparkling good humor and plenty of it—Joe "Toots" Mondt, a real personality and rare character.

He's the typical outdoors man whose bulky legs instantly suggest former intimate acquaintance with the saddle and a tough bronco, and whose breezy manner, even in a calm parade of the boulevard, causes every neck to turn.

Those who don't know him want to. And you won't find a human being who ever knew Toots Mondt that didn't boast of it, and rejoice in just that little bit of betterment one feels after having realized the four tremendous mental dimensions of a great pal.

He's a city man now because his associations are cityward. His tastes will ever be with and of the great plains where he once rode herd and cursed and swore and lied and gambled, the life of a real cowhand—a regular he-man!

And then he got into the wrestling game!

Joe came to this earth like a blooded Percheron—with a foundation of tremendous bone and muscle and impeccable blood in great arteries that carried health and virility to every sixteenth-inch of that powerful frame of his. And the winelike air of the plains, the hearty life of herding cattle, and even the often necessarily tough rations of sowbelly and beans, hard tack and unsullied coffee, tended to make a real he-man of him, as it would of anybody with a hardy physical foundation, for that matter.

*Joe Toots Mondt.*

So Toots became a great wrestler!

To some that might mean a miscarriage of justice or a freak of fate, that twist of Kismet that turned an honest ol' cowboy into the devious ways and deviations of the picaroons of the merry old rassling racket. But it wasn't.

For let us say right now that all the world is better indeed for a great performer and a capable entertainer in any line of showmanship endeavor. The world would be a drab hunk of earth indeed were it not for such as Toots and other jubilant old rascals who have entertained us when spirits were low, and nothing else could get us out of the depths of despairing thoughts.

Toots led a happy life for he sensed that some day he might get to the top of the heap as a rassling man. Such stars as Farmer Burns and Frank Gotch and other early pioneers of the game, even some of the original occupants of wrestling's covered wagon that was creaking over uncharted plains told Toots that he was sure-fire, couldn't miss.

And the big breezy kid, with his lungs full of the inspired air of Colorado and the Wyoming plains, and his nostrils distended to the call of the athletic wild—what a man to turn loose on an otherwise unsuspecting public and a totally unprepared bunch of sophisticated wrestlers!

So Toots edged in and became, as the others gave a welcoming word, one of us.

But the happy Toots had his unhappy moments, many of them. A couple of cutely twisted bits of gristle that pass for ears attest to that. They might have dented Toots physically but all the kicks and slams and twists and power holds of a great generation of fiery and ungracious wrestling men never were able to put any dent in his native good-nature—or his business acumen.

Their only criticism was along that line—when it came to discussing championship material in the making, they tabbed Toots as lacking the killer instinct. He was laughing too much of the time, didn't care to bruise or maim or even dismay his fellow creature of the game.

"Hell, he'd turn his head away when roping a runaway calf," they said of him. Somehow, it seemed, the milk of human kindness that Toots exuded so plentifully didn't mix at all with the hard stuff that was necessary in the conformation of a mat champion. Just figuratively, you understand.

Toots liked his fellow man and it was with this feeling of good will and peace on earth that he strolled into a pretty good wrestling center far up into the then little-explored Northwest—a town called Bellingham that was just getting on the wrestling map, but was pay dirt for the tourist performer, the itinerant of the game, flitting hither and yon in nimble pursuit of the equally nimble and generally elusive kopec of commerce.

Just what odd little twist of circumstances got Toots into Bellingham that night he does not recall. But he found himself there and immediately was matched with a tall, gangling chap named Coleman. A few cautious inquiries brought out the fact that the town knew only a little of this Coleman person but that he claimed to be a pretty fair sort of grappler, and upon that representation, and the further fact that he spoke of a few big names in the game, the promoter took him at his word.

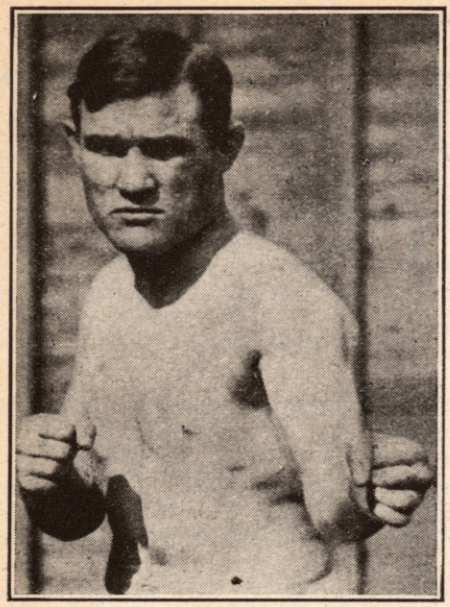
And lo, and behold! almost before Toots knew it, there was Mr. Coleman standing starkly and, as Toots expressed it, rather menacingly, right in front of him and clawing at Toots' then thick blond hair and salmon-pink skin. For it was winter and Toots had lost all of the previous summer's Indian tints.

"Ah, he wants to look tough," thought the speedy Toots, making a few fancy passes through the air that didn't mean a thing but were aimed as a sort of intimidating measure to calm whatever vulgar thoughts the Mr. Coleman might have in his rather stupid looking skull.

"I'll find out just how tough he is," thought Toots to himself, and he made a dash at the gangling, elongated and decidedly sparse form in front of him.

Never was a man so sorry for anything in his life as was Toots about three minutes after that. And I'm telling you the yarn just about as the merry Toots told it to me, himself, out in Los Angeles the other night, in a mellow mood.

That first rush of the Mondt physique brought a surprisingly prompt response from the freakish *(Continued on page 43)*



*Frank Klaus, one of the greatest middleweights of all time.*

# Bet *on* ONE, Rooted *for the* OTHER!

*By* ED. W. SMITH

IF you would be entertained with some great stories, of an old day, of this glorious ring sport, get our old friend George Engel in a mellow mood some evening and you will be well repaid.

George needs no preamble in the way of an introduction to those who have been at all fight-minded in the last twenty-five years or more. George has been about—quite some, and then some more. A great chap personally, he was, and doubtless still is, one of the greatest trainers and handlers of fighters that I can recall over an era or "stretch," as the boys at the bar call it, of upwards of forty-five years. That's a long time to be lookin' 'em over and commingling with 'em. It makes for good judgment in the matter of companionship. Hence my words about George Engel. He's a pal!

When I first knew this paragon of ring wisdom and shrewdness, he was exploiting one Frank Klaus, a hardy product of Pittsburgh and a young blade whose phlegmatic German blood made him one of the toughest of the rough-and-tough for any man's fighter to handle, once he got inside those strands and had a pair of gloves tied on those thick wrists of his. Frank was a middleweight and could do 158 pounds offhand, either full of good old lager, or empty, as events of the day might find him.

And he could put up a sterling battle either way; it mattered not to Frank. He liked his buddies and thoroughly disliked training, which is meant to sketch this grand old veteran carefully and not in the least unkindly. He couldn't help his Teutonic blood or the inborn fondness it gave him for that delightful product of the hop. Despite conviviality and all such, Frank loved to fight just the same. That likewise came from something within his makeup, or perhaps the general atmosphere of the smoky city of his nativity—whence came many's the great fightin' man.

* * *

GEORGE ENGEL later was one of the mainsprings in the career of Harry Greb, another native of Pittsburgh, and, as the years rolled on he was associated with Billy Gibson in the handling of some of the smashingly great men exploited by that dynamic person from the Bronx. Who of the metropolitan sector can ever forget Billy and his events at the Fairmount Club? No one!

But it is with George's connection with the Klaus lad, then in his early twenties, that we concern ourselves in this little narrative, a period of about twenty-two years ago, and chiefly with a most unusual incident that happened in that most unusual state of California where that word "unusual" has become almost a part of the commonwealth's constitution. Natives will tell you that any untoward incident like a sudden storm, or a quake, or a tidal wave, is unusual, or perhaps they'll tighten up the statement by saying the event is *most unusual.*

Anyway, Klaus, with the indefatigable Engel at the head of things and especially of the exchequer, was campaigning in the Bay District, where Jim Coffroth, one of the outstanding promoters of any day, was doing plenty of business in the fighting line. James Wood Coffroth later became a great man in the handling of racing affairs at the border and had a $100,000 turf event named for him. He has now retired and is living in great ease and comfort in the beautiful city of San Diego, near the scene of one of his greatest promotional efforts.

Engel and Coffroth became a little better than mere business associates. Engel liked the tremendous personality of the promoter, as indeed who couldn't? But they didn't always agree on the matter of the fighting worth of this one and that one, hence this unusual event of which I am writing. Coffroth had an idea, and it wasn't so far-fetched at that, that Jack Dillon was the best middleweight of that era and frankly expressed himself to Engel.

That made no difference to Engel and when there was a chance to get a Dillon match at Coffroth's Daly City club, just outside of San Francisco, it was snapped up in a hurry. That was in March of 1912, just thirty days after Klaus had put up a winning fight against that hardy bird known as Sailor Petrosky, who also came from Pittsburgh. (Strange, isn't it, how that town produced so many sterling warriors?)

* * *

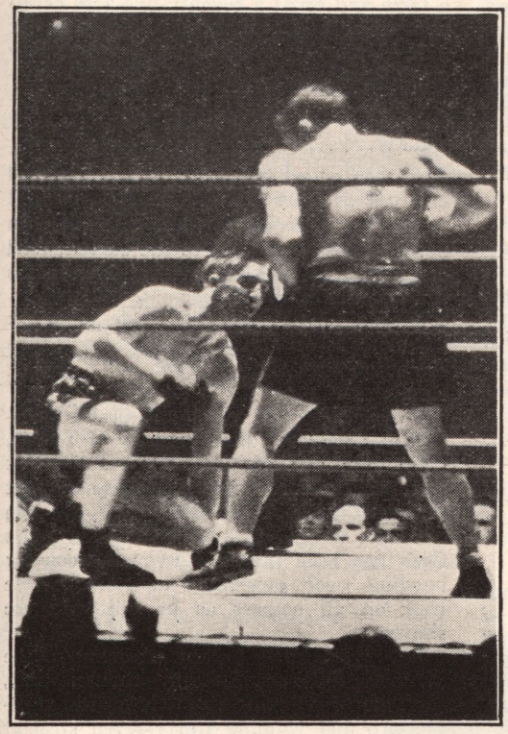
KLAUS was a big hit after that, and the match with Dillon, for the middleweight championship of the country—which practically meant the world at the time, barring only Les Darcy of Australia, who was a prominent contender—attracted widespread attention. But alas for the promoter, the day turned out chilly, with intermittent showers, and it didn't draw as well as expected, registering one of Coffroth's decidedly few losers. That grand old-timer, Jack Welsh, was referee.

Unbeknown to anybody outside the immediate camp, Klaus entered the ring with a bad right hand—the first time in his long career that he had had knuckle trouble. But it didn't faze that sturdy Teuton and away they went. Engel had counseled a slow beginning for Frank because of the chill in the air and the tardiness with which he generally got into the full swing of fighting. As a result of this Dillon began to take a big lead, much to Klaus's disgust.

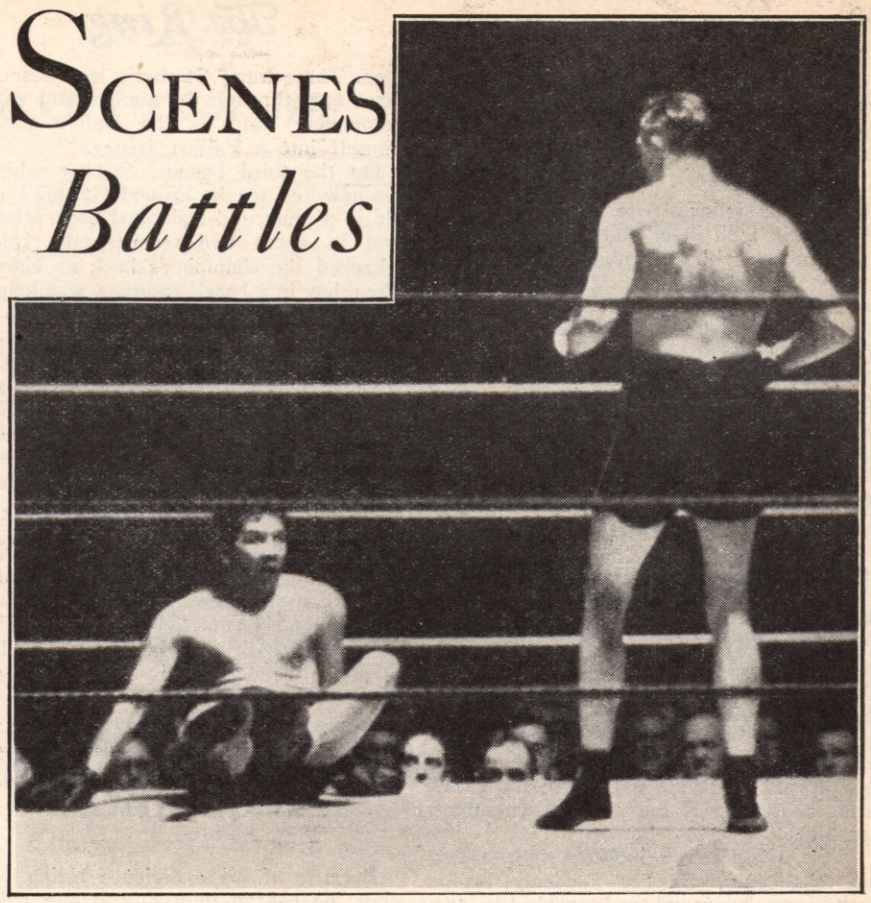
"This fellow will think I can't fight at all," Frank complained when he returned to his corner at the end of the third round, "so I'm going out now to show him I can, what do you say?" and he looked up at Engel with a dangerous glint in his eye. George immediately gave consent, knowing it was no time to argue with a man who wanted to fight but had shackles on.

So away they went, Klaus going after Dillon's ribs in rapid fashion. This didn't please Jack at all *(Continued on page 43)*

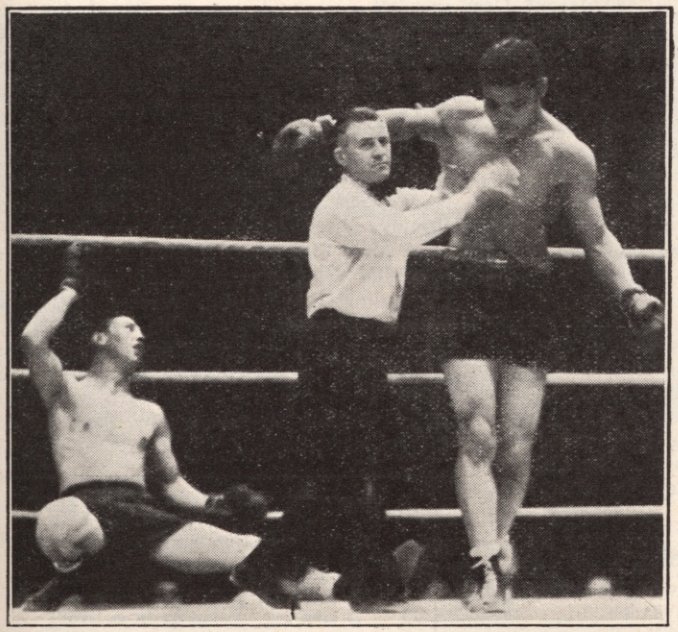
# Unusual Scenes *in Recent Battles*



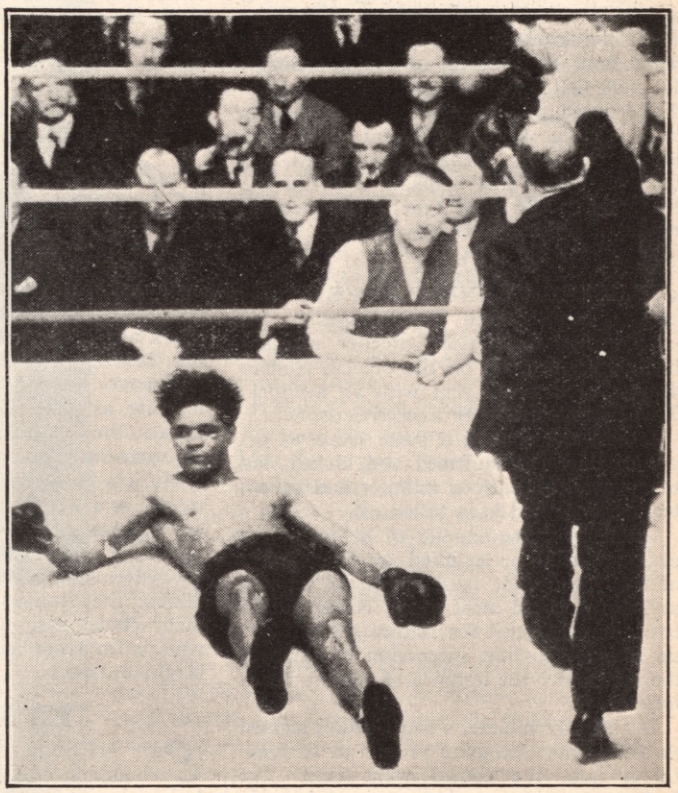
*Jack Peterson, the Cardiff Giant, British heavyweight king, seen on the canvas in second round of his fight with George Cook. Peterson slipped.*



*George Cook, the veteran Australian, went down but refused to stay down in his bout with Jack Peterson at the Albert Hall of London. Cook lasted the fifteen rounds, but lost the verdict. Here we see the Australian in bad shape on the canvas.*



*Joe Louis, Negro heavyweight, is shown as referee sent him to his corner, after he sent Lee Ramage to the canvas in their Chicago bout, for a knockout in the eighth round.*



*Kid Tunero of Cuba on the canvas, after a right hook crashed to his jaw at Manchester, England. The blow was delivered by Jock McAvoy, leading British middleweight.*

# From Milo to Londos

*(Continued from page 27)*

any worthy fellow. After cleaning up in the South, both in exhibitions and in the titular match with Browning, the champion headed north and, in his first match, tackled Renato Gardini in the Seventy-first Regiment Armory. The bout took place nine days after the Browning mill, February 21, 1927, and drew a packed armory. Gardini, at the time, was one of the best wrestlers from across the Big Pond exhibiting his wares in this country, and had a big Italian following who cheered him to the echo throughout the match. He had a big margin on the Nebraskan until Joe actually pinned him and that brought great joy to the Italian's supporters.

The bout was the most thrilling staged in New York that winter. Gardini was below his best weight, scaling only 192 pounds against the 212 of his defender. For the first twenty-two minutes, Gardini had Stecher down on the mat eleven times and looked like a sure winner. He clamped every kind of a hold on the title-holder, and proved to the satisfaction of the gathering that he was a master of wrestling technique.

Then, when things looked brightest for the challenger, Stecher suddenly broke loose, swung around and grabbed a toe hold on Gardini. It wasn't exactly the kind of a hold he wanted most, but helped considerably. A twist and a groan kept the crowd on edge for about ten minutes, during which time Renato couldn't break loose. When he did free himself, he had lost much of his confidence, for he had learned that the champion could hurt him.

Then followed some stand-up wrestling and this monotonous style was broken when the crown-wearer got his crushing legs about the midriff of the challenger. He held this for three minutes, when Gardini learned that he could lessen the grip by a simple process. He sat down and locked his hands beneath his knees and the Nebraskan was helpless in furthering the attack under that type of defense. It rendered the body scissors useless.

* * *

REFEREE ERNEST ROEBER was tossed when Gardini got to his feet and, while Stecher momentarily looked down on the official, Renato dragged Joe to the mat with an armlock. This he followed with a head scissors.

It cost the champion some pains to get out of this. He squirmed and kicked, but to no avail, until four minutes and seventeen seconds had been tolled off.

Stecher's entire number of holds for the evening could be counted on the fingers of both hands. He used his famed scissors and the toe hold most often. Never did he bestir himself until the Italian speeded him up into a whirling succession of flops to the mat under the urgence of reverse headlocks.

In that last minute, when Gardini started thrashing the champion around at so fearful a rate, the crowd went wild. The Italian element tossed paper and hats in the air, thinking the championship was about to be won by one of their countrymen. Three times Stecher's legs described large arcs through the air, to land with a resounding thud as the Italian worked himself into a Fascist frenzy.

On the third bounce, Stecher whipped his new red trunks around Gardini's middle in a plain, old-fashioned body scissors, and in about five seconds, the referee whacked the champion's back as Gardini, like a boy in a bear's embrace, was helpless while Stecher poked his shoulders to the canvas long enough to count a fall.

The crowd, which favored the Italian, couldn't believe it, and for seven solid minutes, the hoots and whistling were deafening, while Jim Londos and Dick Daviscourt waited for their announcement. Thus ended Stecher's first big match in New York since regaining the title.

Following that contest, Stecher appeared in several other bouts in New York City during the year, but the only contests of any consequence were those with Wladek Zbyszko and a return engagement with Browning, both of which were thrillers. Of those we shall tell in detail in the next issue.

# Getting Acquainted

*(Continued from page 36)*

Because of his experience riding bronchos, he has an unusually strong pair of legs and specializes in the "flying scissors."

## Rudy Strongberg

RUDY STRONGBERG, the wrestler who has been dubbed the German Adonis Down South, is making quite a hit in Florida. He is a popular fellow and packs 'em in in Miami, Jacksonville, Tampa and other Florida sections. Rudy may not be as finished a grappler as many of those who are seen in the North, but he knows his holds and can apply them.

## Alphonse Bisignano

ALPHONSE BISIGNANO of Des Moines, Iowa, Italian parentage, boxed, or shall we say fought, seventy-eight winning fights out of a total of eighty-six. He is twenty-one years old and, since his arrival in the East, has had twenty-one consecutive victories. Several fight managers are casting their wily eyes for this fine looking, bronze-statue gladiator, but Bisignano has no aspiration to continue fighting as Babe Carnera, and prefers to stick to the rough and tumble and the catch-as-catch-can game.

He has decided that he can make more money as a wrestler than he can as a fighter, and has cast his lot with the matmen. Alphonse has joined the Curley group of pachyderms and, because of his popularity among the Italians, he has been getting many choice assignments. Although Bisignano is far from being a topnotcher, he has bright prospects.

## Ed Meske

ED MESKE, heavyweight wrestling champion of Ohio, which title he won last summer from Charlie Fox, was born at Akron, Ohio, of German-American parents. He is twenty-six years old, stands six feet two inches and weighs 215 pounds. He has been wrestling professionally five years. He went to Wittenberg College, Springfield, Ohio, and played guard and tackle on the football eleven and was also on the wrestling team.

He worked as a salesman for office equipment and also in a rubber factory as a tire builder. He was born and raised on a farm and owns a seventy-five-acre development near Akron, where he goes in for general farming every year when not busy on the mat.

## Paul Orth

TEN years ago a massive boy of seventeen edged his way through a crowd in front of a wrestling tent of a carnival down in a little Ohio town. "I'll take him on, Mister," he shouted to the barker, "and don't forget I get the twenty-five dollars if I stay the limit."

Within ten minutes the pride of Stark County was on his shoulder blades. That's the way Paul Orth started his wrestling career.

His opponent on that memorable occasion was the late Johnny Herley of Toledo, Ohio, and one of the best welterweight wrestlers in the country. Herley thought the big kid showed promise, and gave him his start later in the year. For ten years Orth has been traveling over the country bowling over opponents at random. He took on all comers as he did with the shows.

Leroy McGuirk, present claimant of the N.W.A. light-heavyweight championship, took his first licking from Orth after turning pro and winning thirty-seven straight matches. Orth is not a college graduate and he didn't learn his grappling on the gridiron, but Paul Orth, who is Toledo's "bad boy," has shown the populace that his diploma of hard knocks is just as good as, if not better than, anything Savoldi or any other collegian can show them.

Orth learned the tricks of the professional as a strong man. He is 28 years old. He was born in Huron, Ohio, and moved to Justus, Ohio, when he was ten. There he went to high school, played fullback on the football team, and was a member of the school's wrestlng team. It was there he got his chance in the carnival, finally signing up and traveling with the Walter L. Main Circus.

Orth's dad is a railroad man and the elder Orth had ambitions of seeing his son follow in his footsteps. He got Orth a job as a brakeman on the same railroad, but after one year of that, Paul quit his job and went in seriously for professional wrestling. He was a success from the start and after serving his apprenticeship as a prelim wrestler, he went into the big show, and has met some of the leading light-heavies in the game. Orth was rated tenth leading light-heavy by the N.W.A. in its last rating.

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# How Champions Pass From the Picture

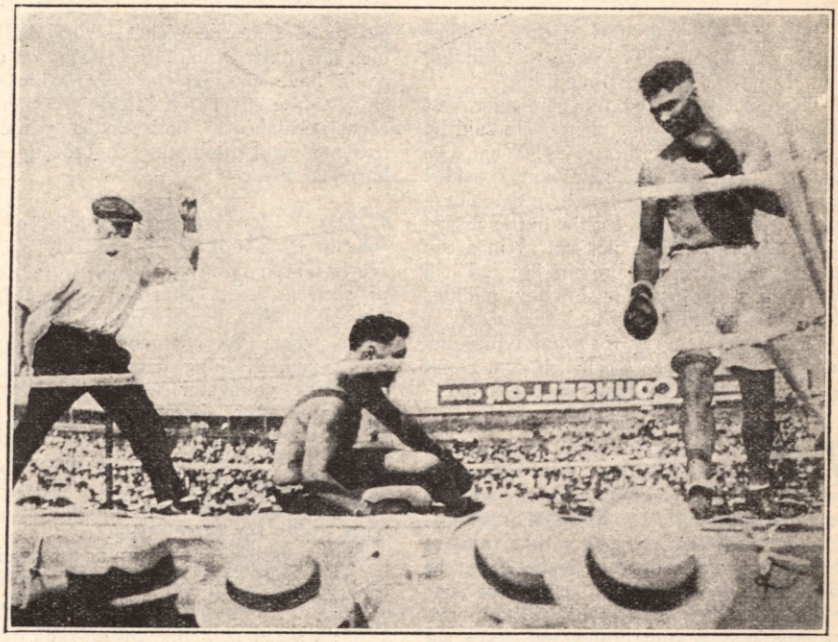
(Continued from page 22)

making a comfortable fortune, and, so far as the honor of the thing was concerned, it is probable he had few regrets when he lost the title to Primo Carnera on a six-round knockout in 1933.

Big Carnera had a tough row to hoe from the day he won the crown, for, in addition to being a foreigner, his mammoth size always won sympathy for the other fellow when he performed before an American crowd. Yet he should be given credit for willingness to defend his title far in excess of that manifested by his predecessors, as he met and defeated Paulino Uzcudun in fifteen rounds the same year that he won it.

Nor did he dally by the wayside when asked to take on Max Baer, then outstanding challenger by virtue of a decisive knockout of Schmeling on June 8, 1933. It was an unlucky venture for Primo, as it proved, for the referee called a halt when the giant was on the verge of collapse, as a result of Baer's whirlwind, two-handed attack. But the battle was rich in melodrama just the same, due principally to the colorful Baer, whose keen sense of the dramatic led him to the execution of a number of fantastic antics which not only bewildered his mentally inferior antagonist, but aroused the enthusiastic plaudits of the onlookers. It was a great theatrical show.

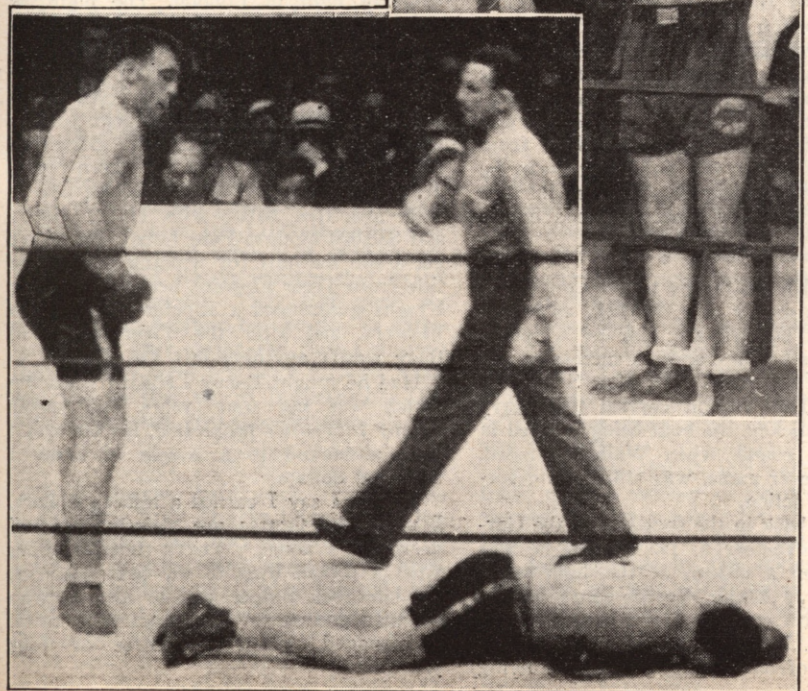
* * *



*Jess Willard took an awful shellacking from Jack Dempsey. He went down seven times in the first round and refused to come out for the fourth round, thus being the first champion to yield while sitting in his corner.*

CARNERA in private life is a well-behaved chap, devoted to the most simple pleasures, a giant in heft, but a boy at heart, docile in training, and an easy proposition for his handlers to deal with. As for the present champion, Max Baer, who loves to "play to the gallery" in and out of the ring, is probably the greatest playboy who has ever held the world's heavyweight title. This is not meant to infer that he follows the roaring barroom trail along which John L. Sullivan rolled defiantly to his professional doom.

*Jack Sharkey landed on his face and was counted out while in that position in his bout with Carnera which sent the heavyweight title to Italy.*



Liquor has no attractions for Max, except in reasonable measure as a minor social side issue. But how he loves the spotlight, the lure of music, the dance, the Venus offerings laid at the championship shrine by innumerable lovely ladies! He is the despair of trainers, who find it difficult to make him take his conditioning stunts seriously. It will be remembered that while preparing for Carnera, Commissioner Bill Brown visited the Baer training camp and waxed exceeding wroth over what he termed the "poor shape" of the challenger. Indeed, so firmly convinced was Brown that Baer's bad condition would make him a sacrifice to Primo, and cheat the public out of the kind of hard-waged battle it had a right to expect, that he wanted the affair postponed.

Brown was overruled by his colleagues on this point and, as it proved, Baer was plenty good enough to whip Carnera decisively.

It's the "soft living" again, which brought disaster to so many kings of the squared circle in the past. And when Max Baer goes down to defeat, as he inevitably must some day unless he emulates Tunney by retiring in time to escape the usual fate of champions, it will probably be owing to the lack of that hard, elastic condition which alone can withstand the wear and tear of tense, racking combat between the ropes.

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[*Arthur Lumley wrote this story and several others for* The Ring *just before he became seriously ill eight months ago. The veteran scribe, fight promoter and manager of John L. Sullivan, has been bedridden in his home, 36 Park Place, Brooklyn, New York, since last April. He is now in his seventy-sixth year. Arthur will be pleased to have his army of old-time friends write to him.—Editor's note*]

# Mickey Walker, the Toy Bulldog

(Continued from page 7)

"'Hey,' I hollered. 'I'm Mickey Walker and that's Harry Greb. We're just kidding a bit. Don't hit us with that thing.'

"The officer checked the persuader, but went on to bawl us out plenty. He said he never had heard of either of us! What d'ye think of that, and the newspapers loaded with stories about our tough fight! There was no more argument, for the flattie chased us off his beat. I then put Harry in a cab and told the driver to take him home. I had only been in my own house a few minutes when Greb called me up and announced:

"'Mickey, I'm sorry for what I just did, but always remember I can lick you. Don't forget that!' And he hung up the phone!"

* * *

THE foregoing instance of Walker's activities outside the ring is characteristic. The joyous Celt was forever bumping into some sort of an imbroglio as he gaily trod the primrose path in pursuit of pleasure, and much the same might be said of the departed Greb. Doubtless such frivolity deserves the frowns of the moralists, and maybe some folks may take the opportunity to point out that our ring champions today are better behaved. Granting this for argument's sake, we strenuously deny that they are better, or even as good, scrappers as the brigade of the Old Guard to which Greb and Walker belonged. Pound for pound, where will you find the equal of either among the latest stars of the arena? Echo answers—"where?"

Of course, there were many sensational yarns printed about Mickey, for which there was slight foundation. It has ever been so with pugilists of note who liked to disport themselves gaily, without regard for the conventions. In John L. Sullivan's time the champion was continually reported as engaged in rough-and-tumble scraps, while under the influence of hooch. Occasionally the stories varied a bit by making Sullivan the victim of a knockout at the hands of some ordinary citizen who didn't know him, and was scared to death on discovering that he had nailed the mighty John L. These tales were made up of whole cloth, but they were duly published as news items and the public at large believed them.

* * *

ON one occasion, the daily papers played up a knockout supposed to have been administered in a New Jersey lunch-room to the then middleweight champ by a customer whom he offended. What really occurred was that Mickey, accompanied by Kearns, en route for his home in Shrewsbury, stopped at a lunch wagon in Red Bank. As they came out they were met by a friend of Mickey's, who was loaded to the guards, and consequently gay of spirit. As Mickey extended his hand in greeting, the bibulous one playfully swung an uppercut which landed on the fighter's chin.

Caught off balance, Mickey staggered back against an iron picket fence, and a spear-head top came in contact with his forehead, above the right eye, inflicting a laceration. Manager and boxer hurriedly sought a doctor's office, where the injury was attended to. The physician said that the right eye would probably have been destroyed had the picket struck half an inch lower. In which case nothing on earth could have checked the publication of a story to the effect that Mickey Walker had been permanently half-blinded while intoxicated and attempting to beat up some harmless bozo.

* * *

WALKER first saw the light of day in Elizabeth, N. J., on July 3, 1901. He has been fighting since 1918, a matter of sixteen years. Starting as a featherweight, he met disaster in one of his early bouts, when Phil Delmont stopped him in one round. Nothing daunted by this setback, the youngster went on milling to such good effect that only two years later he whipped Jack Britton and annexed the welter title. Subsequently he became embroiled in difficulties with the State Athletic Commission, which kept him out of New York rings for three years.

He reappeared in Gotham as a participant in the battle with Greb, already referred to, which took place on July 2, 1925. On the following September 21, he successfully defended his title in a fifteen-round battle with Dave Shade. He lost the welterweight championship on a point decision to Pete Latzo in 1926, and was later stopped by Joe Dundee in the eighth round of a bout in the Garden which was halted by the referee.

This untoward happening sent Walker into temporary retirement. He decided to abandon the welter division, convinced that the strain of making weight had weakened his vitality, betook himself to the Maine woods for a rest, and went through a siege of outdoor Nature training. With Jack Kearns as his mentor, he went in pursuit of the middleweight title, which he won by taking a ten-round decision over the clever Tiger Flowers, the colored boxer who then topped the 165-pound class.

Kearns then accepted a match for Walker with Tommy Milligan, the Scotch laddie, and king of British middleweights. They met in London on the night of June 31, 1927, and Mickey, fighting at top form, pounded his opponent so mercilessly that the towel was thrown in by Milligan's seconds in token of defeat. That Milligan was no ordinary boxer may be imagined from the fact that in the following year he knocked out Maxie Rosenbloom in nine rounds, a feat never accomplished before nor since.

* * *

AFTER his failure to lift Loughran's light-heavy title, Mickey, as before mentioned, essayed the task of whipping Simon-pure heavies, and his success in this line led to his match with Max Schmeling in 1932. The Teuton carried too heavy guns for Mickey, the bout being stopped in the eighth round, when Walker, blinded, gory, but ever game, was still reeling forward into action.

He was back in the spotlight at the Garden on November 3, 1933, when he was again given a chance at the lightweight title, then in Maxie Rosenbloom's possession, but lost on points after fifteen rounds of milling. It was only too apparent that the years of hard fighting and easy living had finally taken toll of Mickey's once superabundant vitality, a fact made only too manifest when he was beaten the other day by Paul Pirrone, a tough boy, but who would have been a gift for the Mickey Walker of other days.

Back in 1930, Walker's fortune of $250,000, accumulated after long years in the ring, was taken from him by a court decision in a divorce case, which made an opulent money settlement on his wife, but left the boxer virtually penniless at the time. However, losing filthy lucre in large wads is an old story to Mickey.

* * *

JUST prior to the Rosenbloom battle of last year, Francis Albertanti, the Garden's publicity sharp de luxe, paid a visit to his old friend Mickey in the latter's comfortable home on Sycamore Avenue, Shrewsbury, N. J. The pair sat by the glowing fireside, and Francis, who has known Mickey since the latter first appeared in public, watched sympathetically as the erstwhile welter and middleweight champion burned up one million dollars in cancelled checks, his end from a couple of hundred odd battles fought over a fifteen-year period.

Francis reports that Mickey only smiled a rather melancholy smile as the burning embers swallowed up the sea of white paper.

"Well, what of it?" Mickey mused. "I had a good time, brought up a nice family, saw the world, met some of the swellest people anyone would care to know, and now that I'm broke I'm getting ambitious. If I am licked Friday night, it means I might as well hang up the gloves. Then I'll have to go out and look for a job. It's tough to be minus the old coin, but I tell you truthfully I haven't a kick coming. What's the use of crying over spilt milk?"

Walker revealed that the largest purse he received was $120,000 from the Tommy Milligan fight in London. The night he turned back Dave Shade at the Yankee Stadium for the welter title netted him a cool $100,000. He made $90,000 from two hard-fought struggles against Ace Hudkins, and $30,000 in three fights with Johnny Risko. He got $50,000 against Loughran in Chicago; $28,000 from the fifteen-round draw with Sharkey; $25,000 in the never-to-be-forgotten battle with Harry Greb; and $30,000 against Pete Latzo. He didn't get a sou marquis for winning the middle title from Tiger Flowers, because Manager Kearns guaranteed a stipulated amount to Flowers, and after the Tiger was paid there wasn't anything left for Mick.

Had he fought Benny Leonard when the match was hot some years ago, under Jimmy Johnston's promotion, his bit would have amounted to a couple of hundred thousand dollars.

"When I say I earned a million dollars, I mean the figures are strictly correct," declared Walker. "That's not counting what I forked over to my first manager, the late Jack Bulger, and to Kearns, who has managed me for nine years. You know, I managed myself for three or four years!"

# Bet On One, Rooted For Other

(Continued from page 38)

and in the sixth, accidentally or otherwise, he opened Klaus's eye with a butt. Welsh immediately stopped the battle and warned Dillon that if he did that again he would give it to Klaus.

"Well, you're the referee," was the only answer Dillon could make, and as Welsh turned to Klaus and ordered the fight to proceed, he added:

"If he's going to make that kind of a fight of it, you can do the same for all of me," and the battle was on again.

They're still buzzing about that fight around San Francisco even though it happened twenty-two years ago. Old-timers will tell you still that it was one of the hardest ever seen in that home of great fistic encounters. It went along evenly here, then, with Dillon in the ascendency in spots and Klaus making those whirlwind spurts for which he was so noted.

* * *

NOW comes the strange part of it all. Coffroth, still convinced that Dillon was the better man and facing the prospect of making good a deficit at the gate because of the bad weather, got to one of the big bookmakers at the ringside and asked him to lay a price. "For you, Jim, I'll make it 10 to 7 on Klaus," was the reply.

"All right, I'll bet you $1,400 against $2,000 that Dillon wins," said Coffroth hurriedly. Then he moved around and took a seat in Klaus' angle of the ring. That all happened in the fourteenth round. Two rounds later, Klaus suddenly rallied with an unbeatable spurt and quickly had Dillon in a wobbly condition.

"Send him in again, George!" Coffroth yelled at Engel. "He can stop Dillon sure!"

And that from the promoter who stood to lose a bet of $1,400 and a whole lot more when the gate receipts were counted and the pay-off made!

And that's the way it ended, with Klaus quite a way out in front despite his bad hand and at the end of the twentieth session Welsh raised the Pittsburgh man's hand. Coffroth merely said he was delighted that his friend Engel had won, not only because he liked George but because Klaus undoubtedly was the better man, that day at least. All of which goes to show just what sort of a big man Jim Coffroth really was.

But before and after that stirring encounter, Engel always insisted that Frank was Jack's master. They had gone six rounds to no decision before that in Pittsburgh and later, after the San Francisco dust-up, they went ten more in New York and still another ten in Indianapolis, Dillon's home town, also sans decision.

* * *

ONE amazing fight made Frank Klaus in New York City, in 1908, a fight that Tad Dorgan and Bob Edgren wrote of several times afterwards as one of the most astonishing they ever had witnessed. Kid Williams had been disposing of some good men in the metropolitan district and Engel chose him for Frank's début, a match that indicated that Engel and Klaus feared none of them. The smart ones told Engel that Williams would knock Frank's head off. And he came near to doing it.

For three rounds, Williams jabbed and hooked the newcomer until it looked as if Klaus would be fairly slaughtered. But Klaus kept boring in and in the fourth round had Williams backed over the ropes. Just then Williams winked at Tad in the press row and said:

"About a dollar a dozen for bums like this!"

Just as he said that, Klaus let fly with a right that landed full on the chin and Williams went out like an incandescent. They were three hours bringing him back to his senses and thought for a while he might never return. But the battle ended his career. He wasn't worth a dime afterwards.

One night in Boston, back in 1910, Klaus gave another remarkable display of his German efficiency. In no shape after a roistering time, he was matched with the then-great Frank Mantell. It got so bad in the first six of the ten rounds that Engel had to get Promoter Miah Murray to tell the referee not to stop it under any circumstances unless Klaus was actually knocked out. Folks were yelling to have it stopped but Klaus, blinded and bleeding and scarcely able to hold up his hands, kept boring in.

Suddenly he swung his right from the floor, caught Mantell full on the whiskers and out he went, cold as a clam. They thought sure the Providence man was a gone goose.

These, my dear patient reader, are just a few of the astonishing sidelights on the career of one of the greatest middleweights the ring ever knew. This recital also shows the frequent woes that beset and betide a handler who is trying to do the best he can with a fighter who doesn't take the situation any too seriously. Interesting, don't you think? And just a bit instructive, too, showing the rough path usually ahead of the fighter who transgresses.

Some day you shall hear of the Klaus experiences in Paris when he fought Georges Carpentier—a truly great yarn.

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# Down Memory Lane With Toots

(Continued from page 37)

looking chap in front of him. Coleman clamped on an arm lock that nearly twisted the cowhand's elbow out of joint and made Toots think his shoulder socket was entirely empty, the arm having left him perhaps permanently.

"I never got such a man-handling in all my life, and I'll freely take in my entire career, and I've met them all," mourned the reminiscent Toots as first a scowl and then a responsive smile stole over his expressive features.

"Quite distinctly to this very day, and that's quite a number of years ago, I remember having a whole lot of that blond hair of mine scraped off on the mat while this bird had me by the ankles and was slamming my top side horribly around in the canvas," pursued Toots, rubbing a hand thoughtfully over the top of his head, now quite devoid of that tawny mane that marked his early days.

"Funny, but I've read many magazine articles of how folks remember what happened to them at vital stages of their lives and what their mental reaction was to the totally unexpected," the former rancher continued. "And all my life I'll always remember what passed through my mind the instant I realized I was in the hands of a truly great wrestler who was giving me a lesson in the art, no part of which, up to that time, I had ever even dreamed of.

"And my first thought was of the circumstances that led me into such a match as this where I felt, just at that moment, that I was about to be massacred, actually killed and drawn and quartered by a master workman, the likes of whose skill, as I say, I had never conceived.

"Say, let me tell you, that chap had everything in the entire category of holds, clamps, breaks, counters and what not, and a mess of stuff that I never had run into before. And to this day I don't think anybody else ever ran into a more complete and astonishing mess.

"And I was trying all the time to remember who it was that had told me about this fellow and how to get to Bellingham and what a ripe—oh, yes, cherry-ripe sucker this was, they had told me—greenie awaited me, the old experienced Toots who had met all of the greatest and was considered the equal of any of them!

"I was figuring all the time—most of which was spent with first one ear firmly planted in the canvas and then with one eye slammed down with all of my weight, and his, too, right on top of it—what form of punishment I would hand out to that friend of mine who told me about Coleman and the easy money I would pick up in the yap town of Bellingham.

"I remember I decided first to shoot him on sight, but a moment later I decided that would be much too sweet and swift for him. Then I figured I'd lure him into a hotel room, bind him to the bedpost after gagging him, and then slowly torture him just as the sucker was torturing me at the moment.

"Never in my life did I take such a beating. He licked me plenty. Sunk me as thoroughly as if I had been torpedoed by a German submarine!

"Who was he? Just Coleman, I guess. I never inquired further. I was miles away from that town the next afternoon—and never looked back!"


## Big Bargain in Photos

During the height of prosperity, I purchased 700 photographs from The Ring Photo Shop. These pictures, all size 8 by 10 inches on heavy, glossy paper, were made especially for me and are the photos of every champion and near champion since John L. Sullivan's day in all divisions. All guaranteed in perfect condition.

Now I am forced to sell these. Here's a real buy, a big bargain for anyone seeking as fine a collection as can be obtained anywhere. This collection originally cost me $600. I am in need of funds hence will let the entire lot go for $250. Here is a chance to get something you'll never be able to buy elsewhere for such a small sum. I doubt you'll be able to get such a collection together anywhere.

EDWARD W. CASWELL
304 Michigan Avenue, Buffalo, New York

# Gone Soft-Hearted

(Continued from page 18)

Then, sputtering in fury, he pushed himself to his feet, and, with a bellow of rage, lashed forward with a wallop propelled by two hundred and twenty pounds of bone and sinew. Mike Conner moved easily to one side and ripped a jolting hook into the other's body.

Digging up the soft dirt with his heavy shoes, the big man swung back. A tearing hook into his stomach made the logger bend double. A terrific uppercut straightened his big frame. With body rigid, up on his toes, and eyes flaming, Mike measured and sent in a smashing blow, that exploded on the half-open jaw of his partner. With a rumbling groan, the lumberjack wilted to the ground, plowing into the soft, moss-covered soil of the forest.

"What's going on here?"

Mike whirled and faced the foreman. "You can see for yourself, can't you?" snapped the now thoroughly aroused Mike.

"Yeah, I seen ya hit 'm with a club!"

"I beg your pardon! I did not!"

"Ya lie!"

Like a streak of lightning, Mike Conner's left shot out, snapping O'Keefe's head back to his shoulder blades. A jab to the stomach and a straight right to the chin followed in quick succession and the foreman dropped, coming to a rest in a jackknife posture over a rotting cedar.

Mike relaxed, turned to walk away and stopped short. He faced the entire wide-eyed gang of men.

"I'm in pretty fair condition, gentlemen," he panted. "If any of you men would like to take up the argument where your comrades left off, why, come on!"

The men stared in silence. Mike laughed in contempt.

"A bunch of he-men! Bah!" He picked up his hat and walked off through the woods towards the camp.

* * *

IT was almost noon before Pat Reddy decided to get out of bed, call off three scheduled ring engagements he had signed for Mike Conner; and then get gloriously drunk, from which state he never again would emerge.

His phone rang sharply. With a growl of rage, he swung out of bed and snapped up the receiver.

"Hello!" he barked viciously.

"This is Mike!"

The manager's eyes fairly popped from his head. "Oh, yeah?" he howled. "What does that make me?"

"It makes you the manager of the next world's lightweight champion!"

Some of the wrinkles of adversity disappeared from Pat Reddy's forehead. "How come?" he asked, holding his breath.

"Line me up some battles, Pat. I'm just aching to bowl some sucker over!"

# Showmanship in Wrestling

(Continued from page 28)

while in everything and everybody.

Pete knew in advance, as did almost everyone in New York and vicinity, that Jack's hands were a terrible mess and probably beyond repair, but Pete answered these discouraging words with the statement that he had played long shots all his life and thought this one worth a pretty good play. And the net result was that poor ol' Paul Berlenbach proved the victim. The fact that Delaney had hung that right on Paul's chin once before didn't embarrass Paul in the least. He had unfortunately never backed up before any man he ever fought and Delaney wasn't going to make him do it now.

Paul rematched and scratched out a fifteen-round decision on Jack although he was floored in the early stages of the battle. So Paul tempted fate again in a bout at Ebbets Field in Brooklyn and was declared the loser, the title of light-heavyweight champion going with that decision. That was along in 1925-6-7 but the French-German's best year perhaps was in '25. Up to and including that year he had scored twenty-five knockouts in the thirty-six fights that were in his record and of the others he had won five, lost two, drawn in two and one was a no-decision.

Then Johnny Risko and Mickey Walker beat him in addition to the defeats at the hands of Delaney. In the next two years he scored but two knockouts in eight engagements, showing that opponents were getting on to his style and that as a consequence Paul was slipping badly. Folks were losing confidence in him and it looked as if he were through.

But Paul remained a fine specimen of physical pulchritude and it seemed a shame that he and that tremendously muscular shape be lost to view for all time. And just at that time along came Jack Wren, an old-timer in the matter of handling athletes.

"He'd make a corking good wrestler," quoth Jack. "Why not let's try that game?"

* * *

PAUL liked the spotlight as well as any man who ever graced it. Indeed, who of the human race that has been in the picture does not hate to get out of it? Paul was no exception and had an interview with Joe Mondt and Jack Curley, who can see a chance for good in any one and always are willing to take that chance.

"Sure we'll put him on and probably he can make some money for all of us," was the hearty response of "Toots" and his equally amiable partner. "But he'll have to go to school for a while because you know wrestling isn't fighting. There's a vast difference!"

And the hapless Paul immediately discovered there was a tremendous gap in the technique of the two sports. But being naturally apt at all sorts of athletics, he learned the basic principles of leverage and timing and balance and all that in a surprisingly short time. Then our hero was ready for the new wars and away he went.

True to their word, the promoters gave Jack Wren and his transformed athlete plenty of opportunity. Paul got a raft of matches and for a considerable time it looked as if he might be in line for something quite out of the ordinary—in fact at one time it seemed as if he might even get into the upper championship brackets and really get a shot at the champion.

But alas! there was something wrong. Paul showed that he could wrestle and gave signs of improvement right along—that is, in the mere wrestling part of it alone.

"He lacks the essentials of showmanship," they voted in discussing him, "and that's the toughest part of it all. He may never learn."

But they kept whacking away at Paul, drilling him by the hour in what he lacked, and lacked so vitally. They got their best showmen to work on him, preaching and illustrating the little kinks and knacks of what is known to all troupers as "business."

* * *

ALAS again! it was no use. Paul just couldn't learn a thing about it. He could do certain little stunts in a gymnasium but when he got out there before the mob, he was just plain dumb and went through his stunts mechanically and without the slightest bit of emotion or intelligent high lights.

And so into the discards went the once mighty Paul Berlenbach, a great fighting man in his day, a man with a mighty punch that every red-blooded man loves to the total extinction of everything else in the boxing game.

The fighter can get by for years and years if he has nothing better to offer than just a real punch. It's better to be equipped more completely than that but one can get by all right. But the wrestler who lacks any or all the hues of a rainbow has as much business in the mat game as near beer is entitled to a place behind the present-day refreshment bar. He just doesn't belong and can't stay. He may be a mighty poor wrestler but that doesn't enter into the promoters' calculations just so long as he "can put it on," the thicker the better.

It is just possible that some of the greatest contenders of the present day are not actually the best wrestlers in the business, judged strictly on a wrestling basis. But they are all super-showmen and fill the spectator's eyes completely.

# Film Stars Dazzle Ring Fans

(Continued from page 13)

in numbers and money but as already stated, the cards matter little. If you, dear reader, came out to Hollywood and told the press you were a pretty good fighter, and were matched by Charley MacDonald, manager-matchmaker of the place, we could pack 'em in, you and I. And I can't fight a lick as perhaps everybody knows.

That wouldn't make any difference. It's just lodge night, a night reserved for the Legion Stadium and until everybody in Hollywood who's anybody has been to the fights the rest doesn't matter a lick. A dinner engagement can wait until after the main event is over. It simply must. If eating interferes with your boxing, the answer is obvious—keep on drinking, go to the fights and have your dejeuner a little later, if ever.

From this, don't get the impression that Charley MacDonald is not a good and willing matchmaker and manager. He has done wonders with a place that at one time was seriously on the frayed and ragged edge. It wasn't always this way when they were putting in bum matches under other leaderships. There was a time when it was tough pickin's for the fighters. Charley got their confidence and made good. He induced his various committees to let him have his way, they re-chaired the place to a greater degree of comfort, remodelled sections of the funny caravansary, put in a lot of necessary gewgaws of usefulness AND GOT FOLKS COMING.

Some of the best fighters in the country were willing to start out right there in Hollywood and were never ashamed. But it wasn't the boxers who made this Legion Stadium although they might have done so had there been enough of them. There wasn't, but there were plenty of movie stars and to associate with them, even come in distant contact with them, meant everything and all to the movie fan and the ring fan alike. The present commander, Lou Caneda, is thoroughly in accord with all that Charley suggests and it goes through with a whoop.

The general result is that at the close of October business, there were eighteen straight sell-outs at the Stadium. The ring fans want to go there. They rub elbows even with yes men and that's something. At one show they called for Joe E. Brown —they always do that—and he got into the ring and put on a bit of a wrestle with Eddie Cantor that was a scream—just a couple of moves that didn't last longer than a minute and then out—great showmen that they are, knowing when to quit the stage.

* * *

THE night Fiermonte was on to fight Les Kennedy, the greatest showwoman of them all—yes, Mae West—knew when to enter—a little late. An ovation no end, helped out tremendously by the especially observant Joe Collinge, head of the American Legion band of Post 43, who never fails to give them a musicue that is immense.

All Joe Brown has to do is to squint or do one pratt fall. Is it great!

Also the night Fiermonte fought Kennedy, it was suggested Richard Barthlemess act as his second. A license was issued on the spot and Dick entered the ring with coat removed, showing a flashy pair of suspenders.

And when Joe Brown hopped in and tore them off, it was a riot. It's considered worth the price of admission, and maybe you'd feel the same way about it, to sit alongside of a stranger and suddenly discover that the man you had been talking to was Clark Gable!

They asked the stately Clark to get in the ring one night and when he asked "What for?" they replied: "Make a face!"

And lo and behold! he did just that, a real funny face, and wasn't that worth the price alone?

# Where Dempsey Got the "Jack"

(Continued from page 16)

himself as quite a man with his mitts and asked in a somewhat whimsical manner if the town afforded anything in his line that might be worth his while.

Malloy had selected a happy moment. The town was preparing a holiday card, so why not include a real fight? Sure, said everybody in real Chamber of Commerce fashion, and they started down into the bowels of the earth to find Barney and ask would he take on the smiling stranger in a dust-up, oiling their importunities with the statement that there would be quite a little chunk of dough in it for him.

Would he? Yes, for nothing if necessary. Just bring him along!

But this was a little better than the thing at Taos for the town hung up a purse of some $500, a wonderful bid at the time, and a certain percentage of the gate receipts. The match was made easily and the men agreed to divide everything on a 65-35 basis. They had a regulation ring in a big storage place because Jimmy Duball, the town's chief fight fan and a former friend of John L. Sullivan—so he claimed at least —knew something of such things and had been put in to run affairs.

Barney stood 6 feet 2 inches and weighed 185 pounds but knew absolutely nothing about training and there was no one to show him. He just depended upon his native power. He knocked Malloy down often enough in the early stages of the battle, but Andy was a tricky bird and declined to stay put, taking advantage of every little thing.

So along about the eighth round Barney was almost completely spent, didn't have a leg under him, and in the eleventh was flattened for the full count, more from exhaustion than anything else.

That taught Barney he would have to spend more time at the game if he would make a success of it. He gave it a fair trial but there wasn't a great deal of "pay dirt" in a boxing way around where Barney had to make a living and though he got fights here and there—later defeating this same Malloy in four rounds—he soon tired of the racket.

Just about that time the younger brother, William Harrison, happened along with an idea that he could emulate the worthy Jackson Bernard and become a fightin' man. Immediately Barney presented the darkest side of the picture to the young man who then weighed only 165 pounds and was described later by Barney as "a hungry looking hound."

Despite the way the profession was outlined to him, little Willie was obdurate and was for being a tough guy—strong. The patient and plodding Barney, satisfied there was little or no coin in the game for himself, agreed that Willie might try it and perhaps make something of himself.

So he got him a minor match in Salt Lake City after schooling him thoroughly in the use of a left hand, impressing him seriously with the major importance of such a weapon as based on his own sad experience.

And away he went, under the name of "Young Jack" Dempsey, and that's how the "Jack" part of it came about as far as little Willie was concerned!

And gaze upon "the hungry looking hound" now, will ya?

# When McCoy K.O.'d Maher

(Continued from page 19)

that Tad dropped one afternoon soon after the match was made. Just that, nothing more, and a quick change of the subject.

The words hit home and McCoy went into secret training. Of course, in this case, they said nothing at all to poor ol' Peter, who believed folks and was blissfully ignorant of what was in store. Peter had been boxing for fifteen years or more and didn't care to train anyway. But neither did he care to have sharpshooters taking pix on his chin.

* * *

IT came to the night of the benefit and the place was packed. Great card, with Terry McGovern and Bert Keyes boxing, and dozens of others. Up pops Peter Maher with a roundly even and matronly figure, McCoy, lean and lank and ready for anything. The "rib" had taken full effect.

"Time," and Peter jabbed out a few times with an innocent left. McCoy, pantherlike, watched carefully, expecting any second that terrible right hand of Maher's would whip over. Before any such thing could happen, over went McCoy's right as Maher jabs again, full on the whiskers, and down went the hapless Maher, cold as lat. 0, long. 0, which is the North Pole.

Twenty minutes later, alone in his dressing room, Peter thought and thought. His faith in humankind was a bit shattered. "They're too smart for me," was all he mumbled.

But that fight never got into the record books, probably because historians of that day didn't consider it was a fight and wasn't so intended. But the "ribbers" made it what it was.

McCoy had many friends who never deserted him in his extremity, among them being such old-timers as the late Walter McGinley of Louisiana, Abe Erlanger, Bob Grant and Jim Young.

# LETTERS *from Our* READERS

IT was in November, 1906, that I handled Dave Barry in a ten-round fight against Hugo Kelley. Don't confuse this Dave with the so-called Long Count Barry who refereed the Tunney-Dempsey Soldier Field battle. Long Count Dave is Canadian, while my hero is Irish from the Emerald Isle. He carried a brogue that one could cut with a knife. And he was a pretty tough hombre in or out of the ring.

The match was for ten rounds at the Opera House and the theatre was packed from pit to dome. George Siler was the referee.

Dave was a notoriously slow starter and Hugo Kelley jabbed him full of holes with good straight lefts for seven rounds. Dave took it all without a whimper and the crowd began to tire of a one-sided jabbing encounter, with the big Irish lad constantly on the receiving end, when bang! in the eighth round, like a bolt from a clear sky, Dave connected with a hard right cross and down went Hugo Kelley as though he were hit with an axe.

The referee started to toll off the fatal ten seconds; one—two—three—four—five. Kelley stirred at five, rolled over, and at seven was on his knee, fell over again and before the referee could count him out, the bell tolled the end of the round. Now to get back to my story.

After the weigh-in at three o'clock in the afternoon, Barry was mailing some Kalamazoo Souvenir post cards to his friends in San Francisco, Chicago, and to his folks in the old country. What's this funny looking picture on this post card asked Dave, and I explained to him that it was a farmer working in his celery beds. In fact, I added, this city is known hereabouts as the Celery City and half the celery sold in the Chicago markets is grown in Kalamazoo. "Is that so?" drawled Dave. "I guess I'll go out and get a bundle and bring it home to Mrs. Siler. I am sure she likes celery."

Shortly after, I went to the Opera House, watched the doors and box offices and attended to other small duties which fall to the lot of a manager, and when it came ring time for the main bout, I prepared Barry for the battle.

As we mentioned before, the crowd at the end of the eighth round was in an uproar. The underdog suddenly had the better of the fight and when the bell clanged, Kelley was out. His seconds dragged him to his chair and just managed to revive him to answer the bell for the ninth round.

Barry tore into him like a bulldog. He mauled him around and with Kelley all covered up, in a shell, Barry could not land a decisive blow until just before the bell. He again sent one in, that stretched Kelley to the mat.

A hundred shrill whistles from fire engines could not have caused the noise that came from the cheering crowd. The place was in a turmoil. I worked over Barry, all excited, and yelled into his ear what it would mean to him to knock out Kelley in the next, the last round.

"Don't give him any rest, keep crowding him, Dave. Steady yourself and one blow will get you the Ketchel match for the title." This and other good advice came from my voice into Dave's ear. He sat there, cold and unexcited, and just as the gong sounded for the tenth and last round, he looked at me and with a far-away look exclaimed:

"Gee whizz! I forgot to buy the celery."

JACK CURLEY,
Wrestling Promoter,
New York City.

* * *

HAVING been an ardent admirer of your high-class magazine for a number of years, and enjoyed the accurate account of fights and the interesting articles, I wish to make a request. Remember Gene Delmont? Delmont, one of the cleanest and most suave fighters that ever stepped into a ring, is truly worthy of a remembrance. His career brims over with color and interesting happenings from the time he stepped into the ring until his last battle, to which, incidentally, Gene Tunney devoted a full page in his life story published in *Collier's*.

Delmont is known all over the world. During the war he received a medal from King Emanuel of Italy for one of his inter-allied bouts, and since that time he went on to fight all over the United States. Among the world champions he encountered are: Ad Wolgast, Benny Leonard, Freddie Welsh, Rocky Kansas and Tod Morgan.

Gene, a few years past, ventured to Hollywood where he played in seven pictures. He appeared with Gene Tunney in the "Fighting Marine." It was in Los Angeles that Delmont played his last drama in the ring. He was booked with Tod Morgan for the world's junior-lightweight title and during the bout he lost the sight of one eye.

Delmont was a tough nut to crack. He was a stumbling block to champions. In his fight with Rocky Kansas, then lightweight champion of the world, he conceded the champion ten pounds and went on to score a decisive win. Unfortunately, the title was not at stake. Gene broke up K. O. White's famous streak of knockouts when he held the K. O. to a close decision. White, prior to this, had scored fifteen straight knockouts. Incidentally, Delmont was never knocked out.

Delmont, whose real name is Barrasso, was born in Memphis, Tenn., about thirty-five years ago. After a few amateur fights, he turned pro and went on to box all over the world.

A Southern fan,
Spring Hill College,
Alabama.

* * *

ALLOW me to congratulate you on your magazine. When I loan my copy, it is months before it is returned, as it passes through so many hands, because of its popularity.

Your paper gives real live wrestling news. Newspapers in England taboo wrestling although it is under the promotion of Mr. Wm. Bankier, the famous Apollo of the nineties, and attracts packed houses in London, Liverpool and many other parts of the country.

We have seen many famous American stars in action. Among them Jack Sherry, Billy Bartush, Karl Pojello, and Ben Sherman, but it was not until the arrival of that rugged Alaskan, Sherry, that wrestling received such a boom here as it now enjoys.

Too many English wrestlers had tried to copy foul tactics they must have seen on films at various times, but Sherry has shown wrestling as it should be. Never once in any of his matches has he tried anything questionable. He has yet to be warned by the referee.

He is far superior to any wrestler in the heavyweight division we have seen. He has yet to concede a fall, and he has beaten successively, with ease, Rene Norris, Australian champion, "The Hawk," Wharton Johnson who is the British champion, Sam Radnor, the famous Jewish champion, and Bull Dog Garnon, champion of Wales. Sherry's greatest contest was against "The Hawk" at the Liverpool Stadium. The British champion was a twenty-one-pound-lighter man, and after being considerably outclassed, was eventually given the aeroplane spin in the fifth round and lost.

This so upset the Englishman's followers that they "booed" Sherry. So indignant was the British champion, that he, still weak and dizzy, staggered across to the microphone at the ringside and held his hand up for silence.

His words are worth quoting: "Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I see no occasion for you to boo Jack Sherry, for this is by far the cleanest match I have ever taken part in, and I am satisfied that I have been beaten by a better man." So saying, he held up Sherry's hand and the boos turned to a volume of cheers.

Sherry is very popular; British fans hold him up as a model of clean wrestling. Let the great U. S. A. send another wrestler of his clean and wholesome type to bolster our friendship.

RUPERT RICE,
Lancaster, England.

# Fistic Attractions That Hold Spotlight

(Continued from page 9)

of those named, at this writing. However, I want to go on record with the statement that, regardless of their national or international fame, with the exception of fights with the three leading heavyweight challengers in which Baer might defend his title, by far the best attraction for Chicago or Detroit, with a sell-out assured weeks in advance, would be a Kingfish Levinsky-Joe Louis bout. Both are extremely popular in the Middle West, and the fans know that, regardless of the ultimate outcome, they will see an honest-to-goodness thrilling fight, with the possibility of a quick knockout always staring them in the face. Those are the kind of fighters I like to handle.

I still believe that the year's best attractions, from a financial point of view, are return engagements between Baer and Carnera and Baer and Schmeling. From a promoter's point of view, those two I'd like to sew up for Chicago.

Those who saw the last engagements between Baer and each of the others would flock to see another mill of that type. The average fight fan loves the knockout thrill and he would be certain to have his appetite appeased in a second chapter of the Battle of Tumbles in which Primo would be featured, and the Battle of Hard Socks with the two Maxes mixing it.

Carnera remains a good attraction for Baer because of the expectation of seeing the last sensational mill repeated. That bout will outdraw a Baer-Hamas or a Baer-Lasky contest, neither of which promises to be an exceptional attraction, but would be on a par with a return Baer-Schmeling bout if the German were successful against Hamas.

Of course, if the reverse took place, and Hamas beat Max, especially if Hamas were to stop Schmeling, then a Hamas-Baer mill would loom up as the outstanding bout of the year. So there you have my version of the situation, in so far as it concerns the leading heavyweights.

A Baer-Lasky bout would be fourth in point of drawing power, because Art is not quite up to the point where he can command a big turnout against the champion. If he were able to put Hamas or Schmeling or Carnera out of the way, that would be a horse of another color.

* * *

AS for the light-heavyweights, Bob Olin as a champion is a problem. If Rosenbloom keeps up his good work as an ex-champion, he will command first call for a return bout and, if he does again meet his conqueror for the title, Max will regain his laurels. That is my prediction.

In the meantime, a bout between John Henry Lewis and Joe Knight is in order as the best of the light-heavyweight elimination affairs, with the winner of that bill paired with Rosenbloom for the chance to meet Olin. Thus we can get three far more lucrative light-heavyweight bouts than would be the case if Olin and Rosenbloom were to repeat their recent battle, in which case we would be exactly where we were before that first bout, so far as the division is concerned. Of course, an Olin-Lewis bout for the title, not an over-weight match, would also do well, but only on the Coast, where Lewis is a big card.

The middleweight class now has two boys who should make it possible for the matchmaker and promoter to make some headway. They are the answer to our prayers. In Babe Risko, who knocked out Teddy Yarosz in an overweight match, and Paul Pirrone, who stopped Mickey Walker, we have an elimination that should pack the Chicago Stadium, the Garden of New York, or any of the other big arenas in this country, if a good supporting card is arranged. I name my Stadium first because I'm most likely to get that go, and I'm going after it. The winner of that affair, pitted against Yarosz for the American title, is a battle worth while, especially should Risko furnish a second surprise by halting the progress of Pirrone, as he did that of Yarosz.

While we are arranging our eliminations, in Europe a Thil-McAvoy card is in order, and the winner of that European battle against the winner of our eliminations, would bring out a real world's title-holder and be another good money-maker.

* * *

IN the welterweight division, there are no bouts of consequence other than a return tilt betwen Barney Ross and Jimmy McLarnin. That is the only contest worth while for a big gate. This, I realize, is a bout that the Milk Fund of New York practically has sewed up, but I shall go after it, nevertheless, because I know what it would net in Chicago. There is only one good elimination bout besides that at this writing, a contest between Bep Van Klaveren and Kid Azteca, and the winner of such a match would be a fair attraction for the victor of the Ross-McLarnin go.

Coming down to the lightweight division, we find several good boys. If Ross will consent to defend his title, he can take his choice from such good attractions as Tony Canzoneri, whom I still rate No. 1 challenger and who has always been a financial aid to promoters here. Next to Canzoneri, I name Sammy Fuller, and if Ross agrees to defend his lightweight title, there are two matches that would do well in Chicago as all three lads are popular here. As for Lou Ambers, he is a flashy boy, but means nothing as a challenger until such time as he proves his worth. So far, his record is nothing over which to enthuse, and as an attraction for a championship match, I see nothing in it for the promoter. I prefer Canzoneri and Fuller.

* * *

THERE is only one big match in the featherweight division—a contest between Baby Arizmendi, the New York State champion, who is rolling up a fine record and is the finest little fighter of recent years, and Freddie Miller, the world champion. The American public might not have gone big for Miller and Arizmendi prior to Freddie's trip abroad, but they are so enthused over the great showing of Miller in foreign countries, where he has cleaned up every champion and challenger, that I feel confident they will turn out in big numbers in his first defense of the title in America, if for no other reason than to show their appreciation. A fighter who wins nine consecutive bouts against the cream of the foreign talent in a stretch of seven weeks, or almost a victim a week, is a real title-holder, and I'm for him.

The bantam section continues to have only one good attraction, Al Brown, who remains champion despite commission edicts in this country. He and Sixto Escobar, a dynamite-hitting youngster, would furnish the best bout of that division, and its only money-maker.

Lou Salica, former Golden Glover of New York, may come through, and if his successes continue, he will furnish the second good bantam card of the year.

There are no money-making flyweight bouts in line in this country. Whatever good talent there is, is to be found in Europe and the Philippines, hence those are the places where the best cards can be arranged.

* * *

THE contests I have enumerated are only a few of the more important ones after which I shall go, and which other matchmakers and promoters will strive to corner, and if among us we can arrange seventy per cent of them, boxing will have its biggest and best year since the depression got under way. I believe the public would patronize such shows because they would realize that the efforts of the matchmakers and promoters were made in the best interests of the sport, and I'm sure they would help by coming out for them.

We, as matchmakers, must work in harmony for the sport which gives us our living and which enables us to continue in our line, and, though each must at all times try to land the best card for his own arena, yet the rivalry should be friendly. A good matchmaker and promoter outsmarts his rivals and always makes it his business to be on friendly terms with those whom he must cater to for his winning combinations.

Now you have heard my side, and a year from now look over my selection of leading bouts and see how they stood up. The matches I have named are not listed according to drawing power. I have simply taken what I consider the best in each division and I reiterate that, unless in the divisions under the heavyweights, where the champion is named, the bout is for the title. No over-the-weight contests carry a big appeal.

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# News of the Mat World

(Continued from page 31)

Southland amid great and hearty—booing. Dixie mat fans are tuning up the old Bronx cheer in order to give Marsh the reception that is such sweet music to his cauliflowered ears.

Marsh, long "the object of great vexation" to the fans, is one of the pioneers in the field of roughhouse rasslin', but since his departure many more menacing mat meanies have invaded the South, and one wonders if Blacky will be an old softie in comparison. In his most hectic moods, Marsh could not come up to the colorful antics of the big Gypsy, Chewchki, or the wild, rough tactics of big Karl Davis.

* * *

FROM Jimmie Amann of Cincinnati comes the following:

Johnny Stote, American Federation of Wrestling and Federal Association welterweight champion, continues to keep his breakneck pace around Canadian and northern states. Stote, five years ago, was nothing but a preliminary and semifinal boy in his hometown of Schenectady, N. Y., where today he has developed into one of the best of mat stars in the lighter division. At the present time he is making his home in Toledo, Ohio, and his many admirers can reach him at the Hotel Algeo in that city.

* * *

From Bettie Hardiman of Houston, Texas, we get the following:

DIDJA KNO—That it was Barney Meyers, veteran referee and wrestler, who gave Chief Chewchki his start in wrestling?

That also among his pupils Barney counts Gino Garibaldi, sensational Italian star?

That Ira Dern of Salt Lake, although not usually listed as being among the top-notchers, is one of the best grapplers in the West? Among his victims are Dr. Sarpolis, Howard Cantonwine, Strangler Lewis and Man Mountain Dean. He has wrestled Everette Marshall three times, gaining a victory and a draw and losing one bout, and only recently he defeated Ray Steele. Dern is a fine prospect.

That Tex Wright is the son of colorful Seth Wright, well-known Texas Ranger killed in line of duty at Beeville, Texas? Tex also studied medicine for two years at the University of California and then threw it all over for wrestling?

That Lew Plummer, Notre Dame's gift to wrestling, was barred from the national professional football team for roughing?

That Paul Jones threw Tex Wright in twelve minutes; Leo Numa threw Pat Reilly in short order with his unusual combination of the airplane spin and full Nelson; Kibbons threw Pete Schuh and that Art (the Grate) Shires continues to please the fans as a referee?

That Sailor Trout, middleweight star, is going great guns in the same territory?

That Eddie Lewis, star southern light-heavyweight, is burning up southern rings with his fine work? Lewis hails from Elizabeth, Tenn., and is now quartered at Dyersburg, Tenn.

# Nat Fleischer Says

(Continued from page 12)

THE first big shock of 1935 was furnished fight fans on New Year's Day when Teddy Yarosz, selected by most boxing critics as the world's champion middleweight and rated by THE RING as the second best middleweight in the world for 1934, was knocked out by Eddie Babe Risko of Syracuse. Yarosz, who accepted the contest as a warm-up for a Coast tour, and forced his conqueror to come in over the weight, received such a bad beating that his mentor, Ray Foutts, hopped into the ring after fifty-three seconds of the seventh round had passed and called a halt. Teddy was dropped six times and blamed a turned ankle for his poor showing. Ray interceded after the referee, Jack Walton, had counted four on the fallen fighter.

The knockout boomed the stock of the Syracuse gladiator, who is a powerful hitter, but hitherto has been regarded as just an ordinary battler. He at one time held the middleweight championship of the United States Navy, but has done little to excite comment since quitting the Navy, prior to his sensational victory over Yarosz. The newcomer, who gained fame overnight, is only twenty-three years old. He was christened Henry Pylkowski and, like Yarosz, is of Polish extraction.

The knockout of Yarosz, coming on the heels of the wide international discussion concerning Baer's status were he knocked out in his fight with Levinsky, furnishes additional data for those who like their arguments. Had Risko come into the ring within the middleweight limit, despite the fact that the agreement called for an over-the-weight match, he would now be the American wearer of the crown because their bout was a decision affair. But by coming in beyond 160 pounds, he merely gains the honor of having scored a knockout over the American champion. The bout is just another lesson to those who would rather fight a so-called push-over for little money, than to take on a legitimate challenger until such time as the financial set-up is brighter.

In Hartford, Conn., on New Year's Day, the fans were treated to that "once in a lifetime" thrill when Mike Jarvis and Codfish Balesano, amateurs, landed the haymaker simultaneously. Each hit the canvas with a thud. The referee started the count over the pair and, just as he reached ten, Jarvis raised himself to an upright position. Being the first to get off the canvas, he was awarded the verdict.

# The Ring's Globe Trotter

(Continued from page 15)

Why? They have just read THE RING'S annual ranking of the boxers of the world and they think it's great. So does the Globe Trotter.

* * *

**Newark, N. J.—Canzoneri Stops Ran.** Just a flash of a once great fighter. Tony Canzoneri stops Eddie Ran in two rounds. The film shows nothing startling. Ran is what you would call a more than hollow shell, about as hollow as a cocoanut shell after the cocoanut has been taken out.

Canzoneri has the golden smile of other years. But watch his movements, folks. They are the movements of the man who has seen the world from the top of the hill and has started to go down the other side. *Vale,* Canzoneri.

* * *

*And thus the Globe Trotter of* THE RING *finishes his films of the month and bids you adieu until another month, when he will take you from coast to coast and corner to corner and show you the highlights of the game of hit-and-duck.*

# Two-Fisted Paul

(Continued from page 25)

out with a short right-hand uppercut in the eleventh, thus bringing Mickey's glorious career to an end via the K.O. route. Walker, who had deserted the middleweights to fight light-heavyweights and heavyweights, met his waterloo at the hands of a rejuvenated middleweight.

It was a tragic ending for Walker yet it paved the way for the continuance of Pirrone's career and there is no predicting just where it will finish. Pirrone is sitting on top of the world at this moment and potential matches include bouts with Teddy Yarosz, Marcel Thil and Jock McAvoy, British champion.

One week after the Walker meeting, Pirrone gave his home folks in Cleveland the opportunity of seeing him in action and again he stole the show with Lew Halper as his opponent. Despite the fact that Barney Ross, Bobby Pacho, Johnny Risko and Patsy Perroni, were booked on the same program, it was Pirrone that captivated the fancy of the customers. It is gratifying to sing his praises because he is a swell, unassuming kid and entitled to everything that is coming his way.

Through all the ups and downs of Pirrone's career, Manager Eddie Mead showed patience that will eventually win him a more substantial reward, namely, in a financial way. Eddie is known from Florida to California and his reputation is nation-wide. He made over a quarter of a million dollars with Joe Lynch, Andy Chaney, Billy Britton, Davey Abad, and lesser lights, and only has memories remaining from that day.

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# IN OUR QUESTION BOX

By NAT FLEISCHER

Harry Stone, Belleville, N. J.

Q.—What was Broughton's Rules?

**A.—It was a set of rules, the first on record, drafted by the second recognized British heavyweight champion, Jack Broughton, in 1732. All later rules were patterned after that set. You'll find the Broughton Rules, beautifully printed on India paper in colors, in Bohun Lynch's "Prize Ring," of which there are still a few copies left in the Ring Book Shop.**

James Anderson, Montreal, Canada

Q.—What were the measurements of Jack Dempsey and Bob Fitzsimmons in their prime?

A.—

| Dempsey | | Fitzsimmons |
|---|---|---|
| 188 pounds | Weight | 171 pounds |
| 6 feet | Height | 5 feet 11½ |
| 78 inches | Reach | 75 inches |
| 44 inches | Chest normal | 43½ inches |
| 48 inches | Chest expanded | 46 inches |
| 8½ inches | Wrist | 7½ inches |
| 23 inches | Thigh | 21½ inches |
| 15 inches | Calf | 14 inches |
| 13½ inches | Biceps | 13½ inches |
| 9 inches | Ankle | 8¾ inches |
| 34 inches | Waist | 31 inches |

Q.—Is a straight puncher better than a hooker?

**A.—Yes. More effective.**

Q.—I am 18 years old. 5 feet 9½ inches tall; 145 pounds; chest, normal 39½; expanded, 42½; waist, 29½; biceps, 12½; forearm, 10½; calf, 14½; ankle, 9¾. Am I well built for a fighter?

**A.—Yes. Very.**

Fight Fan, East Pittsburgh, Pa.

Q.—Was Pete Herman the bantamweight champion? From whom did Al Brown win the bantam title? Were Bushy, Graham, Vidal Gregario and Bud Taylor bantam champs? Who was the greatest Italian boxing champion, American or native born? How can I get in touch with Edward Foster, N.B.A. President? What titles did Jeff Smith and Eddie McGoorty hold? Was Mike Gibbons or Tom Gibbons a champion? Was Harry Gilmore a world's champion? Who was the best boxer Jack Peterson fought and would Peterson beat Baer?

**A.—Yes. Brown defeated Gregario in an elimination tournament that made him champion. Graham was the New York State champion and claimed the world title. Taylor was recognized the world title holder, but Gregario was never recognized as such. Johnny Dundee, Casper Leon, Jimmy Barry and Tony Canzoneri stand out as the greatest of Italian boxers. It is only a matter of opinion as to who is the greatest. Foster can be reached at the Custom House Building, Providence, R. I. Smith and McGoorty claimed the titles. Gibbons also claimed the welterweight laurels but Tom never was a champion. Gilmore was world's featherweight champion. Larry Gains and Len Harvey were the two best that Peterson has fought to date. Peterson is not experienced enough to beat Baer at this moment but he is a very good prospect.**

C. R. Grier, Hamilton, Ohio.

Q.—When you answered a reader from Lakeland, Fla., last month saying you knew nothing about a wrestler named Lanius, a former lightweight of the old school, don't you think the query referred to Len Lanius who wrestled in these parts in the early part of the century? He came from Cincinnati.

**A.—Thanks. He may be the man to whom our reader referred.**

Rudy Brown, Dallas, Texas.

Q.—If I have completed all but four of the booklets in your special "Universal Boxing Course" which I enjoy immensely and which has done me a world of good, can I enter a tournament now? Would it be advisable? I work for the Western Union and ride a bicycle about eight hours per day. Is it necessary for me to do road work?

**A.—Yes, you can enter an amateur tourney now if you feel you know enough about boxing to hold your own, though it would be far better if first you completed your course and then did about one month's work with a pal, to practice what you have learned. It is not necessary for you to do road work, but I would advise plenty of walking in order to get the kinks out of your system from the continuous riding.**

Steve Leontce, Adel, Georgia.

Q.—Did John L. Sullivan ever K. O. Mitchell?

**A.—No. They fought a thirty-nine-round draw at Chantilly, France, 1887.**

Q.—Has Tommy Loughran been knocked out more often than was Maxie Rosenbloom?

**A.—Loughran was knocked out by Sharkey and Hamas; Rosenbloom was stopped by Tommy Milligan.**

Q.—Did Joe Choynski ever fight Joe Wolcott?

**A.—Yes, Walcott won in seven rounds in 1900.**

Q.—Who was the Dixie Kid?

**A.—He was a great Negro welterweight who won the title from Walcott on a foul in 1904. His correct name was Aaron Brown. He died last year from the effects of narcotics.**

Q.—Can a boxer who has been ruptured continue in the sport?

**A.—That is inadvisable unless you obtain your doctor's permission.**

Q.—Can a rupture be cured?

**A.—Yes, through an operation.**

Q.—I wish to build up my body and become a boxer. What books would you advise?

**A.—"Training for Boxers," "How to Box." My "Universal Boxing Course" has been a huge success judging by the large number of complimentary letters I receive regularly from students who have completed it and are now boxing successfully, both as amateurs and pros. Charley Massare is a product of this course. He ranks among the first eight leading heavyweights after two years of work.**

Q.—Would a bar-bell hurt me?

**A.—Bar-bells are excellent for those in wrestling but not for boxing. Use the one, two or five pound dumb-bells if you want to use any kind of dumb-bells.**

Q.—How can I strengthen the muscles of my stomach?

**A.—By exercising. The finest exercises for a boxer or wrestler are those incorporated in my latest book, "Height Increasing Exercises." They are not simply for gaining height but for body building in general, especially abdominal and arm and leg development.**

Q.—What is the world's K.O. record?

**A.—Two seconds.**

Q.—Is the Police Gazette still published?

**A.—No it recently went into bankruptcy.**

Q.—Can you give me more hints on training than you did in answering my recent query? Tell me more about "Training for Boxers," "How to Box," Driscoll's "Text Book of Boxing."

**A.—Sorry, there is nothing more I can say other than that all books which our book department sells are excellent or they wouldn't be sold by us. You must remember, Steve, this is not your page, it is for others too, and you shouldn't ask so many queries. Give some one else a chance. Space is very limited and I receive on the average of sixty letters to answer per day, from all over the world.**

Harry Hartman, Birmingham, Ala.

Q.—What was the family name of the following and where was each born—Benny Leonard, Knockout Brown, James J. Corbett, Jack Dempsey, Gene Tunney, Tom Heeney, Lew Tendler, Bob Fitzsimmons, Nonpareil Jack Dempsey, Vince Dundee, Johnny Dundee, Sam Langford, Tommy Loughran, Terry McGovern, Young Corbett and Abe Attell?

**A.—Why not go through the record book and ask a few more? Leonard— Benjamin Leiner, April 7, 1896. Brown—Valentine Braun, April 27, 1891. Corbett—James J. Corbett, September 1, 1866. Dempsey—William Harrison Dempsey, June 24, 1895. Tunney—James Joseph Tunney, May 25, 1898. Heeney—Tom Heeney, May 19, 1899. Tendler—Lewis Tendler, Septe ber 28, 1898. Fitzsimmons—Robert Fitzsimmons, June 4, 1862. Nonpareil Jack Dempsey—Jack Kelly, December 15, 1862. Vince Dundee—Vincent Lazarro, November 9, 1904. Johnny Dundee—Joseph Carraro, November 22, 1893. Langford—Sam Langford, March 4, 1886. Loughran—Thomas Patrick Loughran, November 29, 1902. McGovern—Joseph Terrance McGovern, March 9, 1880. Corbett—William Rothwell, October 4, 1880. Attell—Abe Attell, February 22, 1884.**

Harold Fischer, Milwaukee, Wis.

O.—Was John L. Sullivan born in Ireland?

**A.—No. He was born at Roxbury, Mass. His parents were born in Ireland.**

Mark Fletcher, Kansas City, Mo.

Q.—Could Dempsey have whipped Tunney in their Chicago fight had the long count not been given to Gene?

**A.—That is problematical. My opinion is that Tunney could not possibly have arisen within ten seconds, judging by the fight pictures and what I saw. But Gene was well within his rights in remaining down and taking the full advantage of the long count. Read my book on Tunney or on Dempsey—both go thoroughly into this phase of the fight.**

Harriet Johnston, Baltimore, Md.

Q.—Is there any place that you can recommend where leather busts can be purchased to protect a woman in friendly boxing?

**A.—No, but I should think that you can have a pair made at any athletic goods store.**

Mike Romano, Hartford, Conn.

Q.—What was the biggest championship fight ever staged in Connecticut?

**A.—I should say that the Corbett-McGovern fight for the featherweight title, November 28, 1901, at Hartford, Conn., was the biggest, if what you mean to infer by the word "biggest" is in line of importance. That fight put Connecticut on the fistic map. It has been referred to so often, that it must take its place on top in point of importance.**

Peter Persimons, St. Paul, Minn.

Q.—Please tell me the measurements of the following wrestlers and boxers: Jack Johnson, Jim Jeffries, Jim Corbett, Kid McCoy, Sandor Szabo, Jim Londos, Dick Shikat, Ed Lewis, and Jim Browning.

**A.—Though I have repeatedly declared that such queries take up too much of my time and cannot be answered, in view of several other requests for similar information, I'll give you the measurements and ask all who are interested in measurements, kindly to save these so that they will not find it necessary to repeat the request at some future time.**

| Shikat | | Ed Lewis |
|---|---|---|
| 218 pounds | Weight | 235 pounds |
| 6 feet 1 inch | Height | 6 feet |
| 74 inches | Reach | 72 inches |
| 18½ inches | Neck | 19¾ inches |
| 44 inches | Chest normal | 47 inches |
| 48½ inches | Chest expanded | 51 inches |
| 34½ inches | Waist | 37 inches |
| 16½ inches | Biceps | 18 inches |
| 14½ inches | Forearm | 16 inches |
| 8½ inches | Wrist | 10 inches |
| 25 inches | Thigh | 26½ inches |
| 15 inches | Calf | 10½ inches |
| 9½ inches | Ankle | |

| Londos | | Szabo |
|---|---|---|
| 202 pounds | Weight | 202 pounds |
| 5 feet 8 inches | Height | 6 feet |
| 74½ inches | Reach | 75 inches |
| 18 inches | Neck | 17½ inches |
| 46 inches | Chest normal | 41 inches |
| 49½ inches | Chest expanded | 44½ inches |
| 32 inches | Waist | 35 inches |
| 17 inches | Biceps | 15½ inches |
| 15 inches | Forearm | 13½ inches |
| 8½ inches | Wrist | 7½ inches |
| 24½ inches | Thigh | 26 inches |
| 16½ inches | Calf | 16 inches |
| 11 inches | Ankle | 10 inches |

| Marshall | | Browning |
|---|---|---|
| 222 pounds | Weight | 225 pounds |
| 6 feet | Height | 6 feet 2½ inches |
| 74 inches | Reach | 74 inches |
| 16½ inches | Neck | 18 inches |
| 44 inches | Chest normal | 46 inches |
| 48 inches | Chest expanded | 49 inches |
| 35 inches | Waist | 36 inches |
| 15½ inches | Biceps | 16½ inches |
| 13½ inches | Forearm | 14½ inches |
| 10 inches | Wrist | 10 inches |
| 27 inches | Thigh | 27 inches |
| 19 inches | Calf | 19 inches |
| 10 inches | Ankle | 11½ inches |

| Jack Johnson | | Jim Jeffries |
|---|---|---|
| 220 pounds | Weight | 225 pounds |
| 6 feet 1¾ inches | Height | 6 feet 1½ inches |
| 75½ inches | Reach | 76½ inches |
| 42½ inches | Chest normal | 43 inches |
| 47 inches | Chest expanded | 48½ inches |
| 17½ inches | Neck | 18½ inches |
| 34½ inches | Waist | 35 inches |
| 14 inches | Biceps | 16 inches |
| 12 inches | Forearm | 13½ inches |
| 8½ inches | Wrist | 7½ inches |
| 25 inches | Thigh | 25 inches |
| 15 inches | Calf | 17 inches |
| 9½ inches | Ankle | 10 inches |

| Jim Corbett | | Kid McCoy |
|---|---|---|
| 182 pounds | Weight | 156 pounds |
| 73 inches | Height | 70¾ inches |
| 74¾ inches | Reach | 76 inches |
| 33 4/5 inches | Length of arm | 32 inches |
| 14½ inches | Forearm | 11½ inches |
| 6 4/5 inches | Wrist | 7½ inches |
| 18 inches | Neck | 16 inches |
| 38¼ inches | Chest contracted | 35 inches |
| 42½ inches | Chest expanded | 41 inches |
| 40 inches | Chest normal | 37 inches |
| 39 inches | Waist | 34 inches |
| 34½ inches | Length of leg | 33½ inches |
| 25 inches | Thigh | 21½ inches |
| 17 inches | Calf | 15½ inches |
| 8⅝ inches | Ankle | 8¾ inches |

| Harry Greb | | Tiger Flowers |
|---|---|---|
| 160 pounds | Weight | 160 pounds |
| 5 feet 8½ inches | Height | 5 feet 11 inches |
| 16 inches | Neck | 15½ inches |
| 36 inches | Chest normal | 38 inches |
| 42 inches | Chest expanded | 42 inches |
| 70 inches | Reach | 76 inches |
| 13½ inches | Biceps | 14 inches |
| 11½ inches | Forearm | 13 inches |
| 8 inches | Wrist | 7½ inches |
| 33 inches | Waist | 31 inches |
| 11½ inches | Calf | 13 inches |
| 9 inches | Ankle | 10 inches |

# A Corner in the Fistic Market

By EDDIE BORDEN

THE New Year started in with a bang in a fistic way, with many excellent pugilistic programs offered to the American fight fans. In fact, such splendid cards were billed for the opening month of the year that things seem exceedingly bright for 1935. Several future stars were uncovered and it is certain that all indications point to a general revival of boxing conditions all over the world. Joe Louis, latest colored phenom from Detroit, among other good boys, continued his meteoric climb and he is certain to reach the top rung of the heavyweight ladder before the season ends. Babe Risko, a newcomer from Syracuse, also stepped into the limelight with a knockout over Teddy Yarosz, while Lou Ambers revealed plenty of ability in whipping Harry Dublinsky.

Beginning with the heavyweights, we find Louis taking precedence for the month's best showing with his excellent work. He disposed of Lee Ramage in eight rounds, Hans Birkie in ten, and whipped Patsy Perroni. Birkie drew with Eddie Simms. Max Baer, in his exhibition tour, went through several bouts, but the King Levinsky contest is the only one worth recording. Max kayoed the King for the first time in the former's career. Jack Peterson whipped George Cook in defense of the British title. Johnny Risko whipped Harry English but was beaten by Charley Retzlaff. Tommy Loughran won over Arturo Godoy in South America. Isadoro Gastanaga kayoed Hans Schonrath in five rounds. Al Ettore whipped Adolph Wiater. Pierre Charles scored over Vincenz Hower.

Red Barry scored a knockout over Max Maxwell. Steve Dudas scored over Frankie Edgren but lost to Buck Everett. Dutch Weimer lost to Young Firpo and was kayoed by Tiger Jack Fox in eight rounds. Roy Lazer scored over Yustin Sirutis. Lew Poster won from Unknown Winston.

Charley Belanger defeated Ernie Finnans in England. Young Herrera kayoed Salvatore Ruggirello in four rounds. Leroy Haynes disposed of Les Kennedy in eight rounds. Babe Hunt stopped the winning streak of Buddy Baer by winning a decision over him. Tom Patrick whipped Jack McCarthy. George Manley whipped Cyclone Lynch. Tony Cancela kayoed Corn Griffin in five rounds.

In the light-heavyweight division, Bob Olin, newly crowned champion, whipped Fanis Tzanatopoulos in an overweight match. Tony Shucco was beaten by John Henry Lewis and Maxey Rosenbloom. Maxey also whipped Al Stillman. Joe Knight kayoed Ed Karolak in two rounds. Lou Brouillard finished Sammy Slaughter in the fourth.

Ambrose Palmer whipped Pietro Spagnola and drew with Son Sealey in Australia. Al Gainer disposed of Lew Poster in ten rounds. Al McCoy scored over Don Petrin and finished Buck Tracey in three rounds. Ray Actis kayoed Johnny Miler in six rounds. Leo Kelley finished Emilio Martinez in the third. Adolf Heuser whipped Barrere and Albert Leidman in Europe. Tait Littman scored over Al Diamond. Dave Maier finished Henry Firpo in six rounds. Joe Lipps whipped Jack Denning and kayoed Jeff Elders in four rounds, but was beaten by Carl Knowles. Joe Jordan finished Ching Johnson in five rounds.

Babe Risko exploded a bombshell in the middleweight ranks with his seven-round knockout over Teddy Yarosz. Yarosz had previously beaten King Leonard, who was kayoed by Frank Battaglia in four rounds. Tommy Rios was beaten by Oscar Rankins and Freddy Steele, who also kayoed Andy Di Vodi in six rounds. Vince Dundee disposed of Vincent Troiano in seven rounds.

Fred Henneberry kayoed Jack O'Brien in thirteen rounds. Jimmy Smith defeated Swede Berglund. Erich Seelig kayoed George Brennan in five rounds. Gus Lesnovich whipped Jackie Aldare and kayoed Bucky Lawless in two rounds. Mickey Bottone whipped Red Affinito and Joe Kaminski trimmed Frank Fullam.

Very few prominent welterweights showed during the month and Jackie Davis heads the list with victories over Tony Falco and Joe Rossi. Falco was also beaten by Izzy Jannazzo while Rossi whipped Nick Pastore. Werther Arcelli drew with Harry Devine. Jack Carroll defeated Billy Martin in Australia. Kid Frattini won over Frankie Britt. Mickey Serrian won from George Gibbs. Tommy Romano scored over Sid Cohen.

Gustave Eder defeated Huib Huizenaar in Europe. Pat Butler won the British welterweight title from Harry Mason. Vittorio Venturi whipped Pete Martin. Gordon Wallace kayoed Billy Townsend in two rounds and Ronnie Headley in eight. Billy Wallace won from Sonny Jones. Jay Macedon defeated Phil Furr. Carlos Solomon disposed of Elmer Bezenah in three rounds. Bezenah whipped Ray Napolitano while Ray stopped Eddie Marks in five rounds. Al Casimini defeated Jimmy Murray and Johnny Bonito.

Tony Canzoneri, ranking lightweight contender, disposed of Eddie Ran in two rounds. Lou Ambers whipped Harry Dublinsky, Pancho Villa and disposed of Mickey Paul in one round. Sammy Fuller scored over Bobby Pacho and Eddie Cool. Leonard Del Genio whipped Lew Feldman and disposed of Frankie Wallace in six rounds. Tracey Cox whipped Toots Bashara. Leo Rodak won over George Hansford. Johnny Jadick scored over Phil Baker. Joe Ghnouly defeated Baby Tiger Flowers. Joey Ferrando scored over Norm Cordaro. Eddie Zivic disposed of Mike Barto in one round.

Benny Bass whipped Jimmy Brady and kayoed Baby Kid Chocolate in two rounds. Jackie Kid Berg finished Albert Bastin in four rounds. Seaman Watson won over Norman Snow. Teddy Loder whipped Billy McMahon. Charley Bedami defeated Jimmy Murray. Johnny Morro won from Lew Monte, while Monte scored over Pat Robinson. Jack Portney defeated Tod Morgan and Morgan kayoed Reg Hickey in eight rounds.

Wesley Ramey defeated Boyo Rees and Harry Brooks. Tony Morgano and Bus Breese whipped Tommy Paul. Al Ciullo kayoed George Goldberg in one and Hinds in seven rounds. Norment Quarles won over Eddie Burl. Cecil Payne whipped Frankie Monroe and kayoed Johnny Pasco in two rounds. Frank Sagilio kayoed Louis Jallos in three rounds. Jimmy Vaughn drew with Jackie McFarland.

Freddy Miller, featherweight champion, whipped Al Brown, Joe Connelly and kayoed Francis Augier in seven rounds, in overweight matches. Augier was also beaten by Maurice Holtzer. Baby Arizmendi defeated Henry Armstrong while Henry kayoed Ventura Arana in five rounds. Petey Hayes scored over Lew Feldman. Nel Tarleton won from Dave Crowley. Merv (Darky) Blandon drew with Billy McAnally and whipped Mickey Miller. Young Casanova kayoed Mickey Genaro in three rounds.

Juan Zurita scored over Pablo Dano. Gene Espinoza defeated Al Greenfield. Varias Milling won over Cuthbert Taylor and kayoed Legrand in five rounds. Frankie Covelli scored over Bucky Burton. Jose Santos whipped Joey Izzo. Baby Manuel disposed of Benny Victor in three rounds. Abie Israel whipped Baby Palmore. Frankie Wolfram scored over Young Rightmeier. Hymie Wiseman finished Sammy Levine in two rounds. Julie Katz whipped Jimmy Martin and Dick Welsh. Irving Eldridge disposed of Conrad Conde and Tommy Mankin in two rounds each.

Young Tommy heads the active bantams with a victory over Joey Dodge, who was also beaten by Speedy Dado. Louis Salica whipped Baby Quintana. Little Pancho won over Star Frisco in the Philippines. Joe Tei Ken won over Richard Li Brandi and disposed of Charley Zeletas in five rounds. Henry Hooks defeated Henry Moreno, Kid Barrilito but was beaten by Kid Laredo. Mickey Miller kayoed Tony Sacremento in one round and won from Jackie Sharpe. Johnny King drew with Johnny Holt. Mickey McGuire whipped Peter Miller but was beaten by Ike Pratt. Yambo Andrades defeated Frankie Martin. Young Perez kayoed Boyro in seven rounds. Ginger Foran scored over Len Beynon.

Midget Wolgast engaged in two draws with Johnny Pena, but judging by Wolgast's announced weight, his reign of the flyweights will be a thing of the past. Benny Lynch whipped Sandy McEwan, kayoed Johnny Griffiths in one round and won on a foul from Tut Whalley in eight rounds. Joe Mendiola drew with Valentin Anglemann, whipped Kid David and kayoed Peter Miller in two and Bobby Magee in three rounds. Magee drew with Teddy Rollins, whipped Billy Tansey, Hugh Griffo and kayoed Jim O'Neil in five rounds. Maurice Huguenin drew with Atenza. Ellis Ashurst scored over Syd Parker.

**The eight best prospects of the month are:**
**Flyweight—George Pritchard, England.**
**Bantamweight—Bobby Olivas, Los Angeles, Calif.**
**Featherweight—Mickey Devine, Batavia, N. Y.**
**Lightweight—Joey Greb, Brooklyn, N. Y.**
**Welterweight—Mickey Salem, Jersey City, N. J.**
**Middleweight—Dom Rizzo, Bayonne, N. J.**
**Light-heavyweight—Melio Bettina, New York City.**
**Heavyweight—Joe Davin, New York City.**

## RATINGS FOR THE MONTH OF JANUARY

These are my ratings for the month ending January 12:

| Heavyweights | Light-Heavyweights | Middleweights | Welterweights |
|---|---|---|---|
| World's Champion Max Baer | World's Champion Bob Olin | World's Champion Marcel Thil | World's Champion Jimmy McLarnin |
| 1—Steve Hamas | Maxey Rosenbloom | Paul Pirrone | Kid Azteca |
| 2—Primo Carnera | John Henry Lewis | Babe Risko | Bep Van Klaveren |
| 3—Art Lasky | Joe Knight | Young Corbett | Harry Dublinsky |
| 4—Max Schmeling | Tony Shucco | Teddy Yarosz | Ceferino Garcia |
| 5—Joe Louis | Lou Brouillard | Jock McAvoy | Eddie Kid Wolfe |
| 6—Patsy Perroni | Ambrose Palmer | Oscar Rankins | Bobby Pacho |
| 7—King Levinsky | Al Gainer | Vince Dundee | Willard Brown |
| 8—Jack Peterson | Al McCoy | Fred Henneberry | Andy Callahan |
| 9—Natie Brown | Ray Actis | Frank Battaglia | Jackie Davis |
| 10—Charley Retzlaff | Leo Kelley | Freddy Steele | Izzy Jannazzo |

| Lightweights | Featherweights | Bantamweights | Flyweights |
|---|---|---|---|
| World's Champion Barney Ross | World's Champion Freddy Miller | World's Champion Al Brown | Title Vacant |
| 1—Tony Canzoneri | Baby Arizmendi | Sixto Escobar | Midget Wolgast |
| 2—Frankie Klick | Mike Belloise | Young Tommy | Jackie Brown |
| 3—Young Peter Jackson | Petey Hayes | Louis Salica | Benny Lynch |
| 4—Lou Ambers | Nel Tarleton | Pablo Dano | Joe Mendiola |
| 5—Sammy Fuller | Henry Armstrong | Speedy Dado | Maurice Huguenin |
| 6—Tiger Humery | Petey Sarron | Little Pancho | Valentin Anglemann |
| 7—Cleto Locatelli | Merv Blandon | Star Frisco | Young Siki |
| 8—Eddie Cool | Maurice Holtzer | Baby Quintana | Tommy Pardoe |
| 9—Lew Massey | Johnny Pena | Joe Tei Ken | Bobby Magee |
| 10—Leonard Del Genio | Juan Zurita | Mickey Miller | Phil Milligan |

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# BROADCAST FROM NEW YORK

By EDDIE BORDEN

LOU AMBERS, designated leading challenger for the lightweight crown by the New York State Athletic Commission, turned in a brilliant performance in whipping Harry Dublinsky, one of the leading welterweights, and one of the toughest men in the world to score against. Ambers, who was practically put on the spot, covered himself with glory in the eyes of the fans who gathered at the Garden and vindicated the judgment of the Commission, although their choosing Ambers was merely haphazard judgment. There was no foundation for the original selection of Ambers, but because Ambers' manager happened to be at the offices to place a twenty-five-hundred-dollar certified check at the time when the Commission was seeking a worthwhile opponent for Ross to defend his title.

Dublinsky and Ambers engaged in a bitter tussle and Ambers clinched the verdict with his dashing rally in the last three rounds. It was closely contested and at the end of the seventh round the honors were about evenly divided. Ambers' spurt was impressive and he came through with a spray of punches which bewildered Dublinsky into such a state that he was unable to fight back.

Ambers is a combination of many good fighters of the past. He moves about with his arms dangling like Jimmy Slattery, punches with the reckless fury of Harry Greb, and snaps his punches like Canzoneri. It will take a good fighter to beat him, and Barney Ross, at 135 pounds, will not find Ambers an easy opponent.

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Leonard Del Genio developed into another potential lightweight contender by the impressive manner in which he finished Frankie Wallace of Cleveland in six rounds. Wallace won the first, floored Leonard at the beginning of the second and it was then that Del Genio showed the qualities of a champion. He was a veritable tiger in attack. He battered Wallace unmercifully for the duration of the round.

Wallace looked good in the third but in the fourth and fifth, he took a terrific body battering and went down four times from body punches. The referee finally stopped the uneven match in the sixth.

Wallace made a gallant fight but was stacked up against a two-fisted tiger who hasn't shown everything as yet that he is capable of in a fighting way. Petey Hayes outscored Lew Feldman in a ten-rounder which was closely fought. This fight lacked the thrills of the previous scrap, but it was bitterly fought and the decision was far from popular. Joe Tei Ken disposed of Charley Zeletas in the sixth round after being beaten badly all the way. Zeletas subbed for Baby Quintana. Lew Monte whipped Pat Robinson in the four-round opener. The show drew $12,800 net, which was a mighty good house, considering the fact that it was Ambers' first appearance on the big-time circuit.

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Bob Olin made his initial start as a champion and easily whipped Fanis Tzanatopolous at the Boston Garden in an overweight match. The title may make Olin into a more formidable fighter which time alone can prove—Jackie Davis, Cleveland scrapper, seems to be improving with each start. During the month he turned the tables on Joe Rossi, who had whipped him in their first meeting, and whipped Tony Falco in Bridgeport—Bill Miller will step into the newly organized Olympic Club of Los Angeles as press-agent and assistant matchmaker, with Dick Donald handling the reins—Miller is one of the most prolific writers in this country and should furnish the club with good copy from the publicity angle.

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Edward Foster, president of the National Boxing Association, came through with another one of his blasts which has helped to bring boxing into disrepute, this time against the managers. Does Mr. Foster realize that managers are more indispensable than boxing commissions, granting that both of them are of the necessary evil type? Boxing also belongs in that category, and you can take it or leave it alone, but Mr. Foster shows very poor judgment in rapping that which is part of his own profession.

It has developed that boxing commissions in various parts of the country have forgotten their duties and have taken upon themselves the duties of a professional matchmaker. They have insisted on telling the clubs just what matches to put in and have expressed their disapproval of others which, from our point of view, had a greater appeal for the public and which would probably earn the promoters a good-sized profit. Promoters who invest their money in a boxing club should be given every possible protection instead of being hindered. It is from the promoter that the state earn the taxes which pay the salaries of the boxing commissions and there should be a more harmonious understanding between the commissions and those in the sport. If the public does not like a certain match, they know that they can stay away, and that is just what they do. Good promoters do not stage mediocre matches and their inefficiency is soon discovered when they check the gate receipts.

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Jack Greenstock, promoter at the Streatham Sports Arena of London, is eager to locate his long lost brother. Says Jack, whose address is 221 Graham Road, London, E. 8, Eng.: "You will have mother's sincerest thanks if you insert a note that we would be pleased to hear from our brother, from whom we haven't received a line since the World War. He is a boxing fan, and am sure he will see this and write to dear mother." There you are, brother Greenstock. Start the New Year right by sending a cable, write, or even telephone.

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Charley Retzlaff may still make himself a serious threat in the heavyweight division. He whipped Johnny Risko in his last start and is the only one holding a knockout victory over Art Lasky, and is looking for another chance to prove that the first win was no fluke—Teddy Yarosz ran into misfortune when he was knocked out by Babe Risko, an unknown from Syracuse, and also fractured his knee in the bargain, which will necessitate several months' idleness—Risko must be a good puncher and should be a welcome addition to the flock of aspiring youngsters who expect to make fistic history this season—Risko and Paul Pirrone is a natural for any club where boxing is legalized, which is a mighty tribute to the hitting powers of both concerned—Tony Canzoneri started off on another campaign when he flattened Eddie Ran in two rounds. It was the first time in his fighting career that he scaled over 135 pounds. It is a foregone conclusion that Ross will not meet Canzoneri again—at least not for some time to come—and Tony can get plenty of action with the various welterweights around.

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Max Baer is aiding boxing all over the country in his exhibition campaign which is really fighting, with the lone exception that it is billed as an exhibition and that there is no decision attached to the affair. Anyone capable of knocking out Baer in one of those scrimmages will be entitled to call himself world's heavyweight champion. In the Levinsky affair, the King, who is no great respecter of persons, actually called Baer a "bum" and coaxed him to fight in the ring. That was the spark that ignited dynamite and Levinsky is still probably bemoaning the fact that he didn't use better judgment.

Buddy Baer lost his first decision to Babe Hunt in one of those four-rounders in Boston, and the defeat should help more than injure him. Buddy needs actual ring experience and Hunt was canny enough to furnish it. There is no profit gained in knocking over set-ups, no actual knowledge derived, except to be deluded with an inflated and exaggerated idea of one's ability. To be a seasoned campaigner, you have to meet styles of all fighters.

Although Max Baer's braggadocio manner is well known by this time, we think that he is making a grave mistake in belittling all his future opponents. He destroys whatever interest the public may have in certain fighters, and if eventually he is matched with them, the fans will remember Baer's statement that "so and so" is not much and they may not turn out for the affair.

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Sammy Fuller whipped Eddie Cool in the last show staged at the Garden before the New Year arrived. Fuller carried too many guns for Eddie, but the fans did not see Cool at his best. He was cowed somewhat by Fuller's reputation as a hard hitter and he fought too cautiously, but looked good in spots when he opened up occasionally to fight back.

John Henry Lewis scored easily over Tony Shucco in the semi-final. Leonard Del Genio had a tough assignment in Lew Feldman and only by staging a hurricane rally in the last two rounds did he win, even though the judges disagreed. Feldman dropped Leonard in the second round, but Lennie arose immediately. Del Genio is a jewel of the first water and will travel mighty far in the realm of fisticuffs. Joe Tei Ken trounced Richard Li Brandi in another eight while Frankie Bruno whipped Tony Rock in the four-round opener. Receipts amounted to $11,500 net.

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Joe Louis is a name to conjure with when discussing future heavyweight possibilities. This colored youngster has performed wonders in his brief professional experience and turned in his most outstanding work when he whipped Patsy Perroni in a ten-rounder, scoring three knockdowns. Perroni, a skilled, seasoned boxer, good enough to fight any heavyweight in the country, was outpointed by this ex-amateur, which added greater prestige to the feat than if he had scored a knockout.

The two Baers were on the same program. It was the first stellar attraction that the Detroit Olympia has housed in several years and it is safe to say that Louis was the principal contributing factor to the splendid turnout which attracted 30,000. The place was packed to capacity and about two thousand standing room tickets were sold. It was a swell comeback for boxing, but a greater comeback for Jim Mullen and Nate Lewis, who promoted the show.

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The firm of Nate Lewis and Mullen recently came together and under joint promotion staged two successful shows at the Chicago Stadium and the other at Detroit. Levinsky and Baer featured their first attempt and Joe Louis with Ramage was their second. The first drew $29,000 and the second $26,000, which was encouraging after the way Chicago dropped in boxing interest during the past season.

Lewis and Mullen are a perfect combination in many respects. Lewis, who generally goes to bed when people are starting for work, handles his negotiations at night, while Mullen comes to work in the morning, like any other business man. They are familiar with every phase of promotional endeavor and they stand aces high in the profession and are universally liked by one and all.

---

Barney Ross, since holding the lightweight title, has been a disappointment to the boxing game. So much was expected of this classy, brilliant youngster, but he has hurt boxing as much as McLarnin, with his dilatory tactics. He has not defended his lightweight crown in sixteen months and is causing the lightweight class to become stagnant. Ross turned down thirty thousand dollars to fight Canzoneri in Madison Square Garden and insisted on Chicago as the meeting place, when that match would not even draw that figure in Chicago.

It is very peculiar that he refused such a guarantee in these times but eagerly fought McLarnin on a percentage basis. Either Barney feels safe in meeting Canzoneri in Chicago or he fears Canzoneri more than is generally suspected. The last guess is that Barney cannot make the lightweight limit any longer and is delaying the forfeiture as long as he possibly can.

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Izzy Jannazzo, promising Brooklynite, flashed some fine fighting skill to whip Tony Falco at the St. Nicholas Palace. Al Casimini whipped Jimmy Murray after a swell scrap in the semi-final. Irving Eldridge disposed of Tommy Mankin in two rounds. Julie Katz was extended all the way to win a very close decision over Dick Welsh. Tony Fernandez kayoed Earl Lester in two rounds—Another show at the St. Nick's featured Al Casimini and Johnny Bonito. This was a very tough scrap and Al flashed ahead by staging a rally in the closing rounds. Charley Bedami outpointed Jimmy Murray, and Johnny Morro scored over Lew Monte in a sizzling bout.

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A constructively critical letter from Herbert Lieken of Hollywood censures us for misspelling the name of Cerefino Garcia. Ceferino is the real spelling, for which we humbly plead penance. He is a great admirer of Garcia and thinks he is the best welterweight in the country. He also expresses himself that our California scribe, Gene Vinassa, writes swell copy, and we subscribe to that opinion with equal enthusiasm.

## AUSTRALIAN BOXING NOTES
By HERB McHUGH

THE return meeting between Jack Portney and Tod Morgan resulted in a clear points' win for Portney at the end of fifteen rounds. The American's forehanded way of doing things had Morgan greatly worried, who, although trying hard, was invariably beaten to the punch. Tod failed to ruffle Portney, who throughout fought to plan and kept well away from Morgan's right hand, which was expected to collect for Tod.

While Morgan took a fair amount of punishment against Portney, he was well "on deck" a week later to hand out a thrashing to the Queenslander, Reg Hickey, stopping the ambitious northener in eight rounds. Hickey fought Morgan a draw in Brisbane four months ago, having two-minute rounds to help him, as well as home-town supporters. But his debut at Sydney Stadium was extremely disappointing and he was never once in the picture. He was knocked down for eight in the second round, and afterwards it was purely a case of how long the one-sided affair would last.

Merv Blandon and Mickey Miller, who both accounted for Speedy Dado, met at headquarters, Blandon winning on points. Miller was rather disappointing on that night. When he elected to fight he had much the better of proceedings, but often was lackadaisical, which was accounted for a few days later when he was admitted to the hospital under observation, appendicitis being hinted at as the likely trouble.

Blandon followed with a bout against Billy McAnally. He could do no better than get a draw. The fight took place in Brisbane.

Jimmy Kelso and Bobby Delaney are to hit the come-back trail. Matchmaker Charlie Lucas, however, has decided to send them in against each other. It will be interesting to see who falls by the wayside. They go in a week after the Bishop-Varner scrap.

A new company is operating in Melbourne, under the direction of Billy Ahern, who some months ago was Melbourne rep for the National Boxing Club. The fights will be staged in a hall known as the Glaciarium, capable of accommodating around 5,000 fans. The first line-up reads attractively, as Ambrose Palmer and Fred Henneberry, light-heavy and middleweight champions, respectively, have been roped in. It is yet too early to predict anything. Melbourne was once a great fight city, but not so at present. The takings at the Palmer-Henneberry will have all the big-wigs interested.

Al Lippe will renew acquaintances when he arrives with Vernon Cormier, Phil Zwick and Bobby Wilson. If Al's proteges are up to the standard, his stay should reward him. Willard Brown is also to make the trip. A Brown-Carroll scrap is a "natural."

After lots of wondering and waiting, fans have at last seen Tom Lurich and Gus Sonnenberg opposed to each other. Contrary to what some of the "know-alls" on grappling thought, Lurich came out a winner by the odd fall in three. Increased prices of admission in the bleacher section affected the "house" to some extent; even so, over $6,000 worth of customers came along.

As a spectacle, as is usual on big occasions, it was rather disappointing, due perhaps to the restrictions put on both wrestlers. Lurich, as well as being a far better wrestler than he is given credit for, is the perfect showman. He must have the trimmings in which to put the match over, but these were not allowed him against Sonnenberg and he had to satisfy himself with wrestling straight.

Lurich took the first fall with his renowned body scissors in the second round, with Gus equalizing with his stock-in-trade—a flying tackle, in the fourth—However, in the next stanza he went hurtling through the ropes, and, failing to climb back within a stipulated period of ten seconds, the pat of victor went to Lurich.

Taking the match throughout, Lurich always appeared to have the edge on Sonnenberg. Tremendously powerful and with excellent use of leverage, Lurich did not have much difficulty in breaking many of Gus's holds. He was decidedly the stronger of the pair and had Sonnenberg rather weary towards the finish. It is possible that Lurich and Mamos will come together at headquarters. Without stipulations it should provide its quota of fireworks.

## IN HAWAII
By FRANK S. FUJIMOTO

BOXING in the Islands made a strong comeback in the latter part of the year, with many smokers held at the various arenas.

Volcano Arena, Hilo—K. O. Kuratsu, leading flyweight, came back by holding Alejandro Pazmore, tough Filipino, even in eight rounds on Armistice Day. (Kuratsu was suspended a year ago for poor contest against Paglo Dano.)

The semi-wind-up showed K. O. Pagan, a Maui lad, taking an easy win over Sabas Jamitos . . . . Hisashi Nishi was held to a draw by Paul Seronio in a six-rounder . . . . Kid Masa took Flashy Joe to camp in two heats . . . . Kid Perreira won from Lightning Feliciano and Juan Anatacio won from Harry Katsumoto.

Maui—Before a small crowd, Huerta Evans, in his second showing here, beat Joe Velasco with ease. The bout was a ten-rounder.

Kid Bulldog and Henry Callejo fought to a six-round draw . . . . Larry Santana finished Freddy Solomon in two rounds . . . . Hitoshi Tanaka beat Alfonso Silvano . . . . Satoru Umetsu and Kid Alea drew . . . . Satogi Hotta T.K.O.'d Clever Sencio.

Civic Auditorium, Honolulu—Young Gildo, leading 126-pounder, and Clever Sison, both Filipino boys, put up a miserable fight at the Auditorium, which brought the commission to investigate the whole affair. Gildo and Sison's purses were held up for a few days, but later were paid. The official ruling was a draw.

Joe Velasco beat Frank Torres in the semi-wind-up. A very one-sided contest, with the Fil superior . . . . Another victim went down to the dreamland, this time tough Kid Bulldog. Young Tony the winner in three . . . . Kid Luzon lost to Kid Henry . . . . Kid Walalua and Kid Francis a draw . . . . and Senor Ramierez outpointed Tony Pacheco in the curtain-raiser.

Auditorium, Honolulu—Huerta Evans is a great fighter and can hold any fighter on even terms. Evans won a clean-cut victory over Clever Sison in ten rounds at the Civic Auditorium to card. He won the match decisively unless for the short knockdown in the seventh round.

Young Pazmore, tough little Filipino, scored a T.K.O. over Lightning Santana of Maui in the fifth frame. A bad gash over Santana's left eye stopped the bout . . . . Kid Alea finished "New Deal" Francis in one canto . . . . Kid Henry beat Kid Domingo . . . . "Bull" Tony put the sleeper on Tony Pacheco in three . . . . Kid Waialua won from Carlos Andrade . . . . Senor Ramierez and Manuel Gutierres fought a draw.

Hilo (Volcano Arena)—A packed house of over twenty-five hundred fans jammed the Arena to witness Huerta Evans, 125-pounder of Los Angeles, being held to a six-round draw by Young Gildo, 126 pounds, of Manila. The crowd booed the decision, for the majority thought Evans earned the verdict.

Joey Ledesma won the decision over Little Hufana. A draw would have pleased the crowd better. Kid Masa, promising Japanese youngster, surprised the fans by taking a technical knockout win over Paul Seronio in the second round . . . . Katsup Okuna, with a wild swing, knocked out Juan Antanacio in the third . . . . Lightning Feliciano won from Domingo Rodrigues . . . . Flashy Joe and Kid Perreira fought a draw.

Honolulu—The fighting career of Anson Rego was through when Young Gildo, classy Fil, pounded out a T.K.O. win in the first round. Gildo sent Rego to the floor with a swift left to the jaw for a nine count. Rego rose up to meet the attack, and again he was floored. He rose again, but Referee Lt. Lovell stepped between the boys to save Rego from further punishment. Rego's weight was 136 pounds and Gildo tipped the scales at 126.

Huerta Evans took a slow win from Joe Velasco. Henry Callejo knocked out Young Tony in the second heat . . . . Young Pazmore and K. O. Kuratsu fought a draw . . . . Kid Felipe and Delphin Augustine showed best fight of the evening. Augustine won . . . . Kid Alea lost to Kid Luzon.

## BOXING IN JAMAICA, B. W. I.
By JACK SAUNDERS

ANGEL SANCHEZ, light-heavyweight champ of Mexico, dropped the decision to Jack Hawthorne, our light-heavyweight king, in ten rounds.

Charley Perez, the San Domingan, had a runaway victory over Paul Granda of Peru.

The Cuban champ, Juan Morales, after losing to our flyweight king, Young Chocolate, drew with Pal Silver in a fiercely contested bout.

Freddy Coke shared the honors with Jay Carnera. Toro del Sur beat Young Corbett.

Buzz Barton blew his chance of getting a crack at Baby de la Paz when he lost the decision to Joe Walcott in a ten-round bout. Bill Tate had a hot time scoring over Battling Ergus, the hard-hitting southpaw. Toro del Sur was beaten by Lefty Flynn in six rounds. Breezy Boy beat Young Granda.

A wrestling match between Jeff Silvera and Hal Demetrius ended in a draw.

In a main contest of ten rounds, Buzz Barton won on foul from Charley Perez in the sixth round. Young Chocolate earned the decision over Pal Silver in a six-round mix-up; Young Harvey won by T.K.O. over Black Bill; Young Williams beat Lefty Madden in six rounds; Kid Axle won from Battling Nelson in four rounds.


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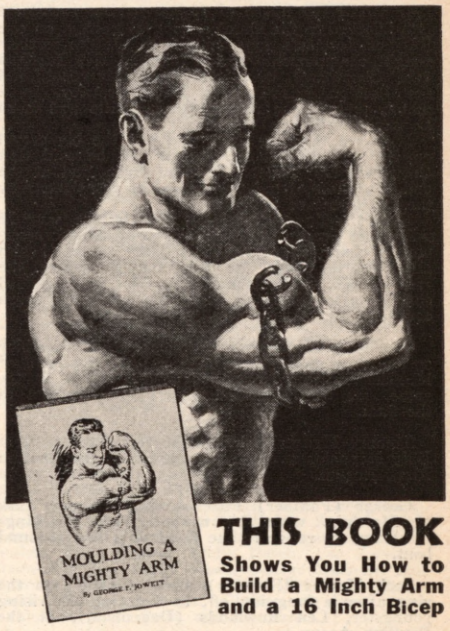


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## TIMELY CHATTER FROM GREAT BRITAIN

By JOHN S. SHARPE

A PACKED house of 10,000 paying customers flocked to the Empire Pool, Wembley, on one of London's foggy nights to see the feather-weight championship match between Nel Tarleton (the Champion) who hails from Liverpool, and the London Irish-Italian, Dave Crowley, in a match over fifteen rounds for the title and Lord Lonsdale Belt.

It was a thrilling fight, and had the big crowd on its toes throughout, and it can be said that Crowley gave Tarleton a great fight, and at the end, Tarleton's hand was raised as the winner by the narrowest of margins.

Erich Seelig made a great hit by the way he sailed into George Brennan (the ex-amateur cruiser-weight champion of Great Britain) to batter him all over the ring for five rounds before the referee, Mr. C. H. Douglas, stopped the one-sided contest, after Brennan had been down for seven counts.

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The heavyweight competition on which Wembley spent 1,000 pounds was won by Alf Robinson of Manchester, who is not reckoned a novice at the game. He beat Norman Baines of Liverpool in the final.

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Tommy Hyams had to fight very hard to beat Billy Reynolds over twelve rounds at the Chalton Ring, Euston.

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George (Panther) Purchase had an easy task at Merthyr, when he caused Dick Stubbings (Fulham) to retire in the third of a fifteen-round bout.

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Jack Hyams (Stepney) made a return to the ring after a long lay off, to outpoint the rising youngster, Len Rowlands (Dagenham), at the Pavilion Arena.

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Norman Snow stepped into the breach left by Tom Watson, owing to illness, to meet Sonny Lee over ten rounds at Portsmouth. Snow proved an able substitute and received the decision at the end of ten sparkling rounds.

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Freddie Miller (world's featherweight champion) continued his successful trip to Europe, with a points win over Cuthbert Taylor (Merthyr), after twelve hard rounds at Liverpool Stadium. Fighters like Miller are always welcome to this part of the world.

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Motzi Spakow (cruiser and heavyweight champion of Rumania) made a reappearance at London, when at the Pavilion Arena. He met the South African cruiserweight Eddie Pierce in a ten rounds' bout.

Spakow was the more forceful and harder puncher and the bout seemed to be all over, when in the fourth round a hard right split Pierce's left ear, and the blood spurted all over the front row customers.

Pierce showed rare gameness after this and in spite of continual holding on his part he boxed rather cleverly. In the fifth round Pierce was put down for nine from a left hook to the chin and at the end the referee gave his decision as a draw.

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Boxing must be picking up in the British Isles when on the same night as the Tarleton-Crowley match a similar crowd of 10,000 people gathered in Cardiff, to see their new Welsh lightweight champion, Boyo Rees, meet Marius Baudry over twelve rounds, and after a good bout the Frenchman was declared the winner on points.

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Eddie Philips (Bow) met Alf Luxton (Birmingham) in what was to have been a twelve rounds affair at Birmingham. One round was sufficient, as Luxton was K.O'ed with a perfect right to the jaw after one minute of boxing.

In the supporting bout Paddy Peters (Birmingham) outpointed Billy Petrie (Canada) over twelve rounds of hard fighting.

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Seaman Storrie (Chatham) made short work of Al Bowden (Plymouth) when he K.O.'ed him in the first of a twelve-round bout at Rochester.

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Jimmy Tarante made short work of Del Fontaine when they met at Hull in what was to have been a twelve-round contest. Tarante battered Montaine all around for two rounds, and in the third scored a K.O.

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Mickey McGuire (Newcastle) made a return to winning form when he met Peter Miller (Gateshead) at Newcastle over twelve rounds. Miller made McGuire pull out all he knew, to win on points.

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Benny Sharkey (Newcastle) forced Albert Barker (Sheffield) to retire at Carlisle with a badly cut eye in the tenth, after the former had the bout well in hand.

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Leonard Steyaert (cruiserweight champion of Belgium) was the master of the Jack Casey (Sunderland) in every round of the twelve that were fought at York.

Tommy Moore (northern area middleweight champion) made short work of Billy Armstrong (Hellifield), whom he stopped in the fifth of a twelve-round bout at Barnsley.

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Johnny McGrory (Scottish featherweight champion) and Benny Caplan (St. Georges) gave a fast and clever exhibition when they met over ten rounds at Glasgow. The referee, who had an easy time with these two boxers, declared a draw.

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Chris "Ginger" Foran turned the tables on Len Beynon when they met in a return twelve rounds bout at the Stadium, Liverpool. Beynon was on top at the start but soon gave way to the forceful tactics of Foran, who was returned the winner of a great bout. Wesley Ramey had his first bout in Great Britain when he met Boyo Rees (lightweight champion of Wales) in the supporting bout of twelve rounds.

The bout was fought bitterly and Ramey was returned the winner by a narrow margin.

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Tom Curran (Walton), the young middleweight whom I have written of before as a coming champion, met Frank Hough (Battersea) in a rubber match over fifteen rounds at East Ham Baths.

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The hall was packed to the doors to see these two aggressive battlers. Hough, who had been enjoying a run of K.O. victories, was met by the tough youngster with right-hand body blows that made the ex-army champion double up with a painful look in his face. At the end of the eighth Hough signaled his retirement, claiming a damaged lip as the cause.

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Snowy Edwards again appeared at the Norwich Corn Hall, and scored a quick K.O. over Les Saunders (Rotherham) when the latter took the full count in the third round from a right to the body and a left to the jaw.

"Ginger" Sadd (Norwich), boxing in good form, defeated Gunner Abbott (Castleford) on points, after twelve rounds in the supporting bout.

---

Jimmy Walsh gave a good display to outclass the tough Belgian, Edouard Jamsin, after twelve interesting rounds.

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George Odwell (Camden Town) scored a seven-round K.O. over Eddie Jones (Newcastle) after a good bout at the Pavilion Arena.

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A fine move was made by the stewards of the B.B.B.C. when they had before them Jackie Brown, flyweight champion of the world.

Brown asked them to give him a chance to re-establish himself, and they willingly gave him his wish, as they declared that Brown had been punished for his "civil act."

---

Barney Regan (Belfast), who gave up his job as a policeman in Belfast to enter the Wembley Pool 1,000 pounds competition, made an appearance at Lancelot Hall, Wembley, against the local Sid Wass in a ten-round bout. The bout lasted till the sixth when the referee stopped it, as Wass was in a bad way.

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George Marsden (Nottingham) defeated Nipper Fred Morris (Stepney) over twelve rounds at Nottingham.

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Charlie Baxter avenged a previous defeat by outpointing Ernie Roderick over twelve rounds at Wolverhampton after a very good bout.

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Before a packed house at Newcastle, Jimmy Tarante easily defeated Jack Casey on points over twelve rounds. In the supporting bout Billy Quinlan outpointed Douglas Parker after twelve rounds of hard hitting.

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Pat Butler won the welterweight championship of Great Britain by outpointing the veteran holder of the title, Harry Mason, over fifteen rounds at Granby Hall, Leicester. A packed house witnessed the contest.

Charlie Belanger (Canada) scored a points win over Ernie Simmons (Birmingham) in the supporting bout to the Butler-Mason championship contest. Al Conquest (Canada) scored another win at Derby over Frank Borrington (Derby), on points, after twelve good rounds.

---

A packed house at the Royal Albert Hall pleased Jeff Dickson when he staged Jack Peterson and George Cook for the Empire and British heavyweight championship.

Although Petersen won his contest on points, there were times that the veteran Cook surprised him, and the big crowd urged Cook to keep fighting and press Peterson.

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Dave Finn and Benny Caplan, two East Side featherweights, met over ten rounds in one of the supporting bouts at the Royal Albert Hall with Caplan winning the decision.

Dick Corbett (Bethnal Green) easily defeated Phineas John (Wales) who has recently returned from Australia.

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Al Burke (Shepherds Bush) defeated Jack Hyams (Stepney) over ten rounds of boxing at the Pavilion Arena.

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Nutty Bean (Plymouth) met the flyweight champion of the west of England, Joe Burt (Penzance), over twelve rounds at Penzance, and scored a most convincing win on points.

---

I flew over to Paris for Xmas, and met old friends and took in the Freddie Miller-Al Brown contest at Jeff Dickson's palatial Palais de Sports.

A big crowd gathered to see the two world's champions in action, and check up on the truth of the old saying that a good big 'un will always beat a good little 'un.

Miller started the bout at a fast clip, and had Brown on the defensive for the first three rounds.

Brown made a spurt in the fourth and evened the round, but when the Cincinnati southpaw got going in the fifth, he was all over the bantam champion, who held at every opportunity. The decision in Miller's favor was received amid cheers.

Varias Milling made a good impression in defeating "Tiger" Defer, a fighting Frenchman, in a six-round slugfest.

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Charlie Belanger defeated Al Burke in five rounds at West Ham Baths, when the referee, Mr. Moss Deyong, stopped the contest with Burke in a bad way.

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At the Pavilion Arena four twelve-round bouts were featured, which resulted as follows: Jimmy Vaughan K.O.'ed Johnny Waples in the second round. George Day caused a surprise by outpointing Paddy Peters. Frank Meachem and Sol Severns went twelve rounds to a draw. Bert Cannons defeated Tab Davies over twelve rounds of fighting.

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Dave McCleave won again at the Ring, London, when he defeated George "Panther" Purchase (South Africa) on points after ten rounds.

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Harry (Kid) Farlo, boxing as a substitute, met Tommy Dowlais in a ten-round contest at the Pavilion Arena and won in the eighth round, when Dowlais was ruled out for hitting low, after being cautioned on two previous occasions.

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Johnny McGrory (Glasgow) scored a decisive win over his Scottish rival, Joe Connolly (Bathgate), on points after twelve spectacular rounds at the Adelphi Sports Club, Glasgow. In the supporting bout Jim Campbell (Glasgow) scored a five-round K.O. over Joey Carr (Old Ford) with a left hook to the body.

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Jim Winters suffered a two-round K.O. when he met Billy Brennan at Leith A.C. Edinburgh, in what was to be a twelve-round bout.

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A large crowd gathered at Middlesborough to see Len Hampston (Batley) and George Marsden (Nottingham) meet over twelve rounds. The bout was fought at a fast pace and one after the other took the lead. When the referee declared a draw, the decision was well received.

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"Snowy" Edwards gained a close decision over Jack Marshall after twelve rounds of hard hitting at Corn Hall, Norwich.

## BOXING IN CUBA

By MILT BARON

HAVANA fight fans witnessed some good bouts during the month, and the promoters were well paid with good gate receipts.

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Relampago Saguero, Cuba's welter champion, retained his crown after a fifteen-round battle with Kid Calixto. The fight was full of pep and Saguero showed he is still master here. Young Pena kayoed Tony Cruz in the first, and Chocolate Pinareno kayoed Joe Pedroso in one round. Mario Cardenas drew with R. Bermudez.

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Young Herrera, light and heavy champ of the Island, scored a four-round technical knockout over Salvador Rugirello, and Humbert Casals won over Ramon Perez in ten rounds. Conguito II scored a two-round knockout over A. Martinez, but was beaten by Kid Machito in six. Machito also won over Kid Rapidez in six, and looked good in his work.

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Ignacio Ara, Spanish middleweight, scored an eight-round K.O. over Lope Tenorio of Manila, and then won a ten-round decision over Tony Dominguez the Cuban champion. Enrique Quintana outpointed Casotr Fernandez in ten rounds, and Jesus Alvarez kayoed Panchon Suarez in two.

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Fillo Echevarria, the San Sebastian featherweight, eked out a ten-round decision over Gilbert Castillo, the local featherweight champion, at the Cristal Arena. Manuel Vazquez won in ten over Ramon Perez.

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Dizzy Dean, popular St. Louis pitcher, was presented to the boxing fans at the Ara-Lopez Tenorio fight, and received a big ovation.

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Pincho Gutierrez and Lew Parga are making good as promoters at the Cristal Arena. They know what the public wants, and they try their best to satisfy.

## LOUISIANA AND VICINITY
**By H. J. "MATTY" MATHEWS**

A CHANGE in regime, presaging a better boxing season for 1935—for it cannot be worse—ushered in the new year for the Garden A.C. of New Orleans. Lew Diamond, itinerant Eastern promoter, has taken the chair of matchmaker. Marty Burke, who has been active in that position for the past several years, will continue as president of the organization. "Red" Walsh retains his post of assistant matchmaker. Diamond has formulated great plans and important matches, but he will have to bring the gate receipts to a higher point than they have been running before he can interest the elite of boxing to appear in the Crescent City.

Henry Moreno, leading southern bantamweight, lost his first bout in New Orleans in several appearances when the official decision went against him in a twelve-round affray with Henry Hooks, Indianapolis, Ind., slugger. Moreno won over Hooks on several previous occasions.

In a dull, slow ten-rounder, Ervin Berlier, New Orleans southpaw lightie, received the nod over Archie Lewis, his home-town rival. What should have been the main event stole the card when George Clausen, Mobile, Ala., and Jumbo Rovira, New Orleans, lightweights, met in ten rounds of continuous slugging. Clausen was adjudged the winner.

Only two white shows were staged in New Orleans during the month, but some of the more ambitious fighters showed well. Battling Burroughs, Pascagoula, Miss., defeated Johnny Blalak and drew with Elmer Freas; Tommy Murphy won from Sterling Silver, all middleweights. Boomer Brooker decisioned Paul Quartararo; Benny Nastasi beat Johnny Russo but lost to Mike Cusimano, all lightweights. Dewey Cannon technicaled Joe Saille, bantamweights.

K.O. White, hard punching colored favorite, demonstrated his wares twice before good crowds. He easily slammed out a win over Gene Thomas, Atlanta, Ga., junior welterweight, in ten rounds, but ran into a tartar and lost in twelve rounds to Chocolate Bon Bon, also of Atlanta.

Other colored bouts during the month resulted as follows: Josh Willis kayoed Al Edwards; Leather-faced Crouch beat Chester Jones and Battling Puggy; Roughhouse Bowman downed Arkansas Kid, all middleweights. Kid Carl decisioned Battling Siki; George Godfrey shellacked Battling Puggy but lost to Leo Tankerson, all welterweights. Augie Perez trounced Levi Young; Eddie Kid Brown won over Kid Spibbens and Kid Phillips, but lost to Chocolate Bon Bon; Charley the Kid outpointed Young Danno; K.O. Coleman stopped Newsboy Brown, all lightweights.

V. C. Bruscato, energetic boxing and wrestling promoter of Monroe, Louisiana, will reopen his M.A.C. arena to boxing. Bruscato last season staged many good matches and drew well and this season it is anticipated he will have another good year.

OUTCROPPINGS—Pete Herman, former world's bantamweight champion, underwent an operation in hope of regaining his lost eyesight . . . . It is rumored that Broadway Johnny Cox and John Knoop have joined forces in handling a stable of fighters . . . . Biloxi, Miss., has boxing again . . . . Sports writers of New Orleans are strenuously urging a change in judges and some referees, as the officials' work is meeting with much objection . . . . The writer's address is 627 Ursuline, New Orleans, La.

## ROCHESTER, N.Y., BOXING NOTES
**By SAM PORCELLI**

RUBY COHEN, Rochester's lone pro matchmaker, had a tough break on his first card, New Year's day. Cohen had a good card booked but had to call the show off for a later date due to injuries received by three of the boxers in the gym. Ruby didn't care to open with subs.

Rochester has only three local boxers that mean anything. They are Al Traino, lightweight; Jimmy Downs, welterweight; and Joe (Jordan) Lillich, heavyweight.

The amateurs are running weekly shows and Frank Powderly is giving the fans some real good fights. He is packing them in every show.

The pro clubs that are running shows often are Syracuse, Buffalo, Utica and Rochester. Binghamton and Auburn are planning on running weekly shows soon.

Al Traino, Rochester Toy Bulldog, is going great guns. Traino will show on the next pro card with an outstanding fighter.

The writer has a great team of amateurs in Benny Baxter, heavyweight; Jake Hagermann, light-heavyweight; Irish Jim Flood, middleweight; Joey Di Carlo, welterweight; Georgie Sprague, lightweight; Nick August, featherweight, and Don Piano, bantamweight. These boys are all city champions and Golden Glove winners, and can be booked through the writer.

Irish Jim Flood, middleweight, and Joe Di Carlo are the best amateur drawing cards in the city.

With a pro club in the city, the following pro boys are training at the Elks Club daily: Al Traino, Jim Downs, Joe Jordan, Mike Rago, Johnny Baker, Sammy Boscario, Charley Simpson, Eddie Foster, and Lefty Thomas.

Mike Dempsey, one-time welterweight contender, is planning on making a comeback. Mike made over $100,000 but is broke now and trying to get a few fights.

*Scotland, Eng.* I have forwarded your letter to the RING office and you will hear from them very soon.

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The writer will answer all letters. Kindly send stamped envelope to 121 North Union Street, Rochester, New York.

Jack McCann of Syracuse has a fine stable of boys. He can be reached at 265 Grand Avenue, Syracuse, New York.

There's a rumor around town that the pro club will have a new matchmaker in the near future.

## HEARD AND SEEN IN MICHIGAN
**BY MICKEY McINTIRE**

BOXING is returning to popularity all over the state of Michigan. Fights are being held in several of the smaller towns in Michigan, and with the return of the gigantic Detroit Olympia, the setup is about complete. The Olympia had not had a professional boxing card since early in 1933, but with the rise in popularity of Joe Louis, the Olympia has found it profitable to stage boxing shows.

Their first attempt was that which featured Detroit's Tiger man and Patsy Perroni. Perroni was touted as a good, rough-and-ready fighter, and proved to be just that. He was no match for the smart and hard hitting Detroiter, but his grit and determination enabled him to last the ten rounds. Patsy was dropped three times for nine counts, and was in danger of being knocked out on several occasions, but always managed to weather the storm until the bell came to his rescue.

Max Baer was also on the card, and following Max's kayo of King Levinsky, he was expected to do likewise to Babe Hunt, the tall string bean from the West. He didn't. He just clowned for four rounds, and the crowd of close to 16,000 who paid nearly $30,000 booed him lustily.

Big Buddy Baer did all of the fighting for the Baer family, having a comparatively easy time with Jack O'Dowd of Detroit. O'Dowd was up and down several times before taking the count.

Edwin Waling, three times Golden Glove winner and former National amateur champion, made his third professional start in a six-rounder. Dario Moreno of Kalamazoo was his opponent, and although the fiery Mexican put up a game fight all the way, he was outclassed by a clear margin. Waling should go places.

Johnny Vorce beat Buck Tracy, and Frank Kapanowski lost a close decision to Billy Treest on the same card. The fans got their money's worth.

Nate Lewis is the main matchmaker, and Scotty Monteith, Detroit's veteran promoter, made the preliminary matches.

The Golden Gloves tournaments are raging at this writing, and a lot of good prospects will be turned out before spring. Some of the good boys in the *Detroit Free Press* tourney are Patsy Urso, Joe Yaksich, George Vartanian, Earl Fredenburg, Edgar Waling, Joe Sworek, Walter Smigel, Dick Edwards, Al Nettlow, Alex Kilpatrick, Billy Stokes, Rene Denne, Eddie Futch, Vic Zwyicki, Dave Simpson, Percy Jones, George Burnett, Bill Bommer, Frank Rickert, Ray McCullen, David Clark, Young Johnson, Clinton Bridges, John Baluck, Lorenzo Pack, and Ed Tank.

Jack Asperry, Slim McClelland, Clarence Rosen, Frankie Dailey, Sam Hennessey, and Lou Handler are refereeing the bouts.

Wilbur Chevalier can be seen at the amateur shows in Bay City seconding the promising youngsters. Wilbur hasn't fought for some time, and, would you believe it, is growing a mustache. Wilbur can make connections for any good young fighter who has no managerial connections. Wilbur had over 130 fights and knows the fight game from A to Z. Address him 110 Litchfield Street, Bay City, Mich.

1935 state boxing promoters' lists may be had by sending twenty-five cents to Mickey McIntire, Deckerville, Mich.

Among the Michigan fights recently were Larry Madges' T.K.O. of Eddie Wells, Gene Stanley's several triumphs, Mickey Ryan's clever fights, and Kapanowski's draw with Leon Jackson.


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## NEWS AND GOSSIP FROM BOSTON

By DOC ALMY

AS the many readers of THE RING may have surmised, the year 1934 has gone down into the books as the leanest in boxing this old Bay State has experienced in fifteen years. The total gate receipts from 143 "pro" boxing shows were but $183,960. Practically every promoter and club in the entire state, barring the Valley Arena A.A. of Holyoke, which managed to keep its nose above the surface, went into the hole. The receipts garnered by the state from its official five per cent tax, club license and other fees, amounted to about $19,000, which sum hardly paid the expenses of the State Athletic Commission. In former years gates of from $20,000 to $30,000 were not unusual, while a high of $56,000 was registered for any outdoor event and $43,000 for one staged under a roof.

During the recent year fourteen clubs took a chance, tried to make the mare go but, as stated, with one exception all wrote their story in red ink. A doleful tale, we'll say. We've been in the game for more than twenty-five years and never saw conditions, looking from the inside of the sport, worse than in 1934.

Being a veteran we were invited to write an answer to it all—a constructive answer, and here it is for better or for worse: A general rehabilitating of the game from the bottom up, and not the top down; more small clubs where talent can be developed—intermediate schools for the boys just out of the amateurs for whose services there is no demand in the rings of the large organizations; a real system of co-operation along chain store lines between the big clubs, also a similar circle of co-operation between the lesser organizations; abolition of judges and a general cut in official overhead; referees to be appointed only after a competitive examination as to their fitness, said third men to be limited as to number and paid enough for their services to make their jobs worth retaining; managers of main bout performers to have some choice in the selection of the referee who is to pass upon the merits of their charges; doing away with the guarantee system beyond the point of actual involved expenses; establishment of the definite purse, the same to be contested on a percentage winner-loser basis; boxers to be paid according to contracts filed with commissions, the pay-off to either be in the office of a commission or in the presence of a commissional representative who shall officially report the entire details, such report being open for public inspection; throwing out of the sport chiseling promoters, matchmakers and fight managers. In short, fighting put back in the fight game, the better man to receive the award.

During 1934, as the result of consistent pounding in the columns of the daily paper on which we are employed—views picked up by brothers of the Fourth Estate who joined in the chorus—the license fee for prelim boxers has been cut from $25 to $15, the same to be paid on a basis of $5 per fight instead of down in one hunk; the club license fee in Boston has been chopped from $800 to $600 as pertains to the large organizations and, more recently, to $100 for clubs seating one thousand or less, the scale for these latter being $100 per thousand seating capacity.

The chances favor that during the present year the Boxing Commission will so change its rules that a club license shall run for one year from the date of issue instead of from January 1 to December 31, as has been in vogue for twenty years. Thus a promoter, say of a big club, cannot be maced out of $600 should he decide to stage a show in December, and then have to pay $600 more in January should he decide to continue operating.

Though 1934 was a tough year for boxing in this state, December had its bright spots and encouraging signs. First of all, Ray Cass, matchmaker for the Boston Garden, took a chance and staged a show in the Boston Arena. It was the first boxing show in months in Boston to go over the top with profits amounting to about $1,000. The bouts themselves were good with a stand-out ten rounds' fray between Steve Carr of Meriden, Conn., and Terry "Tiger" Warrington of Halifax, N.S., which the former won by a small margin.

Cass's success encouraged the Goodwin A.C., which finally sputtered out last summer when the red ink bottle went dry, to re-enter the field. It came with a fine show, staged in the Boston Garden which it had hired for the occasion, which attracted about 15,000 fans and a net gate of $18,609, the largest money by thousands of dollars drawn by any fistic attraction throughout 1934, in the entire state. Not only did the club offer a fighting card, but threw in as props Max Baer, Jack Dempsey and Jack Sharkey as referees, along with Buddy Baer in a prelim with Henry Surette of Leominster, which saw the latter down in the resin for the full count in the second heat. This was no surprise but we'll say for it that Surette tried to put up a fight, also that Buddy shaped as having plenty of futurity possibilities. He is far from being the gawk we had expected—won plenty of complimentary notice, all aside from the fact of being the champion's brother.

The feature bout on the Goodwin A.C. card saw Sammy Fuller of Boston, now back into his old-time stride, defeat Bobby Pacho, the Mexican from the Pacific Coast, in ten well-fought rounds. Pacho did the bulk of the aggressive work but was repeatedly beaten to the punch, also on the inside stuff at close quarters. In another ten, Maxie Rosenbloom, showing in Boston for the first time in years, outpointed Tony Shucco, Boston, thus evening the score between them. Maxie did very little slapping—seemed content to keep just enough in front to assure himself of receiving the decision. A third slated ten brought together Al McCoy of Maine, now residing in a Boston suburb, against Buck Tracey, Everett, a tough, two-fisted iron man. Unhappily for Tracey, McCoy now a light-heavy and fighting in top form, can punch with either hand and throw 'em fast. Buck went down exhausted in the third and was counted out.

Within recent weeks the prayers of Promoter Paul Bowser and other mat solons of his set for an Irish heavyweight wrestler have been granted. The answer has come in the person of Daniel O'Mahoney, hailing from a small village outside of Cork, a fine, big, red-cheeked boy of twenty-two, standing more than six feet and weighing around 200 pounds. As the story goes, O'Mahoney, but recently honorably discharged as a private from the Irish Free State army, encountered Ed Lewis about five weeks ago on a London mat. They were wrestling according to rounds and, in the third, Big Ed decided to resign, so the award went to Daniel. Jack McGrath of Worcester, Mass., a former wrestler, who was a spectator at the O'Mahoney-Lewis affair, was so impressed by the showing made by the youngster that he immediately got in touch with Bowser by cable. The upshot was an offer to O'Mahoney to come to America, which the Irish boy accepted. Daniel, accompanied by McGrath, arrived in New York, was met there by Bowser, and the trio shot over to Boston in a plane, arriving in time for Daniel to be introduced at the Boston Garden while a mat tourney, headed by Ed Don George *vs.* Len Macaluso, was in full blast.

Several days later O'Mahoney signed on with McGrath as his manager for a five-year period, also a contract with Bowser for not less than six appearances in Boston during the present year, the Celt to receive, so it was announced, "$100,000." This sum sounds a bit large, but the mat solons always toy with big figures. In any event, yielding to public demand that O'Mahoney show his wares inside of ropes, Daniel was matched with Ernie Dusek of Omaha, Neb., far from a soft 'un. He went into training under the direction of Freddy Moran and flattened Ernie in two straight falls in 10:57 and 16:50, with a pull-in and shoulder heave, designated by O'Mahoney as his "Irish whip." About 14,000 witnessed the fray—gave the Irish boy a fine reception and, in so far as Boston is concerned, he went over big. It is possible that Bowser and McGrath have another Gus Sonnenberg—such is the hope in any event—but Daniel, being unfamiliar with the American style of wrestling, must not be rushed too fast.

With the award of the second fall and victory to O'Mahoney, a fine Donnybrook started in the ring. Rudy Dusek, who had been coaching Ernie, came through the ropes and got in two slams to Daniel's head. The Irish boy, seemingly right in his element, let go a right for Rudy but, missing him, caught Referee Sam Smith to the left eye, opening a cut from which blood trickled. Then the melee became rather general, all inside mixing in, with Daniel throwing lefts and rights, seemingly hardly able to distinguish between friend and foe. To aid his man, Jack McGrath, now a veteran and wearing spectacles, came flying in and, singling out Rudy, downed him. Next came a squad of police and finally peace was restored. All in all it was some debut in America for O'Mahoney.

Despite the fact that New York rejected the tale that Ray Cass of Boston had received an offer from Col. John S. Hammond—tentative in any event—to step into Madison Square Garden, we of Boston have the opinion that something of the sort actually happened—that Cass's version was not entirely a pipe-dream. All statements to the contrary, Colonel Hammond most certainly did seek out Cass for a personal interview in New York, also most certainly did broach to the Bostonian the subject of Madison Square Garden and a position there. While Cass may be a bit of a dreamer, also wonderfully enthusiastic at times over futurity possibilities, that a heart-to-heart conference, the same sought by Col. Hammond, did take place, and that Cass outlined certain constructive suggestions that looked good to Colonel Hammond, and which might have been of profit to the N. Y. Garden, there is not the slightest doubt. Many New Yorkers undoubtedly are well acquainted with the inside politics of Madison Square Garden. Speaking for Cass, it was unfortunate that he should have been made the goat for the same—the real situation as it appeals to Bostonians.

After making a brave start as the first small club in Boston, the Sharkey A.A. located in Friend street has folded up—temporarily perhaps, but folded. Those back of this really classy small club made the mistake—one made so many times that it is covered with moss—of using boys under their control, the same against inferior performers. Press and public got the idea at once, hence the quick demise of the club. The bringing in of Eddie Ran to be knocked over by Harry Devine of Worcester, N.E. welter champion, in the sixth round, marked the beginning and ending. The club tried one more—when Honey Mellody of Charlestown, a pleasing lightweight of ability but under promotional control, met and defeated Harry Alexanian of Worcester, in the ten-round feature, winning the award. The curtain then fell.

Buster Price, the Lynn light-heavy, got started again for places at Salem, Mass., when he disposed of Joey Kemp of Cambridge, a game, hard-punching performer, in two heats. Kemp started off in fine shape, winning the opening round, but he had not gone far in the second when two rights to the jaw, and a tough left hook to the eye, dropped him. As Kemp was being counted his manager stepped into the ring and the bout was stopped.

An unusual one happened in Providence early in January. Tony Caprio of that city was getting along very nicely with Spider Woods, a Fall River main bout hopeful, when at the end of the third round an excited second jabbed Tony in the eye with a bottle intended for his mouth. The injury thus inflicted caused the referee to stop the affair, the award going to Woods.

Lou Ambers of Herkimer, N.Y., who needs no introduction, attracted a good gate when he encountered Pancho Villa, the New Bedford lightweight, in the ten-round feature. Ambers came in at 135 pounds, outboxed his man and won the award. In the fifth Tony Bent of Cambridge came through with a kayo over Johnny Martin of Providence, a cut over the latter's eye causing the referee to call a halt.

Champion Baer, in Boston since January 6, has provided the writers with plenty of copy—show ballyhoo, with the biggest noise his announcement that he plans to really defend his title twice in distance bouts the coming summer, one of these to be staged in Boston. "I plan to take part in two regulation bouts in defense of my title next summer," stated Max. "As I will not fight for Jimmy Johnston in New York, one of these contests will be in Chicago—the other here in Boston, the Goodwin A.C. to promote it. Nate Lewis and Mullen of the Stadium will stage the Chicago affair. I will fight any opponents the promoters can get."


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## HOLYOKE NEWS
By GEORGE KID ROSS

JOE CANTY, a promising Springfield featherweight, has resumed training. By the time this issue comes out, he will be ready for any of the boys of his division. Joe gave the fans of Holyoke and West Springfield plenty of action in his fights in this vicinity.

Billy O'Brien, another Springfield boy, will be back in the ring according to his manager, Walter McCormick. It is possible the feud will again reign between Joe Canty and Billy O'Brien. The Valley Arena could use them to advantage.

Walter McCormick has taken out a manager's license. He has Ray Rowe, welterweight, Dave Duval, lightweight, and Billy O'Brien, featherweight.

Elmer Bezenah, substituting for Tommy Romano, won over Ray Napolitano of New York, in the main bout of eight rounds at the Valley Arena. Johnny Bangs, Holyoke, won over Jimmy Martin in the rubber match of eight rounds although in their first match, Martin knocked Bangs stiffer than a poker. Bangs won the next two.

Sal Canata, Holyoke, won on a technical K.O. in the second round of a scheduled six over Tommy Flannagan of Boston. Flannagan was belted around freely in the first and, when knocked down, his seconds tossed in the towel, which was kicked out by Referee Chet Lucia, the former basketball star, who stopped the bout in the second when he saw that Flannagan was no match for Canata. Tony Celli of Worcester, a good middleweight, won over Frankie LaBianco by a technical K.O. in the fourth round. La Bianco sustained a cut in the initial stanza. In the four-round bout, Rusty Fiorentino of Springfield fought Nick Motyka of Holyoke to a draw.

Tony Celli of Worcester won over Tom Chester of New York in an eight-round main bout at Holyoke. Sal Canata, Holyoke, got a draw with Johnny Vargas of Thompsonville, Conn., in a six-round bout. Jose Santos of New York won over Charlie Turco, Worcester, in eight rounds. Panama Fred Jenkins of Panama lost by a technical K.O. when he quit to Dom Rizzo of New York in the fourth. Jerry Maloni of Springfield gave Francis a beating in the four-round opener.

Young Ace Clark is doing well in Connecticut. He boxes frequently in Hartford. Young Ace will be graduating into the heavyweight class, as he is gaining weight rapidly and it is difficult for him to make the light-heavyweight limit. Young Ace is a brother of Roy Ace Clark, the one who gave Carnera so much trouble in Philadelphia in 1931. Roy Ace Clark will be ready for any of the heavyweights now that he is back training. Any one wishing his services can make arrangements by writing me at 538 Broadway, Chicopee Falls, Mass. He would be a good opponent for Buddy Baer.

Promoter Bob Phelps, of Springfield, is working on the voters of Springfield with the aim to put through a boxing bill for this city.

## FIGHT FLASHES FROM THE SOUTH
By PINKIE LOU MASTERS

WHENEVER the name of Carl Knowles is mentioned in a get-together of fistic following down here, somebody is certain to reel off happenings concerning his punching prowess while others who have seen the golden hair gladiator in battle, blossom forth with other interesting incidents pertaining to the hardest punching light-heavyweight in this section. His loquacious manager-guardian, Dr. Baron Haag of Savannah, Ga., smiles in admiration as he shows your scribe newsclippings that demand attention, clippings in which such sports writers as W. D. McMillan, of the *Savannah Morning News;* Son Maxwell, *Rome News-Tribune;* Wirt Gammon, *Chattanooga Times,* and others praise Carl to the blue skies. As a boxer, Carl Knowles may be crude, but the 175-pound division would be better off with more like him.

He is an excellent drawing card here and in other southern cities. There are fracases in which he comes through victorious and others in which he loses, but he always gives the fans a big run for their money. His offensive specialty is his famous left hook which has painted "finish" for more than 75 knuckle-pushers in around 110 times at bat.

I HEAR—Eddie Babe Risko, who stopped the American champion, Teddy Yarosz, last month, once fought at Charleston, S. C., under the nom de plume of Sailor Pulaski. He was trimmed by the rapidly progressing Joe Lipps of Charlotte, N. C. . . . .

Tony Poulos, who brought Pinky May, ex-southern bantamweight champion, and Judge Horning, ex-southern welterweight champion, to the front, is a prosperous merchant at Savannah . . . . as is Tim Callahan, who met Claude Wilson, Jimmy Britt and others in the early part of 1900 . . . .

Berry Baggett, southern heavyweight, is still knocking 'em for loops . . . . Jack Denning, who held four titles in the Navy, including the All-Service belt, is still the Carolinas' light-heavyweight boss . . . . Jack held Clyde Chastain to a draw just before Chastain held ex-champion Maxie Rosenbloom to a draw to take a berth in this publication's ratings . . . . War Horse Brock, assisted by Dick Pope, is putting the game over in big style at Fort Payne, Ala. . . . . Leo Cavanaugh of Jacksonville has a potential champion in the 155 pound Billy Hood . . . . Turner Scott is promoting at Daytona Beach, Fla. . . . . Hal Wright, Savannah A. C. matchmaker wants to hear from all good boys who want to locate in "Beautiful Savannah." Lightweights and heavyweights gross $1000 and $2000 gates . . . . Chino Alvarez still continues to rule the lightweights in these parts . . . .

Robbie Thompson, former manager of Eric Lawson, is football coach for Benediction College at Savannah . . . . The eminent Steve Gabriel of Charleston, S. C., has a colorful kid in Le Roy Brown who has confronted Maxie Rosenbloom, Joe Knight, Bob Godwin and other topnotchers . . . . Joe Louis, latest sensation to flash across the fistic horizon was born at Montgomery, Ala. . . . . Mike O'Brien, 145 pounder of North Carolina, is still knocking out his opponents . . . . Dr. Duclos of Chattanooga has an outstanding pug in Walt Doxey, middleweight champion of Tennessee . . . . Alex Laris, ex-welterweight champion of Greece, is looking for colored prospects. Alex, prosperous businessman of Athens, Ga., is a steady reader of the RING . . . . Frank Jurgensen, millionaire sportsman of Charleston, S. C., is trying to land a championship bout at that city . . . . Will Sammy Chivas, Detroit lightweight, communicate with the writer? I have some good news for him.

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## CANADIAN TOPICS
By LAWSON BAMPTON

CHRISTMAS Fund boxing enterprises are a mighty bad gamble in Montreal—ask Armand Vincent, who has suffered two unwelcome setbacks from Santa Claus, and the daring, dapper promotorial punch-provider will tell you that Santa's drawing power makes him too tough a rival to buck. Three years ago Armand presented a snappy card, headed by a bout between Lou Brouillard, then world's welter champ, and Baby Joe Gans, colored California clouter, and the deficit ran into several thousands . . . . Victory No. 1 for "Santa Socker"!

Vincent was floored temporarily by that setback, but came back to stage many a first class, paying show and is now in the process of running off a universally recognized world's title bantam tourney which, despite many near-ruinous obstacles and bad breaks, is still going strong and has revealed outstanding talent in Sixto Escobar, sensational Puerto Rican paralyzer, and Lou Salica, two-fisted New Yorker, along with Yambo Andrades, Nat Litfin, Frankie Martin, Baby Quintana and a few others. Then came another sock from Santa—and not one of those socks the kind one likes to get at Yuletide, either.

The second stage of his bantam tourney was set for December seventh but injuries and other circumstances beyond control forced Vincent to put the whole program over to the twentieth, a few days before Christmas, when he had expected to stage his third series of bouts in the bantam tourney. Augmenting the card was a musical-cabaret program that was worth the price of admission alone, under the direction of Charles Dornberger. Four leading entertainment meccas were represented by their orchestras and performers—Mount Royal Hotel, Chez Maurice, New Club Frolics, and the Club Lido—on a huge stage erected alongside the ring. The entire event lasted more than four hours and was really good . . . . but the attendance was far below expectations—which marked Victory No. 2 for Santa.

Lou Salica, rugged little New York Italian, scored a close, but merited, verdict over Baby Quintana in the main ten-rounder. Salica lost little time, getting the range in the first heat, flooring Quintana twice, and repeated in the second session. Quintana came back strong to take the next two rounds and from then on it was nip and tuck with Salica having a slight edge, which, added to his knockdowns, gave him the verdict.

The other ten-rounder was also a corker, with Yambo Andrades, Puerto Rican southpaw, sharpshooting his way to a hard-earned win over Frankie Martin, Sam Gibbs' game and rugged Canadian bantam titlist. Yambo, like Salica, also got the jump by scoring early knockdowns, but from then on Martin battered into him with improving effect until floored again near the finish, which pulled the fat out of the fire, so to speak, for Andrades.

Only two prelims were presented, Harry Gerson's scheduled opponent, Red Casson of Detroit, failing to appear for weighing-in or for the battle. After having reported three days before, he disappeared from sight. Henri Pilotte did the expected by stopping the punch-scarred New York veteran, Benny Brostoff, in three heats; while Joe Marsh, ex-amateur lightweight star, made a fairly impressive debut by outbattling Tommy Rollings, whom he outweighed five pounds, but had to be satisfied with a draw.

That the show didn't pay was no reflection on Vincent's matchmaking ability—but simply that shopping, mailing, listing and other such duties around Christmas time are too tough to buck, especially a few days before Christmas Day. Rather a shame, too, as the fights were good, along with the cabaret revues in the musical program, which featured the leading entertainers from four of the gay Metropolis' classiest cabarets.

Canadian welterweight supremacy will soon be settled, at the rate eliminations are being held, with Jack Allen, Vancouver promoter, pulling the strings. First, Allen decided British Columbia's nominee for the vacant crown by matching Gordon Wallace and Billy Townsend. Wallace decisioned him, then further proved his superiority by knocking out Billy in a return bout.

Eddie Carroll, flashy Ottawa youngster, is adding poundage and may also take a crack at it later. Carroll has been campaigning around Chicago where he scored two smart wins and suffered one defeat. He won easily from Al Pahl, of Sioux City, and Lou Vine, of Chicago, in six-rounders, but was stopped by Leroy Williams, Chicago Negro walloper, in two rounds, when he failed to get into his stride before Williams' hurricane attack took toll. However, such reverses are to be expected now and then, and Carroll can still be tabbed as a good prospect.

Tiger Warrington, dusky Liverpool, Nova Scotia, light-heavy, resumed his winning ways when he pounded Julius Veigh, New York, all over the ring to take a decisive ten-round verdict in Halifax, where the "Tiger" is an idol. Warrington is eager to tackle Steve Trojack, Winnipeg, or Jack Tebo, Alberta "Assassin," for the vacant Canadian heavyweight crown, and is also anxious to clout it out with Johnny Nelson, Syracuse's colored clouter.

STRAY SHOTS—The "Tiger" has lost only one of his twenty-seven pro fights . . . . that was a ten-round verdict to Steve Carr, of New Haven, in Boston early in December . . . . his youthful mentor, Garneau Seaman, derides the decision . . . . says the only ones who thought Carr won were the judges . . . . a return bout is sought . . . . mix-up on reports of bout between Steve Trojack and Jack Tebo for Western Canada heavy laurels . . . . one report says Tebo by kayo in second round, while another says Trojack by foul in second . . . . Winnipegers call Tebo "Leviticus" . . . . now, now, boys . . . . Halifax wants official winner to meet Warrington for Canadian title . . . . Florida may be the stamping grounds for the next few months for Joe Marciente and Myer Alper . . . . they are sure-fire crowd pleasers and would go over big there . . . . Marciente's return to top form is a little short of amazing . . . . More dope next month . . . . until then, we'll continue shadow-boxing around.


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## ONTARIO, CANADA, NEWS
By G. A. M. TUTTY

TORONTO city champions were crowned last month with poor crowds to witness bouts. Jack "Spider" Armstrong won both fly and bantam titles; Sammy Tomlinson, feather diadem; Billy Humphries, lightweight; Bill Hadfield, welter; Jonny Pasquini, middle; Wm. Lavoie, light-heavy.

Elm Grove boxers were beaten, all but Tony Canzano, in their trip to Chicago, Ill., and the Chicago boys revenged the defeats they suffered in their appearance in Toronto a month or so ago.

The charity amateur show in Toronto for the benefit of the Veterans' Fund and A. A. U. of C. was well attended by boxing fans, and the U. S. A. representatives did their best to make it an interesting evening. Sammy Luftspring and Sammy Tomlinson, Ben Stockley's ace, did their usual stirring type of boxing and won easily, Tomlinson by a K.O. in the third round.

The Victoria A. C. staged another good show at the Massey Hall, Toronto. Their efforts are getting better all the time, and I predict that they are going to have success with professional boxing. Tommy Bland easily beat Baby Joe Thompson, California, taking every round with margin to spare. Al Traino, Rochester, N. Y., won the semi-final bout from Freddie Mitchell, South Bend, Ind., after he was down in point in first three rounds. "Lefty" Gwynne defeated Joe Belmont, Cleveland.

Pro boxing will be greatly aided in the months to come as Playfair Brown, an associated club, and the Victoria A. C. will commence an elimination tournament in Toronto to select a welter champion for Canada. Bland meets Genovese and the winner will meet "Irish" Jimmie Boyne, the eastern champ.

The winner of this series will meet Gordon Wallace of Vancouver, B. C., for the Canadian title. With boys of the type of Bland, Boyne, Genovese and Gwynne, Toronto is in for some stirring battles in 1935, which augurs well for the game to be back where it was some six years ago. Victoria A. C. needs the fans' support. They are giving great shows to the public.

Ed Don George won his wrestling bout here in the main bout on the Maple Leaf Garden show against Karl Pojello, after a fair evening's entertainment, but the crowds are falling off here lately, which augurs well for the return of pro boxing.

Lou Keiswetter, the Moose Jaw heavy, under the care of Chas. G. Macdonald of Brooklyn, N. Y., is going great guns and they predict a great future for this youngster.

"Irish" Jimmie Boyne, great welter prospect from the East, has had tempting offers to go to England and also New York, but wants to be the claimant to the Canadian title before doing so. He K.O.'d Connie Morris, Syracuse, N. Y., in the fifth round in Toronto last month.

Will F. W. Osbourne, Edmonton, Alta., and Jack Tebo write this column immediately? Any boy with a record, unattached, wanting a mentor, write to me, enclosing a stamp, at 58 Charles St., W., Toronto, Canada.

The writer wishes to thank all his readers who so kindly remembered him with Christmas cards, etc., during the festive season, hoping all will receive the very best of luck and happiness in 1935. And also that the great old game will see its greatest boom in this coming season.

The writer also wishes to remind his readers of this column that Nat Fleischer's books on boxing are the best procurable and THE RING, on sale everywhere in this section, is the cleanest and best magazine in the world, so back the man who has done so much for our mutual sporting hobby, boxing—Nat Fleischer. Greetings for the New Year, Nat, and continued health and success.

IN THE POST BAG—*Jack Saunders, Jamaica, B.W.I.:* Please ask your promoter there to arrange to write me personally *re* my letter. *Jack Smith, Moncton, N.B.:* "Tiger" Warrington was beaten by Carr in Boston. *Cliff McWhirter, Detroit, Mich.:* You said you were free to book. Please be sure of your plans in future. Any boy having a mentor should not seek another until free; remember that, and thank you. *John H. Sharpe, London, England:* I am willing to come with boys mentioned when sure you can place them on arrival. Write me whether this will be O.K. and book them three bouts apiece. *Harry Bauman, Bronx, N. Y.:* Cannot do anything for you, sorry. *J. Voccola, Bridgeport, Conn.,* and *Phil Kelly, New York City:* Cannot interest promoters in this section *re* your boys. Times slow and promoters are using boys closer home to save expenses.

Adieu until next month. Greetings everywhere for 1935.

## NEWS FROM HUDSON COUNTY, N. J.
By BABE ORLANDO

BENNY BASS and Irish Jimmy Brady fought a furious ten-round bout at the Laurel Garden in Newark with the former getting the nod. Joe Greb outpointed Maxie Fisher in the semi-final six-rounder; Keller Crawford knocked out Buster Straum in one; Willie Cubic lost to Midget Doyle, while Lenny Mazza won over Eddie Campana in the other bouts.

Two boys who have been coming up like a house on fire during the current year: Billy Cheslock and Emil Calcagni. Both wound up the old year by performing in the first main event of their career.

Emil Calcagni topped the bill at the Teterboro Airdrome with Freddie Cochrane of Elizabeth, and received Referee Whitey Healy's decision at the end of six rounds. It was a tough struggle and the Cresskill butcher boy had to fight hard to win. In the five-round semifinal Willie Lewis beat Bill Burkitt; Billy Cheslock outslugged Lope Berman in a sizzling go; Charlie Mautz kayoed Joe Del Rico in the third, while John Albanese beat Jim Harris in the opening four-rounder.

Mickey Bottone edged out Red Affinito in the ten-round main event at the Laurel Garden in Newark. Al Boros won over Norman Barnett in the semifinal ten; Gus Weinert outpointed George Gano in four; Buster Straum lost to Red Rossi in four; while Lenny Mazza and Pete Stuart evened up in another four.

Allie Ridgway, who a couple of years back was a challenger for the lightweight crown, received the greatest gift of any proud father when his wife presented him with a bouncing baby boy on Christmas noon, weighing eight pounds. At this writing both mother and son are doing fine, thank you.

Don Rizzo knocked out Al Quaill of Pittsburgh in the second round at the St. Nicks in New York. Two weeks later Al turned the tables on Rizzo by getting the decision in a six-rounder in Pittsburgh.

Bill "Tarzan" Cheslock, in his initial start as a star bouter, fought Buckey Keyes. Everyone, including yours truly, criticized Doc Stanford for making the match. Cheslock had the better of the first round by his hard punching; in the second round both boys were slugging toe to toe with Tarzan getting the better of the exchange, when Billy, trying to get under one of Keyes' deadly left hooks, came in contact with Buckey's head. This made such a gash under his eye that the referee found it necessary to stop the proceedings after one minute and fifty seconds of the second round.

Johnny Stout and Joe Cazar fought the semi-final five-rounder to the Keyes-Cheslock go, in the Airdrome in Teterboro. In the three four-rounders, Tony Grobowski kayoed Joe Troops in the third; Dave Bungay beat Mack McElroy, while Midget Doyle and Joe De Lanza drew.

The writer received a wonderful remembrance from Nat Fleischer, THE RING Editor, in the form of a little booklet with the name of THE RING inscribed on it. The writer wants to thank his boss, Mr. Fleischer, for this token of remembrance and promises to work harder than ever in the ensuing year for the success of the sport, in particular, and THE RING in general.

There was a great wrestling card put on at Columbia Park in North Bergen with Dick Shikat and Stan Sokolis topping the bill. Shikat disposed of Sokolis in 37 minutes and 32 seconds. Mike Romano knocked Pat Newman unconscious in three minutes flat. Eli Fisher pinned Steve Zonskis in 20 minutes, 44 seconds, and Vanka Zelesniak scored a fall over Joe De Vito with a leg spread and body press.

The fans at Columbia Park witnessed another rough-and-tumble wrestling match when Rudy Dusek and Mike Romano came to grips. After one of the roughest millings seen hereabouts in years, Rudy finally pinned Romano's shoulders to the mat in 21 minutes and 48 seconds with a body press.

Alphonse Bisignano, Idaho Italian, and Vic Christie tugged to a draw in the semifinal. Lou Sun Jennings flattened Stan Sokolis in 15 minutes and 45 seconds; Eli Fisher and John Swenske drew.

Eddie Durino boxed Six Second Powell to an eight-round draw in the star bout at the Teterboro Airdrome. Frankie Slavin beat Stanley Piontek in the semifinal; Frankie Williams kayoed Tony Billardo in one; Elmer Robinson, colored flash from West New York, boxed Red Rossi to a four-round draw, while Ernie Taggert decisioned Al Mercado in the opening bout scheduled for four rounds.

Address the writer at 514 26th Street, Union City, N. J.

## PITTSBURGH CHATTER
By PHIL GOLDSTEIN

THE fight fans in this district were stunned by the recent knock-outs of Teddy Yarosz and Al Quaill in recent bouts; the former by Babe Risko at Scranton, Pa., and Quaill by Dom Rizzo in New York. Ted was hit with a vicious right to the jaw in the first round and in falling to the canvas sustained an injury to his right knee. Four more knockdowns followed during the remainder of the bout, which was stopped in the seventh round by Ray Foutts, the manager of the champ, who jumped into the ring and brought festivities to an end. X-ray pictures taken by the doctors at the Rochester Hospital disclosed a severe fracture of the right kneecap. Ted will be forced to use crutches for many weeks to come and in all probability will be unable to resume fighting until the month of May.

Quaill, the best middleweight prospect in this section and the winner of eleven professional bouts, suffered his first loss, by the knockout route in the second round, at the St. Nicholas Arena in New York City. However in a return match, a week later, at Duquesne Garden Quaill decisively bested Rizzo, flooring him for a nine count in the fourth round with a terrific right to the jaw. Rizzo lasted the six rounds but was a hopelessly beaten gladiator at the finish. From accounts in the New York newspapers of the first fight, Quaill was the victim of unfortunate circumstances. Rising to his knee at the count of four and with all intent to continue just before McGarry, the referee, yelled "ten," Quaill was ready to resume but McGarry refused to let the bout go on, claiming that he had tolled the fatal ten before Quaill had arisen. The fighter begged to be allowed to go on and the audience was vociferous in its objections to the referee's action, but McGarry could not be swayed, although he later admitted he may have been wrong.

Marty Sampson, clever New Yorker, pounded out an unanimous decision over Anson Green, hard-punching colored lad, at Duquesne Garden. Sampson is one of the smartest boxers and all-round ring workman to show here in some time. He made a nice impression with the crowd by the manner in which he defeated Green and should be able to get lots of work around here. In another ten-rounder on the same card Dan Hassett of Philadelphia received a split decision over Sammy Slaughter, now making his home in Pittsburgh. The third bout found Jack Delcherone gaining the unanimous decision over Dick Ambrose. In the second bout Al Sunseri, promising local youngster, defeated Ralph Gizzy of Donora, and in the opener Mickey O'Brien outpunched Steve Nickleash.

Eddie Zivic scored his second straight sensational one-round knockout at the arena, when he stopped Mike Barto after 2 minutes and 30 seconds of the first round. He recently stopped Gene Salvatore of Chicago at the arena, after the latter had held him to a draw in Chicago. Barto was floored twice, for counts of one and two, before the finishing punch which sprawled him on his back for the count of ten. Al Gruver, of Akron, won the referee's decision over Jackie Holt, local Negro junior-welterweight, in six rounds. Vic Wicketts, of the North Side, lost to Jack Delcherone, Springdale middleweight, in another six and in the opener of four rounds George Bretch of the North Side, won over Ray Chapman, Uniontown Negro welterweight.

Lou Brouillard, one-time champion of the welterweights and middleweights, won by a T.K.O. over Sammy Slaughter in the fourth round when the referee called a halt after 2 minutes and 16 seconds of the round was over. Slaughter's left eye was badly cut and Red Robinson, the referee, wisely stopped the contest. Slaughter was on the floor for a short count in the second round. The semifinal of six rounds, in which Al Quaill gained revenge over Dom Rizzo, of Jersey City, for a disputed two-round K.O. the latter had scored against him in New York, stole the show. In the third bout Mike Bazzone defeated Harry Jacobs. In another six Red Bruce won over Mike Mitchell and in the opener Mickey O'Brien won from Ray Eberle in four heats. Brouillard weighed 158, Slaughter 165, Quail 155, Rizzo 154, Bazzone 150½, Jacobs 150½, Bruce 170, Mitchell 178, O'Brien 142, Eberle 144.

WHAT SOME OF THE FORMER LOCAL FIGHTERS ARE DOING—Eddie McClosky is the Mayor of Johnstown and recently was appointed a State Boxing Commissioner along with Dr. W. L. McClelland, who this writer predicted would get the appointment . . . . Yock Henninger is an inspector for the city . . . . Frank Klaus, former middleweight titleholder, is managing fighters . . . . Al Grayber is a city detective and a local boxing referee . . . . Red Robinson works for the city and is also a referee . . . . Walter Monahan, and Pete Connors are county detectives . . . . Young Eppy owns a string of parking lots . . . . Irish Chick Rodgers is a local referee . . . . Patsy Brannigan operates an elevator for the city . . . . Johnny Ray manages and seconds fighters . . . . Jack Dillon is a city detective . . . . Cuddy Demarco is a salesman for the Real Silk Co. . . . Art Rooney, former amateur titleholder, is the president of the Pittsburgh Pirates football team of the National League . . . . Young Sharkey is vacationing in Miami . . . . Young Goldie is a wheeling, W. V., sportsman . . . . Willie Davies owns and operates a gas station near Bedford, Pa. . . . Pete Zivic is a cafe owner . . . . Jack Zivic is a clerk in the local post-office . . . . Jock Simco, Mike Moran and Phil Schello are judges at local boxing shows . . . . Joe Korch is in business in Rankin . . . . Frank McNichols is a lieutenant of police . . . . Johnny Fundy is the building superintendent of Forrester Hall . . . . Gus Camp manages fighters and also manages the Silver Garden Night Club and Cabaret on Route 22, east of Wilkensburg . . . . Van Gruenwald manages fighters and is a grocery salesman . . . . Buck McTiernan is on the Swissvale police force . . . . Ray Pryel is in Chicago plying his trade as tile setter.


# TRY
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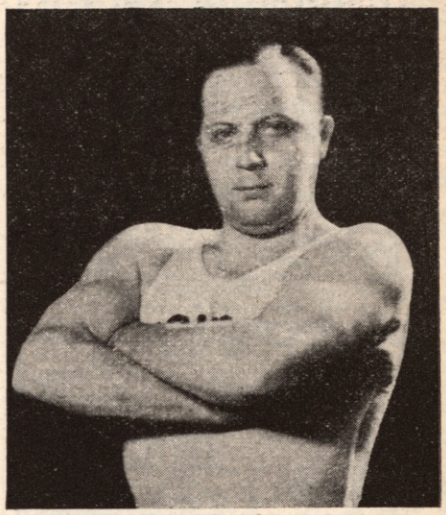

W. Harry Titus (an unretouched photo)

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## SOUTHERN OHIO JABS
**By J. JIMMIE AMANN**

CINCINNATI finished on the right side of the ledger, according to Al Bechtold, secretary of the Cincinnati Boxing Commission. Herman and Maxwell Katz, lone bearers of the Cincinnati fight activities, reported the same.

Rechecking the leading fights of the year, all of which were staged at the Parkway outdoor arena and the Music Hall indoor arena, we find the following as the best gates:

January—Freddie Miller *vs.* Jackie Sharkey—$4100.

February—Freddie Miller *vs.* Petey Sarron—$2000.

February—Sammy Slaughter *vs.* Roughouse Glover—$1400.

May—Johnny Alba *vs.* Frankie Sanzone—$1200.

September—Tiger Walker *vs.* Roger Bernard—$1200.

October—Roughouse Glover *vs.* Carl Knowles—$1100.

December—Maxie Koshover *vs.* Frankie Sanzone—$1700.

December—Tiger Walker *vs.* Frankie Sanzone—$1100.

The Commission's report showed a gain of attendance figures of fifteen per cent over the previous year. To be exact, 76,445 paid admissions were checked through the 1934 turnstiles in comparison to the 1933 total of 66,339 paid ducats.

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Probably the outstanding fight of the month was the ten-round victory of Maxie Koshover, the Jewish star, over Frankie Sanzone, the Italian, at the Music Hall. Next in line was Al George's lightweight championship defense at Columbus, Ohio, on January 1 against Pete "Bat" Leno of Cincinnati.

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They started out this way to settle the lightweight championship of Cincinnati: Walker beat Koshover; Koshover whipped Sanzone, and then Walker stopped Sanzone, a cut eye forcing him to quit in the fifth. So where else to place the title more correctly than upon the brow of Danny Davis' new Joe Gans? Walker deserves the title and the only way he can lose it is to lose it in the ring.

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Lee Cox, the former lightweight flash of the Hoosier State who has been making his home in Cincinnati, has made real progress in his comeback.

Lee started out by banging out a kayo at the expense of Pat Duncan. Then he gave Jackie Purvis, Indianapolis, the fight of his life over the ten-round route. Topping this off, Lee jumped up to Columbus on New Year's Day and knocked out Johnny Wortman, a neat looking lightie from Portsmouth, Va., in the third round.

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AROUND THE FOUNTAIN SQUARE WITH THE FIGHTERS AND THEIR PILOTS—Mickey Kilcher, American Legion promoter at Newport, Ky., took a rest during the holidays . . . . The Parkway Club on the other hand were forced to discontinue its weekly fights at the Music Hall, due to the 1935 Auto Show . . . . returned late in January with Tiger Walker on top . . . . Joe Mueller, Bob Bonner's up-and-coming Camp Washington light-heavyweight schoolboy, ran into his Waterloo when he was defeated by Tony Koenig . . . . Mueller tasted his first defeat here and should cash in on the experience . . . . G. C. Williams who handled the Hon. Martin L. Davey, Governor of Ohio's Hamilton County campaign, earned a good rest and vacation at Coral Gables, Fla., during the holiday weeks . . . . G. C., a former fight manager and promoter, was given a send-off in the last issue of THE RING Magazine and at a recent Norwood get-together meeting, the committee gave recognition to the THE RING'S writing, by following up with a large banner heralding G.C. as the Jim Farley of Southern Ohio . . . . Barney King, Norwood politican who claims to have fought Lou Bauman, Young Griffo, and many of the other old-timers, now claims that his son can beat Maxie Koshover . . . . and to top it off, Barney says he has $500 to back it up . . . . quite a boast, Barney, for an "unknown" fighter . . . . why not see Mr. Katz? . . . Naylor Stone, former sports editor of the *Post*, is now on a New York daily . . . . and closing with the best wishes for a Happy New Year to all.

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Fighters with good records who want reliable connections around here should get in touch with Bob Bonner at 909 Walnut Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, and for information, same can be secured through the writer at 2810 Sidney Avenue, Cincinnati. Enclose a return stamped envelope if you want a prompt reply.

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The writer, after three months of steady work, has formed a rating system of the four divisions in the wrestling game, a plan that has been suggested to the writer for many months by readers of wrestling news. These ratings of the heavyweights, light-heavyweights, middleweights and welterweights are alone on activity. These four division ratings can be secured from the writer for ten cents and a stamped envelope.

A suggestion to the Cincinnati Boxing Commission: Why not allow the small promoters a chance? Editorial after editorial has been written by sports writers all over the world offering a plan to help the boxing game. What better one could the Cincinnati fight fathers, as well as any other commission in the world, offer than to allow the small promoter to get started in developing new talent. The major league baseball stars would not be stars if they hadn't had that necessary bush league experience. Why not try that in boxing? Each promoter have a unit in some small or even large town where fights at lower prices be held, with the goal to develop new talent. Think it over, Mr. Bechtold and associates.

## IN SYRACUSE RINGS
**By BILLY SHAW**

NEW YEAR'S afternoon at Scranton, Pa., Eddie (Babe) Risko, Syracuse middleweight, astounded the boxing world by scoring a technical knockout over Teddy Yarosz of Monaca, Pa., world's middleweight champion, in the seventh round of a scheduled ten-round non-title bout!

Risko scored six clean knockdowns over the champion, who was so badly beaten that his manager, Ray Foutts, climbed into the ring in token of surrender! The victory brought Risko from comparative obscurity into national fame, and it is a cinch he will be given a title match with Yarosz this summer.

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Gabe Genovese, Risko's manager, was the happiest man in the world, and immediately after his fighter's great win became known, Gabe was flooded with offers for the services of his ring star. As this is written, Gabe has flatly refused many handsome offers and tells us he wants nothing but a title bout with Yarosz. Jimmy Johnston, Garden matchmaker, has dickered with Genovese, offering to give Risko at least two tune-up bouts to introduce him to New York fans, and then a championship match with Yarosz to follow.

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This column has been boosting Risko ever since he joined the pro ranks. As a pro, Risko, whose real name happens to be Henry Pylkowski, has never been defeated. Although we have always held the highest regard for Risko and his ability, having used him as a headliner on many cards, we admit we never thought Babe would come through with such a convincing, smashing victory as he did when he flattened the champion at Scranton.

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An Adonis in features, and wonderfully built, the handsome Polish boy, who first took up boxing in Uncle Sam's Navy, is a picture in the ring. He has a left jab that is as powerful as the blow of a hard-punching heavyweight, having floored many of his opponents with this punch. Risko's right hand is dynamite, and while he doesn't toss this punch often, when he does, something on the other fellow gives. Tough, game to the core, and owning the fighting heart of a lion, we look for Risko to become the world's middleweight champion if Yarosz consents to a title match with the local sensation.

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Pro boxing here has been quiet since your scribe was forced to withdraw from the Arena Club, due to illness. However, Lee LaValle, who has been treasurer for the Disabled Veterans, has taken over the reins as matchmaker and, with the able assistance of Joe Netro, is getting together a show. The club intends to run weekly cards at the Arena.

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SHORT SHOTS—Amateur boxing, under A.A.U. supervision, is back . . . . Sam Trupin is staging weekly bouts at the Alhambra on James Street . . . . Unattached boxers seeking work in this section will do well to write to us at 1009 Cadillac Street . . . . Babe Risko received $400 for stopping Teddy Yarosz at Scranton, while the title-holder pulled down a $1,500 guarantee . . . . Binghamton intends to resume operations as this is written . . . . Red Herring, Utica promoter, packed them in to see the Lew Ambers-Mickey Paul bout, but was as disappointed as the fans when Ambers won with a punch . . . . Babe Amos, crack local middleweight, who worked with Vince Dundee last summer at the latter's training camp, plans a trip to the Coast . . . . The writer has received several offers from out-of-town clubs who want his services as matchmaker, but will do nothing until next month . . . . Billy Stevens, manager of Jackie Davis, is doing all right with his boy . . . . Jackie's win over Tony Falco should put him in the dough . . . . Eugene (Bad Boy) Emanuel, colored wild man, is a big card at Buffalo . . . . Tom Timlin, pilot of Big Boy Brackey, is eager to break his big fellow in here . . . . Brackey smashes box-office records when he performs in his home town, Buffalo . . . . Joey Brown rates an opportunity to fight boys like Petey Hayes, Lew Feldman and Roger Bernard, for Joey has the stuff . . . . Irv Robbins, ape man, is a crowd pleaser of the first water . . . . Eddie Dempsey is one of the few fighters who can keep busy regardless as to whether he wins or loses, for Eddie has a punch that may terminate any battle he engages in, sensationally, and win, lose, or draw, he is in there fighting!

## CONNECTICUT NEWS
**By LOUIS PRESLOFSKY**

AL NELSON GAINER was shown a few things about the boxing game when Maxie Rosenbloom, former world's light-heavyweight champion, scored a clean-cut victory in a feature twelve-round battle staged at the New Haven Arena.

In an eight-round semi-final Ed Karalak, heavyweight of Schenectady, and Al Boros, rugged heavyweight from Bridgeport, Conn., collided, with Karalak coming out victorious at the finish.

Tiger Jack Renault, New Haven middleweight, outslugged Joe Arnold, a tough hombre of Waterbury, in a slam-bang battle of six rounds, to gain the referee's nod.

Louis "Kid" Cocoa, New Haven welterweight, scored a victory over Elmer Bezenah, who hails from a fighting family out from Cincinnati, Ohio.

Mike "Kid" Frattini, welterweight champion of Italy, moved up a step higher in his class by outpointing Frankie Britt of Fall River, Mass., in a ten-round main attraction at the New Haven Arena.

Lou Poster, Pottstown (Pa.) heavyweight, gained a ten-round win over Eddie Unknown Winston, colored heavyweight of Hartford, in the semifinal.

Sailor Williams, California middleweight outpointed Joe Arnold of Waterbury, middleweight, in a five-rounder. Pinky Morris, Bridgeport featherweight, cracked under Johnny Bellus' hard blows discharged in the second chapter, to be the victim of a technical knockout. Jimmy Stewart, featherweight fisticuffer, and Freddie Foran, of Hartford, fought the full five rounds with honors even.

Eddie Yuska, Lithuanian heavyweight of Waterbury, who fights under the name of Eddie Hogan, has been inactive due to an injured wrist.

They don't come any gamer in the boxing game than Eddie Carr, light-heavyweight of Waterbury. At the Foot Guard Hall, Hartford, in a rematch with Steve Carr, light-heavyweight warrior from New Haven, they went the full distance of ten rounds. Steve, more experienced, gave the slugging Waterbury walloper an artistic beating. Steve hung his best weapon, a right-hand wallop, on the jaw of Eddie, dropping him for the count of five in the sixth round, but Steve failed to land the quieting punch in the remaining rounds. The last round brought both warriors into the center of the ring, going at it at a hammer-and-tongs pace that ended in a hurricane finish.

Tiger Jack Renault, hard-hitting middleweight clouter, rocked Billy Salzo of Athol to sleep with a right blow to the jaw in the fifth session, after sampling some of Salzo's hard punches that dropped him to the deck for the count of nine in the first round. Eddie Reed won from Sammy Gagliardi in a four-rounder. Tiger Henderson, heavyweight, drove a thud of leather to Henry Surrette, of Athol, that folded him like an accordion for the evening, in the fourth canto.

Waterbury is being placed on the fistic map once again after the game had taken a lapse here for many months. For two well-known promoters—George Mulligan, promoter of the Waterbury A. C., and Charlie Pilkington, one-time lightweight, who has introduced amateur bouts at Meriden—who have been long connected with the leather-pushing business, have united in the promotion of fisticuffs here. A program of ten Simon-pure bouts was offered on their first boxing show, which was held at the Buckingham Hall.

Denny McMahon, a noted celebrity in Fistiana, was appointed the new deputy commissioner of the Connecticut Boxing and Athletic Commission to fill the vacancy left by the death of P. H. Connolly.

## BUFFALO, N. Y.
**By HUGH SHANNON**

BIG BOY BRACKEY, Lackawanna, defeated Young Hippo, Scranton, in the wind-up of Charlie Murray's New Year's card at the Broadway auditorium. Neither fighter put the zip into the battle that they did in their former meeting. It was simply a tussling match between two young behemoths with a lot of clowning and no actual damage. Several knockdowns occurred, but at no time was either fighter in a bad way and Brackey was given the verdict because he outboxed Hippo, who has nothing but a punch.

A disappointing crowd of 2,500 saw the bouts. In as much as the first Hippo-Brackey meeting drew $5,500, the promoters, managers and boxers were not well pleased at the small turnout for the holiday show. The weather was anything but inviting, with plenty of slippery pavements and a cold wind whistling across Lake Erie.

The results of other bouts on the card were as follows:

Bily Nichy, 176½, stopped Frank Kowalsky, 214; third round. Referee stopped bout to save Kowalsky further punishment.

Tom Baxter, 194, knocked out Charlie Simpson, 198½; third round.

Tony Tozzo, 160, defeated Babe Amos, 160; six rounds, official decision.

Dick Hartnett, 157, won by technical knockout over Bobby Sawyer, 154½; fifth round; bout halted because of deep cut over Sawyer's eye.

Tommy Howells, 129, defeated Johnny Perrine, 130; six rounds, official decision.

Referee, Luke Carr; judges, Danny Russo and George Needham; timer, Marve Smith; announcer, Manny Weitz.

New Year's afternoon used to be the great boxing day of the year here, but of late it has fallen off, mostly through the boxing slump and the unattractive cards that are presented.

Old-timers who are working and are on the city payrolls are Rocky Kansas, Jimmy Slattery, Virgil Kinkade, Benny Ross, Joe Keefe, Mickey O'Donnell, Fred Smith (police officer) and Cy Flynn (detective-sergeant).

Luke Carr, former welterweight boxer and brother of Red Carr, former mentor for Jimmy Slattery, has been appointed boxing referee. Knockout Brennan and Hymie Goldstein, former ring stars, are also pulling wires for appointments.

Ed George and Dick Shikat drew $3,300 and put on a rough-and-tumble exhibition of wrestling here on December 26. George won when Shikat was disqualified. A rematch is in the making.

Charlie Murray made a good profit out of the six-day bike race. While the crowds were not as good as those which attended the initial meeting last January, still and all, the meet was a success. Rumor has it that another race will be staged in the spring.

Tommy Moore, the Jamestown "live-wire," may get started with a pro license next month. Moore knows boxing like a book and will give the Jimtown fans some real shows if he elects to start.

Dick Loadman, great featherweight of a decade ago, is living in his old home town, Homestead, Pa. Loadman was a popular fighter here in his heyday and has a legion of friends in this city.

THIS AND THAT—Playfair Brown is gradually building up the game in Toronto again . . . . Rochester is getting a new start with Ruby Cohen as matchmaker . . . . A good town when it's handled right . . . . Erie, Pa., may get going again with Jack Barry, ace promoter, holding the reins . . . . Steve Halaiko is doing most of his fighting around New England . . . . Tommy Paul has returned to the West Coast . . . . Wrestling will pass out here when Ed George decides to quit . . . . No one else can draw a dime.

NOTICE—Good boxers of all weights, with good records, and who have no contractual obligations, should write to Hugh Shannon, 95 Saranac Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y.

## INDIANA TIDINGS
**By WAYNE M. 'VINSON**

BOXING, dormant in Indiana during 1934 with only a couple of shows staged worth mentioning, starts the new year off with a revival of interest, mainly through the efforts of Lloyd Carter, Indianapolis promoter. Carter has started off with a series of "California style" programs, giving eight bouts of four rounds each on a weekly basis. In four shows to date the box office has shown a steady increase. It is the promoter's plan to build up drawing cards through his weekly four-round bouts, and then once every four to six weeks present an all-star card with a ten-round main go of fighters who have made hits during the other bouts.

Heavyweight wrestling is drawing the crowds in Indianapolis and Evansville. At the Indianapolis Armory, within the past month, three turnaway crowds have been drawn out to see cards headed by Joe Savoldi and Abe Coleman, Jim Londos and Everette Marshall and Ray Steele. Thirty-six hundred paid customers witnessed the Savoldi-Coleman fray, with an estimated 2,000 being turned away. Evansville mat shows are averaging $1,000 gates.

Indiana University, which contributed Dr. Ralph Wilson and Am Rascher to the heavyweight mat ranks, has another matman making a fine showing in his first professional bouts. Otto Kuss, native of Pine City, Minn., and a member of the 1933 Western Conference Champions mat squad, has defeated Eddie Wirth and Tom Marvin in his first two pro bouts.

HOOSIER HAPPENINGS—Bud Taylor, former bantam king, has taken his wife and kids and departed for California to make his home . . . . Bud has taken on considerable weight, scaling close to 170 pounds now . . . . The fight game is attempting comebacks in Evansville and Fort Wayne through the medium of weekly amateur shows, which are proving successful in both spots . . . . The G-E club is sponsoring the Fort Wayne programs, while Lorin Kiely and Ben Fox are behind things at Evansville . . . . Lee Sullivan, veteran Terre Haute manager, is developing a strong team of amateurs, and has several professional prospects among them . . . . Paul (Tennessee) Lee, active young featherweight, is counting the days until the wedding bells will ring for him.

Willard Brown, Indianapolis welterweight, is on the high seas bound for Australia, where he has contracted for five fights during January and February . . . . Willard has been doing quite well for himself Down South and in Texas during the past year . . . . Tracey Cox and his manager, Sam Slotsky, after spending the holidays at home in Indianapolis, have invaded the South again, and after a scrap or two in New Orleans will probably accept an offer in Mexico City . . . . Jess Willard didn't do so well in Indiana. Wrestling shows which he refereed drew $77 in Indianapolis and just barely over $100 in Terre Haute . . . . His referee's license cost him $25, and he worked on a percentage in both spots . . . . Merle Alte, now a county court bailiff, has been refereeing boxing bouts in Indianapolis lately.

Indianapolis fight results during the past month: Paul Lee, Indianapolis, defeated Mickey Brown, Cincinnati; Jimmy Wilson, Fort Harrison, kayoed Jimmy Walker, Indianapolis (1); Nick Nicholson, Shelbyville, defeated Lee Cox, Cincinnati; Lou Thomas, Indianapolis, defeated Jerry Whelford, Cincinnati; Paul Waggoner, Indianapolis, defeated Young Leach, Indianapolis; Bob Kann, Indianapolis, and Slavko Radisch, Indianapolis, drew; Billy Breedlove, Greenwood, defeated Pete Leno, Cincinnati; Smokey Maggard, Cincinnati, and Lou Thomas, Indianapolis, drew; Jimmy Wilson, Fort Harrison, kayoed Jimmy Walker, Indianapolis (1), return match; Jess McMurtry, Cincinnati, defeated Nick Nicholson, Shelbyville; Billy Burke, Cincinnati, defeated Paul Waggoner, Indianapolis; Billy Breedlove, Greenwood, kayoed Tony Picciurro, Indianapolis (2); Faril Rettinger, Louisville, kayoed Roughhouse Blankenship, Indianapolis (2); Paul Lee, Indianapolis, kayoed Emory Helms, Cincinnati (1).

Noble Wallace, Indianapolis, defeated Jimmy Wilson, Fort Harrison; Al Hamilton, Cincinnati, defeated Jimmy Shannon, Indianapolis; Johnny McCoy, Indianapolis, defeated Bob Kann, Indianapolis; Tillman Garrett, Fort Harrison, kayoed Curley Denton, Cincinnati (1); George Daniels, Indianapolis, defeated Charles Hammer, Indianapolis; Faril Rettinger, Louisville, kayoed Roughhouse Blankenship, Indianapolis (2), return match; Mike Dupnak, Columbus, Ohio, and Billy Breedlove, Greenwood, drew; Bob Reese, Cincinnati, defeated Jackie Cooper, Muncie; Jimmy Krieder, Cincinnati, kayoed Ted Ramey, Chicago (2); Jimmy Shannon, Indianapolis, defeated Mike Dupnak, Columbus, Ohio.

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## ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS AND VIEWS
**By T. W. McNIEL**

AT Walsenburg, Colo.—"Goodtime" George Manley repelled the attempt of Cyclone Lynch, Aguilar Negro, to wrest the state heavyweight title from him. The bout, a ten-rounder, went the full distance, with Manley winning without a whole lot of trouble. Manley weighed 176 pounds, Lynch 181.

At Delta, Colo.—Billy Vaughn, "The Torrington Tornado," scored a ten-round victory over Tommy Corbett of Omaha. The Torrington boy, probably the best lightweight in the Rocky Mountain region, won seven of the ten sessions. Vaughn weighed 136 pounds while Corbett scaled a couple of pounds more.

Joe M. Roybal, genial promoter at Las Vegas, N. Mex., seems to be having quite a bit of success in his promotional ventures in the Sunshine State metropolis. Las Vegas, the scene of the Jack Johnson-Jim Flynn title tilt, is drawing better crowds than at any time since that memorable fracas, thanks to efficient match-making.

At Pocatello, Idaho—"Kid" Cannon, welterweight champion of Idaho, won a unanimous decision over Jack Burke of Ogden, Utah, in a slashing ten-round battle. Cannon won five rounds, Burke two, and three were even. On the same card, Walk Miller, a dusky hued Arizona boy, pounded out a six-round decision over "Sailor" Nealy of Pocatello.

At Butte, Mont.—Hubert "Kid" Dennis, sensational Bozeman lightweight, continues wreaking havoc in Western fight circles. Goldie Hess, well-known Pacific Coast lightweight, was the victim of Dennis' lethal wallop, being kayoed in the second round of a scheduled ten-rounder. Both weighed 135 pounds.

At Las Vegas, N. Mex.—Abe Chavez, local 117-pound Mexican, kayoed Frankie Hodges, Detroit bantamweight, in the fourth round of a sensational go. The battle was nip and tuck for the first three rounds, but Chavez nailed the Detroit youngster to the canvas with a terrific right-hander in the first minute of the fourth.

Emilio Martinez is back in the mountains after a trip to California, where he was stopped by Leo Kelly, a colored gentleman, in three heats. Six months ago Martinez looked like a cinch to go some place in fight circles. Today, he is just another fighter. There is plenty of time for him yet, but he doesn't look like the dazzling prospect he did a few months ago.

At Grand Junction, Colo.—Billy Vaughn of Torrington, Wyo., scored an easy ten-round victory over Pug Sutherland. Vaughn, who is lightweight champion of Wyoming, spotted the Manassa lad five pounds in weight, weighing 138 pounds to Sutherland's 143. Vaughn scored the only knockdown, a right-hander, dropping Pug for a "three" count in the seventh.

James P. Devine of Pawhuska, Okla., is anxious to display his light-heavy, Bud Creed, in the Rocky Mountain sector. Creed, a colored boy, has been fighting in the East, where he won ten out of twelve starts.

Owing to new publishing date of THE RING, all material for this column must be in my hands not later than the first of each month.

Also, those wanting dope on the fight game out here can get it by writing to T. W. McNiel, P. O. Box 126, Blanca, Colorado. But don't forget to enclose a stamp if you expect a reply.

I also have a complete list of Colorado fight promoters that you can get for a thin dime. This list is new and up-to-date.

B. B. Walsenburg, Colo.—There are several former fighters blind or practically blind as a result of their ring activities. Sam Langford, Pete Herman, Monte Attell, Walcott Langford and Ham Jenkins are among them.

At Denver, Colo.—George Zaharias and Jack Wagner, two members of the "rasslin'" game, pulled off quite an exhibition in the Colorado Capitol. Zaharias, one of the mat's "mean" guys, won the first fall by the simple expedient of choking his opposition into submission. Wagner, a former pug (Joe Stangel), came back with blood in his eye for the second fall. Right off the bat, Wagner began flooring the Greek right and left with overhand smashes to the chin. After bouncing Mr. Zaharias off the canvas several times, Referee Darnell stepped in and allowed as how Zaharias was the winner on a foul.

"Cowboy" Eddie Anderson, the veteran Wyoming lightweight, is living in Sterling, Colorado, now. Eddie has taken on some poundage and the old dogs won't navigate as of yore, but even then, he still carries too many guns for the present crop of Colorado welters. He's trying to talk Jack Kanner into matching him with Bep Van Klaveren in a Denver show.

## CLEVELAND CHATTER
**By "PARSON" TOM McGINTY**

MAXIE BAER is stepping into Jack Dempsey's shoes around the country and fans and newspaper writers are going for him in a big way.

Baer worked as a referee on the News Fund Charity Show, and now that he kayoed King Levinsky he has become an idol around here.

Ed Bang put over his usual Xmas Fund Charity Show for the kiddies of Cleveland, and made the youngsters still believe in Uncle Ed as a real Santa Claus. Besides giving the Cleveland boxing fans a corking good show he made a good sized profit for the benefit of the kiddies.

The Barney Ross and Bobby Pacho bout was the slowest on the card and, as is usual, it was listed as the feature event. It was purely a boxing match.

Paul Pirrone and Lew Halper fought the best fight of the night with Pirrone coming from behind to win a merited decision.

Patsy Perroni and Johnny Risko clashed for their third ten-rounder and it was a tough one for Johnny to lose. Most of the boys thought he had a clear margin at the finish.

Sam Otis and Jim Doyle are lining up their youthful amateur champs for the Plain Dealer Annual Golden Glove Tournament. They will have boys here from all over the globe.

Chuck Sotax has Jimmy Vaughn going very good again. He looked very good on the Xmas Fund Show, easily whipping Jackie Sharkey.

Joey Wilson is back from the Pacific Coast and in the future will box at 126 to 130 pounds. He was one of the former Golden Gloves champs who went West and made good. He is under the management of Parson McGinty, whose address is 2077 West Twenty-fifth Street.

Walter Taylor is running at the Equestrium and also at the Gray's Armory downtown. He is drawing some nice crowds with his wrestlers.

Paul Sheeks and Eddie Davis are the rival Akron promoters. Both are drawing good houses down there.

## KANSAS AND VICINITY
**By L. R. FORD**

CHANUTE, KANS.—Everett Ogle knocked out Howard Williams in two rounds in a one-night amateur show. Lewis Laverty knocked out Sidney Young in one. Unk Gillian knocked out View Sigler in two. Floyd Everly knocked out Joe Cramer in one. Dallas Walker knocked out Leonard Elling in two. George Jackson knocked out Vernon Hamilton in one. Bud Cassell beat Eddie Nelson. Sammy Johns beat Howard Baker. Clyde Kidd beat Kid Zimmerman. Carl Walker beat Swede Anderson. Chick Pound knocked out Marion Morton in two. Willard Ramsdell knocked out Elbia Cummings in three. Gypsy Bartholomew beat Maynard George. Clare Kidd beat Whitey Roades.

Kansas City, Mo.—Amateur boxing results at the International Arena: Duke Bernes beat Bud Freeman; Floyd Hall beat Verne Gregory; Wayne Flannagan beat Jack Bidwell; Beebe Rich knocked out Johnny Hilton in two; Leon Chilcutt beat Bob Trueblood; Ross Latimer knocked out Bus Cowan in two; Jack Gingery beat Ernie Ratliff; Ira Ussery knocked out George Feikert in two; Granny Pointelin beat Eddie Hall; Clifford Morrow beat Cleo Earls.

Kansas City, Mo.—Joey Alcanter beat Pat Kissinger in ten fast rounds. Bus Breese beat Tommy Paul in ten. Willie Davies and Orville Drouillard drew in ten. Cap Harding beat George Williams in six. Paul Estrada beat Frisco Linda in four. Jimmie Garrison beat Toney Bradley in four rounds.

Chanute, Kans.—Earl Bartholomew and Sammy Johns fought six fast rounds to a draw. Jimmie Carter knocked out Jack Buckles in two rounds. Kid Ramsdell beat Young Clark in four rounds.

St. Joseph, Mo.—Henry Rothier won an unpopular ten-round decision from Nick Ellenwood. Harold Matthews beat Tony Viviano in ten. Aden Ashlock and Larry Dundee fought six rounds to a draw. Doc Madison beat Jack Shannon in six rounds.

Kansas City, Mo.—Willie Davies shaded Babe Colima in ten rounds. Neil (Pug) Grubbs knocked out Ernie North in three. Jimmy Garrison beat Chato Gonzales in six. Paul Estrada knocked out Mickey Slater in two rounds.

Tulsa, Okla.—Ike Bayouth beat Chief Firestone in an eight-round main event. Billy Markham beat Jack Cobb in six. Carlos Brown beat Harold Neiswinder in six. Dave Emery beat Tommy Small in four rounds.

## SIOUX CITY, IOWA, SPARKS
**By BILL HAWKINS**

THE *Sioux City Journal's* fourth Annual Good Fellow Benefit Boxing Card, featuring Frankie Wolfram of Winnipeg, Canada, and Young Everett Rightmire of Sioux City, ended another successful year for boxing here. The two featherweights staged the best fight of the year, with Frankie Wolfram carrying too many guns for the local prospect, who was in a bad way three times from the hard punching of the kid from Canada. Willie Davies, of El Paso, Tex., and Al Pahl, local lightweight, fought to a draw in eight; Wesley Martin, 127, of Akron, Ohio, won by a T.K.O. over Speedy Clayton, 130, of Sioux City, in five. Glenn Lee of Omaha defeated Kid Jobe, local colored welter, in four; Kid Miller won over Jimmy Wooten; Mickey Slater and Kid Swezey drew; Young Packey McFarland and Tommy Sacco also drew.

A great deal of the credit for the success of the show must go to Harry Jones, Sioux City's outstanding promoter, who did all the matchmaking, and Danny Desmond, sports editor of the *Journal*, who took care of the publicity. Just a few of the others who worked hard to put the show over were J. C. Carmody, Ted Zanfes, Perry Woolfson, Sammy Sacco, Monohan Post American Legion Band, Bert Frink, Harry Lewis, Frankie Pasha, Adolph Olson, Bill Mann, Jack Coughlin, Dr. H. M. Levin, Joe Gantz, Louis Larson, Robert Kerman, Ray Murphy, Rodney Dean, Mickey Gross. All in all, it was a great event.

Mason City, Ia.—Earl Mason, Albert Lea, Minn., continued his string of victories in the local ring by winning a decision over Pat Arnold of Minneapolis in six; Vern Trickel had too many gloves for Cliff Dalen and won in six; Bill Parr shaded Leonard Johnson; Kid Ripley took a win over Johnny Gould; Kid Breedo beat Jimmy Boyd; Killer Killcorn beat Popeye Nolan; Buck Jackson shaded Tony Weitzel.

Onawa, Ia.—Ray Mann, Sioux City, Ia., middleweight, won from Bennie Brown in six rounds; Burt Woods knocked out Freedy Merrick in six; Kid Jobe and Tut Jackson went to a draw in four; Packey McFarland knocked out Scrappy Johnson; Joe Kemp lost to Paul Randall; Young Reed shaded Jimmy Dale; Clipper Dale and Dudie O'Dell went to a draw.

Burlington, Ia.—Jess Willard, former heavyweight king, did his stuff here as a referee, and awarded a decision to Jackie Burns on a foul over Jake Hunzinger. Carl Barde and Mert Shepherd fought to a draw in six; Orvelle Shepherd beat Chuck Wilhelmy in six; Jack Dodge outpointed Harry Park.

Des Moines, Ia.—Max Baer, heavyweight king, outpointed Johnny Miler in four rounds; Max had Mr. Miler on the verge of dreamland, momentarily, during the fight; Buddy Baer knocked out Red Fields in the first round; Glenn Lee outpointed Young Joe Rivers; Pep Brien beat Laroy Selover; Red Lee beat Jack Spratt; Al Van Vleet beat Jackie Hill.

Shenandoah, Ia.—Johnny Hayes knocked out Buster Ward; Don McKay and Red Milion went to a fast draw; Young Benny Leonard and Santos Reyes drew in another fast bout.

Guttenberg, Ia.—Bert Visconi won a decision over John Pena; Louie Visconi won from Indian Wakeman; Cecil Micalfe won from Hank Henkel.

NOTICE—All notes must be in my hands by the third of the month. Wish to thank my many readers for the help in getting the news to me, and the amount of interest in this column. Address all correspondence to 2206 N. Lafayette Place, Sioux City, Ia.

PICK-UPS—Made a trip down to Kansas City and had a wonderful time over the New Year, thanks to such fine fellows as Charley Foley and Tommy McHugh . . . . A lad I would like to have my readers keep their eyes on is Neil (Pug) Grubbs, who is one of the hardest punching lightweights this writer has lamped for many a day . . . . He is a big hit around Kansas City, and, in fact, any spot where he shows his stuff . . . . Our good friend, Leo Conley of Kansas City, will make his headquarters in Sioux City during the outdoor boxing season . . . . Conley is a great fellow and should make a hit with his fighters in this section . . . . Boys with good records can reach him at 3027 East Eight, Kansas City, Mo. . . . . In a fistic chat three friendly fight managers uncovered the fact they were all trying to book fights for the same fighter . . . . Paul Estrada, Kansas City featherweight, who scored a T.K.O. over Mickey Slater, Sioux City youngster, will make a trip to Sioux City this summer . . . . A rematch between these two would be a good fight any place.

Deadwood, So. Dak.—Joe Jaramillo, Denver welter, won an unpopular decision over Kid Rippatoe in ten rounds; Mike Kelley kayoed Pet Osman in one; Baby Joe Greek kayoed Verne Johnson in one.

Grand Forks, No. Dak.—Ernie Hetherington, of Winnipeg, Can., who is going good in this section, scored a T.K.O. over Red King in 1 minute and 14 seconds of the first round. Bill Strom and Stanley Dorgan fought to a draw.

Fargo, No. Dak.—Eddie Gillespie knocked out Jack Thompson in four; Harry Larson stopped Eddie Dyer in five; Stout Petrie beat Joe Bowen; Christ Reinhart beat Sam Spivack.

Fargo, No. Dak.—Stan Dorgan beat Billy Strom; Babe Daniels beat Caddy Casey; Rusty Grandling beat Emmett Weller; Billy Radke won over Bud Larson; Eddie Gillespie beat Sonny Woods; Hank Thorson stopped Pete Kastanka.

LAST-MINUTE SPARKS—Jack Beaty, who can be reached c/o Elks Club at Peoria, Ill., has a fine stable of boys . . . . Humboldt, Ia., and Guttenberg, Ia., staged some nice shows this month . . . . Carl Rasmussen, boxing promoter at Atlantic, Ia., will start promoting shows again . . . . Pinkie George, popular wrestling promoter at Waterloo, Ia., is doing real well there . . . . Dave Fidler, Des Moines promoter, is the leading booking agent for mat and mitt celebrities touring Iowa . . . . Buddy Baer knocked out Johnny Baker in two rounds at Waterloo, Ia. . . . . Harry Jones, Sioux City's ace promoter, is spending the winter in the South . . . . Mel Rice, a tough welter, and Keath Weaver, along with brother Lloyd, are touring and fighting in and around Fort Lauderdale, Fla. . . . . Keath, a heavyweight, should be a good card . . . . Mel and Lloyd will also give the fans plenty to talk about. Down in Omaha, Tommy Grogan is running a night club . . . . Wonder what Bobby Paul is doing now? . . . . By the way, drop us a line, Bobby . . . . If Jimmy Thompson eyes this, it is very important that he get in touch with me or his father in New York . . . . Sammy Sacco, former featherweight boxer and now a manager, has entered the field of announcers . . . . Sammy is second to none . . . . Max Baer, heavyweight king, made a trip to Sioux City . . . . If he had been featured on a boxing show he would have gone over . . . . but as it was, he was placed on a wrestling show . . . . Max is a great fellow, and the fight game needs a few more like him . . . . Well, fellows, will be hanging around again next month . . . . Don't forget to have your notes in early.

## MINNESOTA FLASHES
**By CLYDE SMITH**

BOXING has been rather slow this month, but, at that, things are getting better every day, and, as I have stated before, prospects for a comeback of the sport around this section look fine.

THIS AND A LITTLE OF THAT—Johnny Erjavec is going good on the Coast. Johnny has fought in every class from bantam to light-heavy . . . . Mark Moore, former Legion promoter, has offers to promote shows in six different spots . . . . Jimmy Potts of Minneapolis was born in 1879—a great fellow with a million-dollar personality . . . . Jack Gibbons, son of Mike, scored over Tony Zale . . . . Ernie North, clever Minneapolis lightweight, lost in three rounds to Neil (Pug) Grubbs at Kansas City by a T.K.O. when he received a cut eye . . . . This Grubbs, I understand, is a tough boy . . . . Tommy O'Loughlin, local matchmaker for the American Legion, and who is manager of Everett Rightmire, Sherrald Kennard and a number of others, was informed he would have to part with his fighters or quit his post . . . . this, of course, from the State Commission . . . . Johnny Salvator ran into a snow storm and had an all-time low for a boxing gate . . . . Down at Winona, Minn., there is a good prospect by the name of Frankie Kouba, a lightweight . . . . "Believe It or Not" Ripley wants a picture of Billy Petrolle . . . . Mark Moore resigned his post as matchmaker for the American Legion Boxing Club of Minneapolis . . . . Michael McNulty, who looks after Johnny Miler, Iowa light-heavyweight, is all enthused over the boy's showing with Max Baer . . . . Harry Lennon may return to the fight game as manager of a boxing club . . . . Bobby Laurent is trying to get boxing shows started in a North Dakota city . . . . Jack Hurley has a heavyweight prospect in Joe Cather, 250 pounds, nineteen years old, and plenty tough . . . . Ernie Fliegel, manager of Frankie Battaglia, still has hopes that Battaglia will be middleweight champion . . . . Ernie just sold Dave Maier's contract to Frank Mulkern for nine hundred dollars.

A few of the results for the month are as follows: The diamond belt boxing tournament staged in the St. Paul Auditorium produced the following eight champions in the finals—Don Espenson, Minneapolis, flyweight; Sammy Sigstad, Northfield, bantam; Charles Meigel, St. Paul, feather; Frank Dody, Minneapolis, lightweight; Winfred Breeding, Minneapolis, welterweight; Clyde Wason, St. Paul, light-heavyweight; and Stan Savoldi, St. Paul, heavyweight. One hundred and fifty-six boys were in the tournament. Chuck Will, University of Minnesota middleweight, won his title by a kayo, the only knockout in the finals.

Charley Retzlaff won an unpopular decision over Johny Risko . . . . Lee Savoldi beat Russ Schultz . . . . Henry Schaft won from Billy Swift . . . . Max Kalbrenner won from Stan Christie . . . . Caddy Casey and Jimmie Collins went to a draw . . . . Sherrald Kennard defeated Freddy Atkinson . . . . Babe Daniels beat Lou Vines . . . . Ralph Leslie beat Caddy Casey . . . . Harvey Woods and Harold Siegel drew . . . . Emmett Weller won over Bud Glover . . . . Billy Radke beat Bruno Lahti . . . . Jimmy Collins won from Arnold Bennie.

Notice JIMMY THOMPSON—Your father wants you to get in touch with him at once at 31 West 124th Street, New York City.

Readers, please mail your notes to me by the second of each month. Mail them to 746 South Smith Avenue, St. Paul, Minn.

Minneapolis, Minn.—Carlyle Loverude won over Jimmy Gleason; Buzzy Staude beat Glen Stark; Don Price beat Frank Dody; Tom McKeon beat Neil Kaplan; Gene Schneider beat Art Montvertie; Chuck Curtis knocked out John Edmonds; Leroy Steeber beat Burnell Hamline, and Billy Smith won from Don Espenson.


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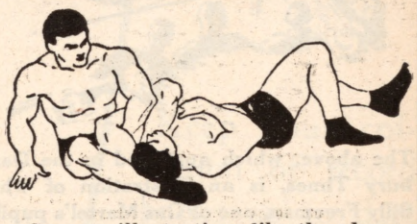

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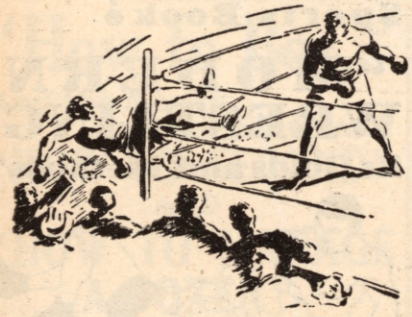

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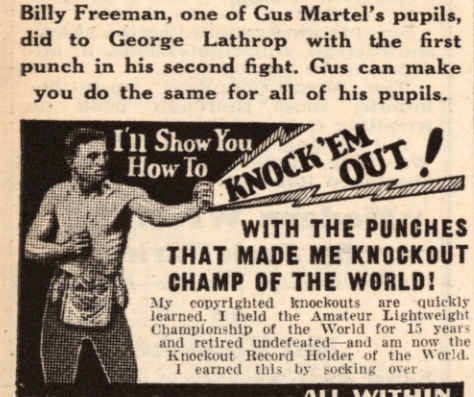


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## IN SUNNY CALIFORNIA
By GENE VINASSA

A LITTLE bundle of southpaw dynamite from Philadelphia—Tony Morgano is his name—made a great hit in southern California when he registered a smashing victory over Georgie Hansford in his Coast debut at Hollywood and followed that win up three weeks later by defeating Tommy Paul before a capacity crowd at the movie city arena in a bristling battle. It was the final show of the year for Hollywood Legion Stadium, it's fifty-second of the 1934 season. Incidentally, immediately following Morgano's second triumph at the Hollywood club, Promoter Jimmy Fitten of Mexico City wired Al Lang, Morgano's Coast representative, regarding a bout between the winner of the Arizmendi-Armstrong battle in the Mexican republic.

Al Sisto, former boxing critic of the old *Los Angeles Express*, is co-promoting boxing in Long Beach with "Pop" Nealis.

Only three clubs made any money in California during 1934, namely: Hollywood, Pismo Beach and the Oakland Arena. The Olympic in Los Angeles blew a chunk of dough.

Another Mexican fighter has come across the border to fight in Sunny California. The newcomer is Pedro Ortega, junior lightweight of Tampico, who was raised with "Baby" Arizmendi and has fought the 126-pound star four times in the Latin republic. Ortega is a vicious puncher and has more stamina than any other Mexican boxing on the Coast. The newcomer recently hooked up with the Al Lang stable.

As we sent in this column to THE RING, the fistic pot was boiling in San Francisco for a Corbett-Paul Pirrone outdoor shot February 22 in the City by the Golden Gate. Pirrone's string of knockouts, climaxed by his kayo over Mickey Walker, has so skyrocketed his stock that today he is the most-talked-of middleweight in the country and taking the play away from Teddy Yarosz. Promoter "Moose" Taussig of the D.A.V. organization and Promoters Tony Palazolo and Johnny Sylvester were bidding for this choice match.

A new promoter has entered the field in Frisco in the person of Norman Burkhim, former sales executive of a large cosmetic firm of Chicago. His first show was headlined by Johnny Miler, Des Moines Slav, and Ray Actis, San Francisco Italian 170-pounder. Burkhim plans to run every Friday night at Dreamland Rink and will be assisted by the capable Dolph Thomas.

Gorilla Jones, former N.B.A. middleweight king, is back in training again after being on the sidelines for several months due to an eye operation. His manager, Suey Welch, has offers to book the dark boy in several sections of the country.

Leo Rodak, crack featherweight, developed by the Catholic Youth organization in Chicago, is expected to appear at the Hollywood Legion Stadium during March. This will mark Rodak's first appearance on the Coast, and the youngster will be handled there by George Blake. Rodak is unique in that he has no official manager, the C.Y.O. watching over his business affairs.

Burping fans are certainly strong for Man Mountain Dean, originally out of Hell's Kitchen, New York, but who is being hailed out here as the hill-billy from "Gawgia." The night after Christmas, Dean and Jim Londos sold out the Olympic at $1, $2 and $3, and several thousand fans were turned away. Dean has drawn close to three hundred thousand dollars in Los Angeles during the past year.

This past year, little Frankie Castillo, local Mexican bantam, has zoomed into the class with Dado, Dano and Tommy. The Los Angeles schoolboy was undefeated during 1934 and is a prime favorite at Hollywood.

Bull Montana has been granted a license to act as a wrestling referee in California during 1935.

The old doctor, Jack Kearns, is getting a stable of fighters together. The latest scrapper to join the Kearns banner on the Coast is Jimmy Smith, Philly middleweight. In his first start under Kearns, Smith came through with a good win over "Swede" Berglund at Hollywood. It is likely that Kearns may get Young Corbett to take Smith as an opponent in San Francisco some time during March or April, while a bout between Smith and Freddie Steele is also in the making for Seattle.

Willie Orner, former New York boxer, who has been in business in Los Angeles for several years, has reopened the historic Main Street arena and gymnasium in L. A., and has spent approximately twenty-five hundred dollars remodeling the famous punch palace. Orner stages club fights every Saturday night and jams the downtown pavilion. Al Lang is assisting Orner in the operation of the weekly fights.

RANDOM SHOTS ALONG THE COAST—Donn Shields is the new chief boxing inspector in northern California, having replaced John Clute, who is now handling the Curley-Bowser wrestling office in San Francisco . . . . Shields has managed and promoted boxing in California for many years and is well versed in his new job . . . . Tim McGrath, Willie Ritchie, George Price and Hal Emmall will remain as inspectors under Shields.

Tony Palazolo has received several cables from Manila and Honolulu offering him flattering terms to bring his star, Speedy Dado, across the Pacific but Antonio prefers to keep his little brown-skinned scrapper fighting in the States . . . . "Babe" Triscaro is back on the Coast and will be looked after by Suey Welch . . . . There has been considerable talk about pairing Buddy Baer and Hank Hankinson at the Olympic during March . . . . The big Swede would provide young Baer with plenty of opposition and would be an even money bet . . . . Anyone Hank hits is sure to go out like one of Lew Raymond's stogies . . . . As this was being written, Tom Gallery was reported to be ready to hand in his resignation as matchmaker at the Olympic and Dick Donald and Joe Waterman were in the field for the job . . . . both are able men . . . . Gallery had a lot of tough breaks to contend with at the Olympic, but with all the reverses Tom received, he never once let out a cry.

Eddie Mead postcards from Cleveland that he is now handling Carmen Barth, Italian middleweight, who went over big on the Coast . . . . Bob Olin is booked in Hollywood, San Francisco, Oakland, Portland and Seattle for the early part of 1935 . . . . The talkative and genial Mike McNulty is on the Coast with Johnny Miler and Hymie Wiseman, the latter a good featherweight from Des Moines, and the trio plan to remain in California for several months . . . . Joe Ghnouly may get a shot with Frankie Klick in Frisco the early part of March . . . . Gus Wilson has had trouble getting the St. Louis boy started in southern California although fighters with far less ability got action . . . . Johnny Keyes has opened a new spot in Hollywood with the sporting fraternity and cinema stars rubbing elbows at his classy cafe.

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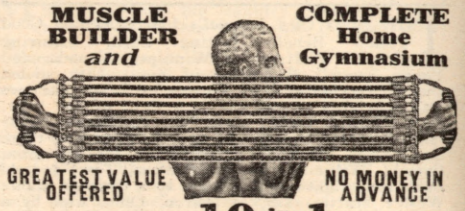

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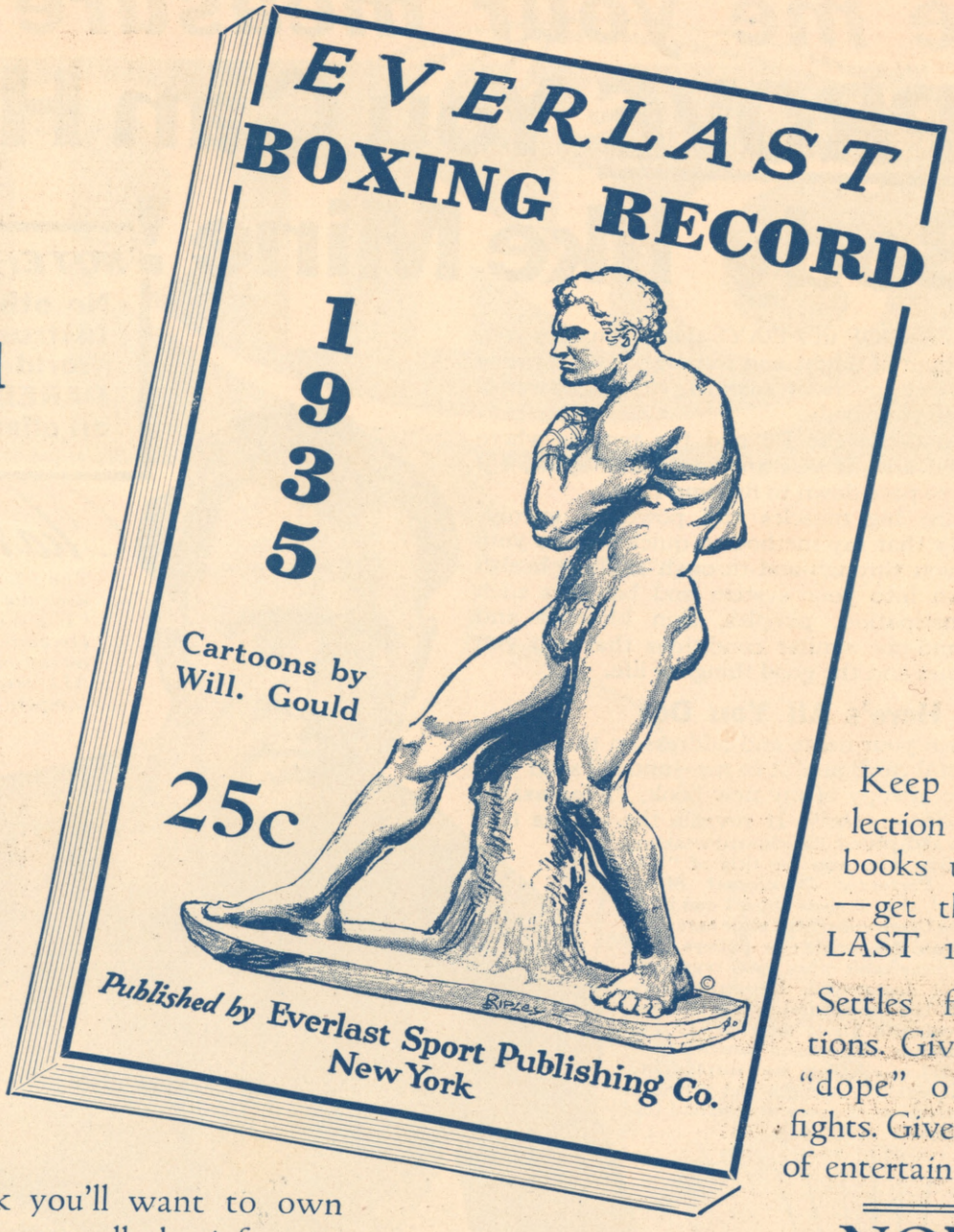


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